

ANNUAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2016-17



TRANSCEND

*Standing at the edge of time,
Man moved forward without pause.
Staring into the storm's eye,
Marching on, for he had a cause.*

*His steely gaze, locked on a goal,
With dynamic soul, and steadfast mind.
With a purpose in his striving heart,
In pursuit of creation, one of a kind.*

*Yet, alas, as he looked around,
The deserts of past distinction -
To live up to these by-gones,
Onslaught of doubt, stifled dedication.*

*Yet, he had a destiny to fulfil,
On his goal, he fixed his gaze -
The vision of the eye is limited. But,
The heart transcends barriers of time and space.*

**Dedicated to the
entire KMC
family.**

Cover Art :
Ojasvi Manchanda

Overall Magazine Designer:
Anton Paulson

Messages from Our Mentors



Words of wisdom from people who
breathe life into the KMC experience

Dr. M. V. Prabhu
Dean

I am very pleased to be associated with the Student Council of 2016 – 17, whose tenure has been very successful and appreciated by all.

I am happy to pen a few lines of appreciation for the dynamic editor and his team who have toiled for the past few months to make this magazine reality, in addition to admirably doing well in academics. The magazine, I believe will be a treat for literary buffs and I hope that the best of the creative talents of students and staff will be showcased.

It is indeed a pleasure to write a message for the College magazine. As per Vice Chancellor's vision of having a green University this happens to be the 1st E- Magazine. This Council batch is special to me in more ways than one. I have had very close interaction with almost the entire batch, hence when their creative talents are showcased in this forum; I get abundant joy in going through it. I understand the concept, planning, implementation and execution have been done with finesse by the Editorial board 2016-17.

I'm sure the entire magazine will provide ample enjoyment for the readers. I'm confident that those who have contributed to this magazine deserve special accolades. Congratulations to Magazine Editor, whom we had specially chosen for this job, realizing his honest ways. Kudos to the entire Editorial Board 2016-17 for an impeccable job, which has brought glory to the entire student community of KMC, Mangalore.

I wish them the best of luck in their venture.



Dr. Chakrapani M.
Associate Dean

Each year we pay testimony to the students' hard work, efforts and their multi-faceted talents. This year, especially, I feel the editor and his team have brilliantly captured the essence of KMC Mangaluru through "Transcend". I would like to congratulate the editorial board for their great work and I wish them all the best for the release of their magazine.

Dr. B. Unnikrishnan
Associate Dean

I am delighted to be able to share my thoughts in the first E-magazine of KMC. The hard work of not only the editorial board, but each and every student who has contributed in form of articles, photographs, paintings, and creative inputs has helped realise the vision of the editor and his team to make "Transcend" the best magazine ever.



Dr. Anand R.
Associate Dean



Continuing with the rich tradition of the college another issue of the magazine is coming out. This is going to be a unique magazine because for the first time we are going to have it in a digital form. You, the students would have expressed your creativity in myriad forms and I am eagerly looking forward to go through them. The magazine editor and the editorial team rightly deserve kudos for working round the clock to ensure that you have a magazine, which you will cherish for years to come.



**Dr. Rekha T.
D.D.S.A
Mangalore Campus**

Innovation distinguishes between a leader and a follower, and KMC students are known to be leaders amongst their peers. Possessing this very quality, the Magazine editor and his Editorial board have immortalized the magazine by making it KMC's first E-magazine. I have no doubt in my mind that "Transcend" will be cherished by all students and faculty members alike.

I was puffed up when Dean appointed me to function as the adviser for this year's student Magazine. At that time, almost a year ago, I had no clue as to how this much awaited student activity would shape up and what the final result would be.

I am gladdened to register here that the those who had taken up the job have toiled tirelessly under the editor, Anton Paulson, to bring out the first ever E-Magazine. There is a first time for everything but first is always the first. Simply put, this magazine will leave its mark in the history of green initiative of our University.

I would have greatly enjoyed the smell of a printed version which every book lover would indulge into before reading. This privation should not disappoint the others like me. Green initiative is not just for the present. It is for the future of man on our blue planet. Let us not forget that we owe it to the posterity.

E epitomizes it all. E for excellence, eternity and everything that is good!

This batch has joined the E- revolution.

**Dr. G.G. Laxman Prabhu
Magazine Advisor**



**The Unsung Heroes of
Kasturba Medical College, Mangaluru**



STUDENTS SECTION

STUDENTS SECTION

Note from the Editor

Staring at a random crystal tessellate in the dark room of an Art Museum, I finally came to a rather unusual conclusion about my experiences as the Magazine Editor for KMC this year. I noticed that all the shards on the tassellate, looked exactly the same, the same colour, dreary and monotonous. This was luckily short-lived, when someone turned on the lights, and, colours I didn't notice earlier, grew more vivid. Each shard, upon the white light, seemed to reflect a colour it thoughtfully chose.

Each unique in it's own way, I guess.
Ruby Red, Emerald Green, Topaz Yellow,
Sapphire Blue, Onyx Black, Pearl White...
I wondered if each one of these gems had a story of
it's own. And, how they seemed to passionately
glimmer, welling up with pride, as if it had been
waiting this whole time, for that white light of golden
opportunity.
2000 colours, 2000 lives, 2000 stories.

All entwined in a pleasant chaos.
As the wise man would say, 'Inspired by Life'.
What was initially a boring wall, had now
transformed into a beautiful, living mosaic.
The mosaic of our lives. The KMC experience.
Armed with nothing but my loyal Editorial
Board, and an outdated designing software, I
took my chances and swallowed the red pill to
document this mammoth of a year.

And yes, like every story, there were dark times.
Times when I lost trust in my ability to design
150+ pages with zero training. And yet,
Like the young fletchling that trusted it's wings,
Like the caterpillar that trusted it's silk.
I placed my trust in the ones who
believed in me: my Family, Edboard & Friends.
And like the mosaic, together we present
to you a magazine that truly encompasses
the evolution of art and life around us.

Anton Paulson

Magazine Editor
Students' Council 2016 -17



Photo Credits : Ravjot Singh Bhatia



"THERE IS A CRISIS.
IT'S A HUUUUUUUGE CRISIS"

I HOPE THEY WON'T NOTICE ME
WHEN I SWIM AWAY FROM ALL
OUR PROBLEMS

ERROR 301

I SHOULD PROBABLY JUST GO
SLEEP INSTEAD OF TRYING
TO TALK SENSE INTO THESE
GUYS.

SMILING BECAUSE
TJ KNOWS ONLY
HE CAN GET COUNCIL
OUT OF ANY TROUBLE

WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE
MAG ED KEEPS "WORKING" ON THE
MAGAZINE

SHOULD HAVE JUST
GONE TO DIESEL CAFE.
#BLACKLACE

IF I PRETEND TO KNOW
WHAT I'M DOING,
EVERYTHING SHOULD
BE OKAY, RIGHT?

DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME

CRISIS MANAGEMENT AS TAUGHT TO YOU BY
THE BIGGEST OVER-REACTORS IN COLLEGE



The Student's Council 2016 - 17 Kasturba Medical College, Mangaluru

In the years ahead, as we journey through the profession of medicine, our stint in the Council will be forevermore etched into memory. Lest I mislead you, let me also agree that all has not been hunky-dory within the Council. We've had our differences, fought like mad dogs, growled at one another and eventually sulked it off. But in the end, camaraderie prevailed and we step out of the council as thicker friends. We've learnt to work as a team, and together we're capable of putting together an event at any given moment, under any given circumstance. Ultimately, those intense memories of struggling and succeeding together, are the ones we will cherish forever. As we head into academia with the Utsav cup safe in our Dean's cupboard, the Council of 2016-17 wishes everyone an even bigger and better year.

- Chirantan Suhrid
President
Students' Council 2016-17





Meet the Editorial Board 2016 -17

This notorious gang called the Ed Fed '17, that had been lurking underground for the past one year has resurfaced. You have been warned.
P.S.: Chant "printed magazine" to ward them off.

Siddharth Shankar



Ashwin Kola



Kriti Das



Varsha Chinta



Reshma K. Romanas



Aishwarya R.



Ahamedunissa S.



T. Aravind Raj



Rohit Bavihalli



J A Apurva



Sonal Chopra



Sadhika Sood



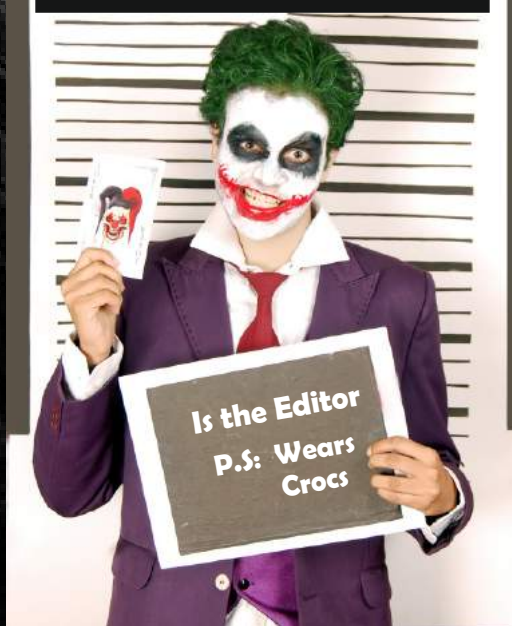
Abhinav Kumar



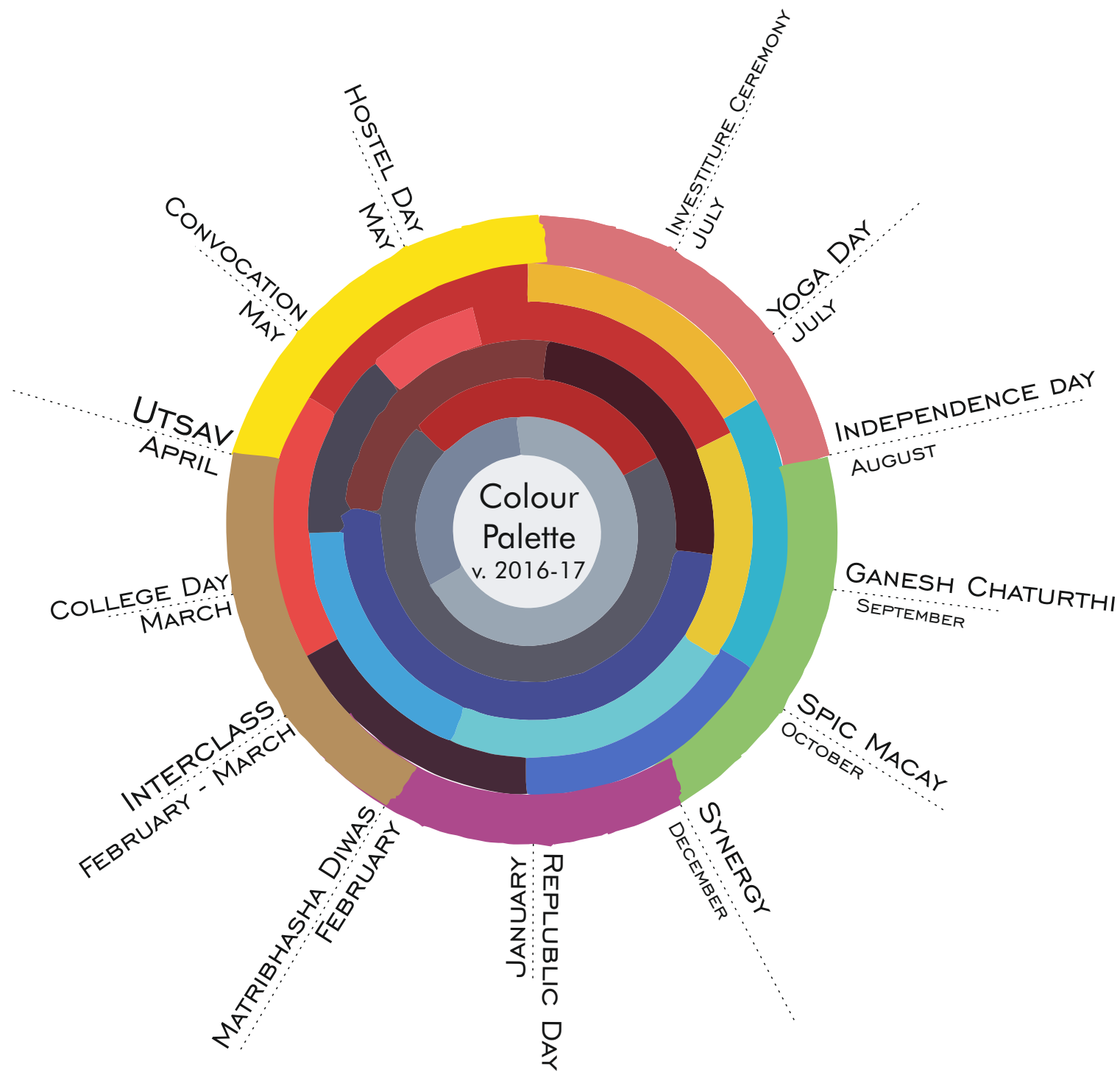
Ojasvi Manchanda



Anton Paulson



THE K.M.C. TIMELINE 2016-17



PAGE SERIES



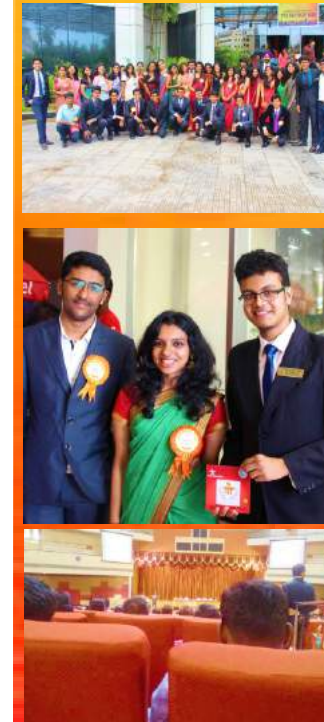
Independence Day

Our 69th Independence Day found the students of KMC, Mangalore, assembled at 5 pm in front of the Dean's secretariat, to witness the celebration of our great nation's emancipation, with Dr. Suresh Shetty being the chief guest for the day. There was a choir, formed by the batch of 2014, who lent their voices to some patriotic songs on the glory of the nation. This was followed by a surprise event - an all-woman street play, by the batches of AHS and 2014, which portrayed how, even amidst complaints of backwardness in India, we still have come a long way from 1947. The show was very well received by students and teachers alike - renewing their passion for making India even greater.



Ushasti Sinha

Batch of 2015



Advaith Ravishankar

Batch of 2016

Orientation Day

15th September 2016

There was an air of uninhibited jubilation. The realisation that we had earned a seat in one of the best institutes in the country had not yet sunk in. With excitement and nervous energy, we stepped into the TMA Pai auditorium.

The seniors, having already walked down this road, introduced us to the various clubs, extracurricular activities and the student life of KMC Mangalore. The "Pokemon Go" themed pamphlets distributed by the Editorial Board 16-17 served as a guide map to discover, explore and manoeuvre around the city.

The program began with an introduction to the faculty of the Anatomy, Physiology and Biochemistry departments. This was followed by an enlightening speech by Dr. M. V Prabhu, our Dean.

The orientation program was the perfect introduction to the arduous journey we were about to embark on. As for us, we dreamt about graduating about 5 years later with not just the generic robe and cap but also the stethoscope around our neck and the noble title "Dr." before our names.

International Yoga Day

"The enlightened seek happiness from within"

This was the gist of the demonstration that was held on the International Yoga Day by the constituent colleges of Manipal University's Mangaluru Campus: Kasturba Medical College, Mangalore and Manipal College of Dental Sciences, Mangaluru.

To commemorate the 2nd International Yoga Day, the students and faculty of both colleges came together in their quest to find inner peace through meditation. Led by the expertise of Mr. Shrikar B, an engineer and yoga enthusiast affiliated with "The Heartfulness Organization", and Dr. Dhanashree B, a professor in the Department of Microbiology.

Mr. Shrikar began his demonstration with an informative, yet precise history of Ashtanga Yoga and its various nuances, how it transcends into a way of living rather than mundane exercises and its importance in the lives of the working population. Dr. Dhanashree led the instructions of a relaxation technique aimed at purifying the body and mind of all its worry, a perfect step of preparation before Mr. Shrikar gave the commands for a much needed 20 minute meditation session that left everyone craving for more.

The longest day of the year, Summer Solstice of June 21st, is indeed the perfect date to celebrate the invaluable gift of India's tradition. In the words of Amit Ray, "You are your master. Beautify your inner world with love, light and compassion. And life will be beautiful"



Aditya S. Narayan

Batch of 2014



Navin Mallya

Batch of 2015

Swachh Pakhwada Campaign

13th September 2016

'Cleanliness and order are not the matters of instinct, they are matters of education and like most great things, we must cultivate a taste for them'

On Tuesday 13th September 2016, Kasturba Medical College, Mangalore hosted the Swachh Pakhwada Campaign as a part of an extra-curricular activity. On this day, the students of KMC Mangalore assembled near the KMC Bejai campus. The students, teachers and faculty made a group effort in cleaning the surrounding area of the campus.

The program ended with an address by Mr. Chirantan Suhrid, President of Students' Council 2016-2017, regarding the Swachh Bharat Abhiyan and the importance of sanitation.

Through this program, we learned the importance of keeping the surroundings clean. We hope to have more activities like these in the future.

62nd GANESHOTSAV '016

5th - 6th September 2016

The Students' Council of 2016-17, along with the blessings of the very Ganeshji that this illustrious event was dedicated to, added to its repertoire the 62nd Annual Ganeshotsav – A celebration like no other. Spanning through 48 hours of absolutely boundless bliss, the event was awaited and attended by staff and students with no stone left unturned. The air kissed with the electricity of energy. The hearts filled with devotion and reverie. The crowd full of minds shouting the same slogan that occasionally slipped their tongues – Ganapati Bappa Morya.

The campus at Lighthouse Hill was adorned with the beaming faces of our teacher's gathering to attend the morning Puja on 5th of September. This year's celebration marks a pleasant coincidence in the fact that it was celebrated on Teacher's Day, adding a beautiful element of surprise on their faces when the students' wished them in chorus after the archetypal Ganeshotsav quote. The puja marked the beginning of the brilliant spectacle that was to follow; everyone bearing the esteemed KMC tag in their identities flocking to have their prayers heard by the elephant-headed god. Nothing short of an organized stampede followed, with the whole college rushing to Dr. T.M.A Pai International Convention Centre for the final round of stage practices for the evening gala.



The evening show, a colourful commemoration of our talent and our culture, began with the rituals and the invocations as is tradition. Joined by our Chief Guest - the District Commissioner or Dakshin Kannada, Dr K G Jagadeesha IAS, a powerhouse of his own right; the awestruck mass gathered their witnessed what could easily be a grand mashup of KMC's finely filtered pool of infinite talent.

Led by the various helmsmen in the field of dance, drama, and music – The show saw the largest faculty participation that has ever been: A teacher's choir, led by the fiery flutist Dr. M Chakrapani and the violin maestro Dr. Souriya Bannerjee, with Dr. Archith Bloor, Dr. Saveri P. Saxena, Dr. Yousuf and Dr. Manoj Raj on the vocals, was indeed a spectacle like no other. The crowd danced to the subtle metronome of their melody and had nothing but admiration left in them as they wrapped up.

And when you thought the streak of surprises was done, a magnificent depiction of Lord Ganesh's history in the form of a beat-synched classical dance by Dr. Priya Ballal, Dr. Adithi Shetty, Dr. Rekha T., Dr. Vijaytha Rai and Dr. Gagandeep Kaur yet again left the audience not knowing whether to sit back and catch a breath or shout and crave for more.



The show-stopper, was undoubtedly the Teacher's Skit, entitled "Guns'N'Roses: Pyaar Me Dil Pe Maar De Goli" – A funny-bone tingling rendezvous between a thriller and a love story. With a stellar performance from Dr. Latha V Prabhu (a guest appearance by our Dean too), Dr. Ramesh Bhat, Dr. PU Saxena, Dr. Kunal Katyayan, Dr. Pratik Kumar Chatterjee and the evergreen Dr. Suresh Shetty – the unassuming guests at the convention centre was left in cahoots of laughter as they saw their teachers become young teenagers again.



The show was adorned with more stars as the students joined together for a dance, a cultural parade and a power-packed performance by our college band – riling up the crowd to a nostalgic remix of Hawa Hawaii, Kaali Kaali Ankhein and the band's personal best, Stairway to Heaven. As the night got darker, the only thing in everyone's minds was satisfaction laced with the eager yearning for the day that was to follow: The Procession.



The day of the procession was marked by an overcast sky which did nothing to threaten the energy that exuded in the KMCites. Mangalore's timely drizzle only excited the crowd more as the DJ belted out popular tracks and raced the dancing-jumping fiesta to a new height. It was the perfect opening to a marathon-walk along the streets of Mangalore in respect to the dearest Bappa. Every single soul elated, every face painted and every voice screaming his name in more ways than one. Rejuvenated by two bands performing in continuum at both ends of the procession, the en-masse motion of students showed no signs of exhaustion as they showed the citizens of Mangalore how it's done; only coming to a halt at the site of Ganeshji's visarjan, which still did nothing to stop the frenzy. Ganapati had been immersed, and what was left was the secret unspoken desire for it to all happen again, because every single thought around us resonated with the same idea – This is our family.

Mohammed
Shaheen

Fine Arts
Secretary

Students' Council
2016 - 17

SYNERGY2016

11th December 2016

Synergy 2016 was an amazing experience and a joy to be a part of. Not only did we get a chance to exhibit our talents, some of us were lucky enough to introduce ourselves to our seniors. None of it would have been possible without the support of the Student's Council 2016-17.

The theme for this year was "Jungle Fever". From feral beasts to dainty butterflies, the hall was teeming with life.

Everyone got a chance to exhibit their talent equally.

The skit put up by our batch was an absolute riot and amused everyone in the audience. The fashion show was a new venture for most of us. Walking in front of an audience with the requisite panache is not as easy as it is made out to be. Thankfully there were a few people who were naturals at it. Disha Jindal and Mrigank Goel walked away with the honours of the top female and top male models of the 2016 batch.

The dance segment was the most arduous and tiring segment to prepare for. Credits to everyone involved as they succeeded in putting up an excellent show.

The last event of the day was dedicated to the selection of Mr. and Ms. Fresher of Synergy 2016. The contestants did not disappoint. There were multiple rounds and the contestants who impressed the formidable judging duo (Dr M. V. Prabhu and Dr Latha V. Prabhu) would be conferred the title of Mr. and Ms. Fresher. The eventual winners were Sukriti Kaushik and Muhammed Zameel. Both of them stunned the crowd with their slick dance moves.

The event marked our official "wild" entry into this prestigious college.



SAFARNAAMA

8th October, 2016.

College, like life itself, is comprised of a series of milestones. Each marking an achievement, a new quest to look forward to. Starting with orientation day, the freshers' party, our first interclass - each a momentous event in itself, but made more memorable because of our progress in this journey that it signifies. And now, we've ticked off another box on our college bucket list - Socials.

Socials - a coming of age, a rite of passage. The one party that everyone goes to. The last chance to patch up old forgotten ties. The last hurrah before university exams, internship and PG entrance preparation make strangers of us. The scene of emotional, preemptive pacts to cherish this friendship we've forged over 4 years, come what may - Socials.

Obviously, this grand party was much looked forward to - almost half a year in advance! Sarees and shirts bought and compared, suits and blouses stitched, accessories matched - everyone invariably pulls out all the stops! Vaishnavi Jatana and Manisha Biswal though, apart from planning their outfits, had to organise the actual party too! But their able shoulders definitely bore this weight well.

As the big day approached, the whole college was buzzing with excitement - made evident by our juniors as they hooted and clapped and cheered us on, as we were leaving the hostel for the party. I don't think even celebrities on the red carpet feel this admired! So, we arrived at Ocean Pearl, all dressed to the nines, ready to have a good time. But first, a stroll down memory lane - there on the big screen we saw our younger selves, smiling back at us - from DH, the Bejai hostels, our first postings - over 2000 photographs! A quick glance around, and one could see fervent tears hastily being wiped away. The Dean too was quite emotional - we were after all the batch that was in first year when he became the Dean.

But of course, by now the food had been devoured, the jalebi was particularly delicious, the DJ was in place, and the party had begun! We danced the night away. Whoever sleeps on socials night? The night was as young as we are!

Advaith
Ravishankar

Muhammed
Zameel

Sukriti
Kaushik

Batch of 2016



Darshan K.
Swamy

President of
Student Council
2014-15

Batch of 2012



NAZRAANA
A Collage dedicated to the
BATCH OF 2012

CLASS REPRESENTATIVE REPORT

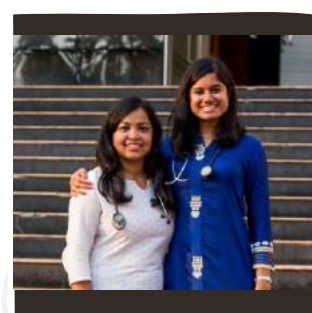
"Where's the CR?" – That question is what our day begins and ends with. We switch on the projector, connect the professor's laptops, cool the tempers in the room when the ACs decide to stop functioning.

Despite being as hectic as it is, this is what we chose. This is what defines us. It's the highlight of our day when someone hoots as we announce that a lecture is cancelled.

We placed 3rd in our very first interclass (Inferno 2015) and 2nd in Tarkash 2016. We climbed the ladder steadily and with pride. The ultimate thrill came to the both of us when we held the interclass trophy, being the champions of Renegade 2017 - the experience, which is a story in itself.

Obviously, it wasn't a walk in the park. But we split our work, thought ahead, planned and worked hard, gathered and sent our best for off-stage events (Aetherium), on-stage events (Empyrean) and the sports segment (Herculeon). We secured the first place in all three, fair and square. The Assassin's Surge had slain the competition with pride and honour.

It has truly been a unique experience leading the batch of 2014. Being CRs taught us dozens of life lessons we'll never forget. The hundreds of memories we made have been etched in our minds. If we were sent back in time, would we stand for this post again? Yes. For O'14 a thousand times over.



BATCH OF 2013



BATCH OF 2014



BATCH OF 2015



BATCH OF 2016

SPORTS REPORT

It was an eventful year in the world of sports for KMC, Mangaluru. We participated in a plethora of events and won the college several accolades.

Our college participated in the sports fest Spandan 2016, held at JIPMER, Pondicherry from 22nd to 27th September 2016 and secured positions in 4 events.

In athletics: Gold in 1500m by Shreshta & Bronze in 1500m by Prajna, Silver in 400m by Gabrielaa Ouseph, Bronze in 100m by Shreshta, Silver in 4x100m relay by the team of Aayushi Jhavar, Shreshta, Gabrielaa Ouseph and Prajna.

In Badminton (Women) : 2nd place was secured by the team of Gayatri Sapale, Aayushi Jhavar and Ajasra Sheokand.

In Futsal (Women) : 2nd place was secured by the team of Ayushi Mohan, Shweta Mistry, Betty Thomas, Vedika, Prajna, Samantha Nazerath, Anam Alwani and Gayatri Sapale.

In Basketball (Women) : 2nd place was secured by the team of Dr. Abhinaya, Nishita Malhotra, Anam Alwani, Rupender, Aastha Agarwal, Mridula Sharma, Sukriti Nehra, Disha Arora, Shivangini Singh, Varuni Ramesh and Lubaina Ibrahim.

Our college participated and placed in the following Inter MAHE sport events;

Swimming: The team of Ujjwala Raina, Harsh Jaiswal, Sanjay, Siddharth Pai and Ashwin Kola secured 2nd place.

Table Tennis (Women) : The team of Isha Nirgudkar, Meghna Maheshwari, Anjana and Ina Agarwal secured 1st place.

Cross country running (Women): Bronze was won by Shreshta.

We also participated in the KSHEMA tournament and the list of honours is as follows;

Basketball (Women) - 1st. Best player-Mridula Sharma

Badminton (Women) - 1st. Best player- Gayatri Sapale.

Volleyball (Men) - 2nd

Throwball (Women) - 1st. Best player - Shravya Venu

In addition, Ujjwala Raina, batch of 2013, Sports Secretary from Student Council 2015-16, Swimming champion, secured 1st prize in KSHEMA Women's Swimming and has been selected this year to receive Kadamba Scholarship.

Invictus Report:

Chess - Runners-up

Throwball - Runners-up

Table tennis - First Place

Squash women's - First Place

BasketBall women's - First Place

Swimming - Runners -up : in total points tally

Athletics stood Second in total points tally -

Mahima Advaita stood individual champion in athletics girls

Shravya Venu best player in throwball

Harsh Jaiswal

Sports Secretary
Student Council
2016 - 17

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

A COLLAGE DEDICATED TO THE COLLEGE TEAMS OF
KASTURBA MEDICAL COLLEGE, MANGALURU.



FOOTBALL



HOCKEY



SQUASH



LADIES' HANDBALL



MEN'S VOLLEYBALL



MEN'S CHESS



ATHLETICS



LADIES' CHESS



TABLE TENNIS



MEN'S HANDBALL



TENNIS



LADIES' VOLLEYBALL



BADMINTON



LADIES' VOLLEYBALL



MEN'S TUG OF WAR



LADIES' THROWBALL



FUTSAL



SWIMMING



CRICKET



LADIES' BASKETBALL



THE CULTURAL CONNECT

By Mohammed **Shaheen**,
Fine Arts Secretary

"Nimble on my feet, tonnes of nervous energy and the solid assurance that this is the beginning of a journey that is going to change me: I can't probably be more accurate about how I felt when our tenure started on June 9th, 2016. And from that day on, it's been a roller coaster ride of emotions, energy and the bitter-sweet exhaustion that follows."



The cultural report of the college is somehow quite intricately intertwined with the personal growth report of me and all the Fine Arts Secretaries before me. And I know I speak for all of them when I say that the cultural activities of this mighty institution just leaps in both magnitude and merit every year. It is hence, both my pride and my privilege to present the Cultural Report for the year 2016-17.

We started off with a delegation of 14 students travelling almost across the peninsula for the Annual Literary and Cultural fest of Christian Medical College, Vellore in July 2016. The fest was a revelation in terms of the creativity with which it was organized. After a gruelling three days, the college stood third overall. Our prowess in theatrics was applauded and rewarded well.

The month of September has always been my personal favourite in the KMC Calendar. A cultural extravaganza was hosted in this very location on September 5th 2016. Ganesh Chaturthi 2016 saw the largest staff participation, with prolific members of the KMC Faculty dancing, singing

and acting their way into the hearts of their students. Our dear Dean Dr. MV Prabhu's entry to the tune of Kabaali in the Staff Skit titled Guns'N'Roses: Pyaar Me Dil Pe Maar De Goli left the unassuming audience spellbound first, and then in cahoots of laughter as we all witnessed our teachers become teenagers again.

Halfway through September, A contingent of 5 students from our college yet again raised the KMC flag high at AIIMS-Delhi. At their annual fest, Pulse 2016, KMC Mangalore put up a stellar performance. The highlight of the entire trip was at the biggest and ultimate event of the fest, Mr and Miss Pulse, our students Saad Siddiqui and Kritika Bansal marked history by winning it together, making it the first and only time that the same college has won both titles.

We ended the cultural spectrum of that year with Synergy. The college lit up with a warm welcome to the very talented and accomplished batch of 2016. Given the theme of "Jungle Fever", the fun and frolicking Freshers dressed up as animals and put forth a show that was both colourful and skilled. Awards were given to the best models, the best costume and Mister and Miss Fresher.

In February, the students of KMC once again made it big when our neighbours at Father Muller Medical College invited us to take part in Adrenaline 2017. With 42 colleges participating from in and around Karnataka, our college placed in 15 events out of 18 that we took part in. KMC Mangalore once again lifted the Adrenaline trophy as we stood the second best college in overall points, standing a mere 12 points away from the host college.

The Annual Interclass competitions, Renegade 2017, saw a plethora of new talent with the batch of 2016 and AHS participating with all their forces. With several new events, such as Love Letter Writing, Fashionista and Sleuth, the students of KMC showed their batch integrity. Ultimately, the batch of 2014 ended up lifting the trophy of overall champions by conquering all three segments; off-stage, on stage and sports. The batch of 2015 and Allied Health Sciences came a close 2nd and 3rd.

Finally, we had approached the one event that the whole college was eagerly waiting for. Redemption at Utsav 2017. With a task force of more than 200 students, I am immensely proud and humbled to say that Yes, we did lift the trophy. After a long gap of 4 years, the Utsav trophy came back to Mangalore again. With a lead of 48 points at the end of the competition, Utsav was surely our college's highlight performance in the year that passed.

In a college like ours, where there is talent and dedication in its most pristine form, we need a platform to exhibit these talents regularly. We hosted over 15 Lit Club sessions to practice and stay at the top of our game. Also, added this year was an online Poetry Submission Portal called The Weekly Poet, which saw at least 80 submissions of pure poetical bliss from our Student Community.

Never be afraid to ask questions. I have asked hundreds of questions, pretty stupid ones as well, to almost everyone in the administration. I thank them for their guidance and their patience in dealing with me. Never be afraid to lose. I thank my predecessors, starting from Dr. Ramakrishnan Dindingal, Dr. Abhishek Tandon, Dr. Rohil Mehta and soon-to-be Dr. Arjun Tandon who taught me that every time you lose, you are learning what you need to do in order to win the next time. And lastly, never be afraid to have an ambition. Let that ambition drive you crazy, because only then will you value what you achieve out of it.

With my tenure coming to its end, I would like to remind all of you to just stop, breathe in and take a moment to look around you. Every person that you see in this college, is capable of teaching you something new. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the beauty of being a part of this family.



UTSAV '17

A VERY ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF WHAT HAPPENED

48

WHEN THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL SAT DOWN TO PICK A THEME FOR THE YEARLY INTERBATCH (ALSO KNOWN AS MONTH-LONG-CR-HELL), WE WERE SWAMPED WITH IDEAS. EVERYTHING RANGING FROM INTERGALACTIC WARFARE TO A TELETUBBY SHOWDOWN WAS SHOT DOWN WITH MUCH GUSTO; PARTLY BECAUSE WE WERE DONE WITH THE WHOLE 'FOR-WORLD-DOMINATION' IDEA (ALSO PARTLY BECAUSE INTERCLASS IS NOT INTER-CLASS UNLESS IT IS DARK AND GRITTY). IN FACT, WE ENVISIONED A COMMON TARGET FOR ALL THE INTERBATCH TEAMS TO ACHIEVE AND THAT'S HOW THE "SIX CHAMPIONS AGAINST ONE DRAGON" CONCEPT CAME INTO BEING.

FUN FACT: OUR DRAGON WAS TO BE CALLED "VASTU" (NO POINTS FOR GUESSING HOW WE ARRIVED AT THAT NAME). "WE'RE NOT DOING THIS FOR INTERCLASS, WE'RE DOING THIS FOR NEXT MONTH" - EVERY COUNCIL BATCH EVER FORMED TENDS TO TALK IN TERMS OF UTSAV. EVEN BEFORE INTERCLASS, WE HAD ALL FORESEEN AND ACCEPTED THE BIGGER MOUNTAIN THAT WE HAD TO SCALE. HOURS AND HOURS OF HARDWORK, EXERTION BOTH PHYSICAL AND MENTAL (AND FINANCIAL), HAVING TO CONSTANTLY KEEP EVERYONE MOTIVATED AND PUMPED, AND MOST OF ALL, HAVING TO DO THE SAME TO YOURSELF.

THAT'S WHAT UTSAV IS ABOUT.

Time has the uncanny habit of slowing down when you are in anticipation of something. Prasanna Sir, my faculty advisor (who subsequently became my best friend and biggest enabler) had disappeared into the room precisely seventeen minutes back, but dear God, it felt like an eternity.

Four days of Utsav down, our college stood at a lead of 26 points. Two more team events to go; and the scoring for Mad Ads was being done in that tiny Utsav office outside which I now waited. Words can't pen down what was going through my head at the time. Apart from the occasional "Did you see KMC Mangalore's performance?" that made me smile, the cackle of the crowd outside Shenoy's was just noise as I paced back and forth. Seventeen minutes turned into eighteen. Not even the slightest hint of motion from that door.

Rewind back to April 4th 2017, the first day of Utsav. Always the most important, because to the teams practicing for the next three days back in Lighthouse, the news that KMC Mangalore is coming first serves as the strongest motivator. We stopped at the temple on the way; to harness the luck and the blessings that we needed to supplement the efforts and the practice we had put in. Seven podium finishes later, I had the pleasure of being the bearer of the best news that could have ever been. KMC Mangalore, Leading by 42 points.

Day 2 and 3 went well too. With the ever reliable wins in Rangoli and Mimicry marking both days, and a few snazzy prize wins here and there, all went well. As a matter of fact, with the way the competitor colleges were streaming to see the results, it'd become a KMC Mangalore Vs The World scenario. And rightfully so, because throughout the three days, there was not one instant where we trailed (I almost died when our lead dropped to 2 at one point, but that was pleasantly short lived).

UNTIL THIS YEAR, IF YOUR PROP OR YOUR COSTUME ACCIDENTALLY FELL ON STAGE, THAT WAS A LEGIT POINT FOR DISQUALIFICATION.

LESS UTSAV, MORE KURUKSHETRA.

I had sat and ran through the math with my predecessor Arjun Tandon and our cultural coordinator Shubham at least a thousand times. If we place in even one of the last three events, we'd secure our place as the Overall Winners.

I looked at my wrist watch to see how long it had been. The faculty advisor from KMC Manipal was eyeing me with genuine concern because I showed all the cardinal signs of an impending anxiety attack.

Reassurance and relief, more often than not, comes from the unlikeliest of sources. In our case, this was the way in which she smiled.

Calm and serene, as if to tell us that she already knew we had it in the bag. That reassurance felt good.

Scratch that - It felt fantastic.

I didn't hear the door open behind me. I didn't hear Prasanna Sir say "KMC Mangalore came first in Mad Ads". I didn't hear the thousands of happy, ecstatic students who'd already gone into revelry. I didn't hear anything.

Because this wasn't about the last eighteen minutes (yes, I was keeping track). This was the culmination of a year's worth of effort. Every thing we had planned and put into execution was aimed at increasing our chances of doing well in Utsav. I know I speak for everybody in our wonderful college when I say that the biggest satisfaction as when all those efforts fell so flawlessly into place, right in front of our eyes. Of course, it wouldn't have happened if not for the thousands of people working with clockwork precision and pinpoint accuracy - the list to thank is endless and I'm already off my word limit.

Our gratitude to you, the artisans who carved this trophy, is as timeless as the dedication you showed towards Utsav.



THE WINNING MOMENT PHOTOGRAPHED IN ALL IT'S EVENTFUL GLORY. JUST LOOK AT EVERYONE HAPPY BEYOND MEASURE. LET'S ALSO NOT FORGET THE FACT THAT VIKAS KHANNA IS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRAME...

"REASSURANCE AND RELIEF, MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, COMES FROM THE UNLIKELIEST OF SOURCES."

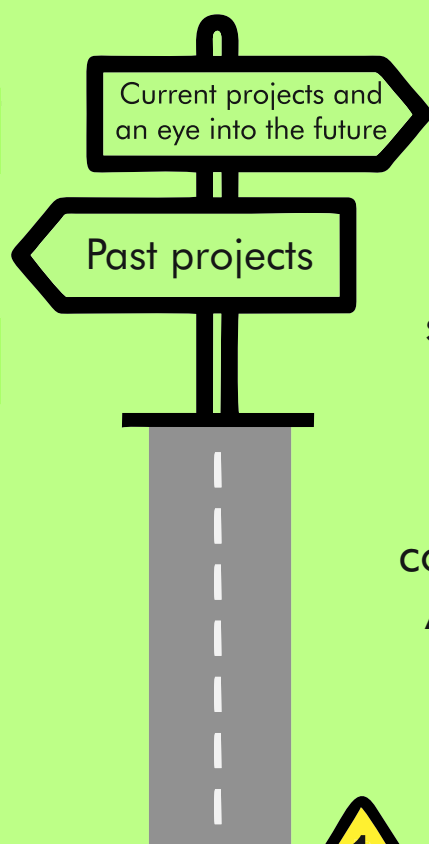
I have religiously been a part of Utsav since my first year. Either as part of the dance crew or being unceremoniously asked to join the mime team and many a time even having to staple pieces of fabric onto a half-naked model minutes before the fashion show. Of course, I loved all that. I love being on stage and I like the thrill that comes with competition; but what I like the most about Utsav is how deeply familial our bond becomes. For those four days, there's no ill-feeling, no ego and no negativity. Just a bunch of really talented people who become really comfortable with each other because of their appreciation of each other's talent.

People who say that the easiest way to make friends is through intoxication obviously got the means of intoxication wrong.

The high of winning.
That's what brings us closer.

VOLUNTEER SERVICES ORGANIZATION

1. Daan Utsav - Act of kindness challenge, rice bucket challenge, footwear donation drive, living facilities for the destitute ward, water purifiers in Government Wenlock Hospital
2. Clothes donation drive
3. Earth hour Anti Pollution drive



1. Establishment of libraries in GWH.
2. Interactive art sessions in RAPCC.
3. Environmental research in collaboration with the Anti-Pollution Drive



How to volunteer?
Log on to vso.manipal.edu. Sign up to be a volunteer.

The Volunteer Services Organization (VSO) is an NGO of Manipal University which aims to lend a helping hand to this world that we inhabit. As we stand, at present, we are a reinvigorated effort. Having been dormant for a few years, operations have been reinstated under the dynamic leadership of our faculty advisor, Dr. Ramesh Holla. A handful of heretics here, a few social justice crusaders there and a few more forced volunteers than we'd care to mention. While our group may be small, our hearts, fortunately, are large. But before we bore you with exaggerated self proclamations, perhaps what matters most is the why of it all. What do we get in return? In many ways, simply nothing. We will be no more famous. None of us shall appear on television tomorrow. No great opportunities will come knocking on our door. Yet, we have come off better from it all. We have experienced love. Seen happiness in the smile of the boy whose scorched soles were salvaged through the efforts of Daan Utsav. Shared the joy of the mother whose children we helped clothe. We have lived, loved, laughed it all, and look forward to the prospect of more to follow. In our time at VSO, we have seen ourselves grow. And for a few days a week, and a few weeks a month, and a few months a year, we become more than ourselves. Now isn't that a beautiful thing?

In 2015 The United Nations launched 'The Global Goals for Sustainable Development', a series of ambitious targets to end extreme poverty, fight inequality and injustice, and fix climate change for everyone by 2030. If the Goals are met, they ensure the health, safety, and future of the planet for everyone on it. And their best chance of being met is if everyone on the planet is aware of them. Hence it has been rightly called Project everyone. While this is an ambitious project, and college students like you and I are yearning to make a difference, you might say "But, I'm perpetually broke. I hardly have any time. I have no real power to make a change in the world. How can I contribute?"



Goal #1 - No Poverty

You could join hands with an organisation like VSO, which continually works towards bringing equity to all classes of people, through various fund-raising and awareness programs.



Goal #2 - Zero Hunger

Engage in events like "Rice Bucket Challenge" conducted by the VSO, which aims at raising food grains for those in need.



Goal #3 - Good Health and Well-Being

If you are healthy and able to, donate blood every 3 months. Sign up for organ donation. You could live on even after death, and help save someone's life.



Goal #4 - Quality Education

Volunteer at your local government school, or at an orphanage, interact with the kids there, teach them, make learning fun for them.



Goal #5 - Gender Equality

While it may seem difficult, you can try to affect a change in mindset the people around you. Show the world how not all gendered stereotypes actually stick. This can only happen through conversation.



Goal #6 - Clean Water & Sanitation

Organisations like the VSO donate feminine hygiene supplies and water purifiers to their affiliated hospitals. You could join hands with them for such projects.



Goal #7 - Affordable & Clean Energy

Instead of using an electric table lamp, use a solar powered one instead. Encourage others to do the same. Suggest your institution to also look into solar-powered energy for the entire building.



Goal #8 - Decent Work and Economic Growth

Study hard, pass out with flying colours, become a good tax-paying citizen of the country! It's that simple.



Goal #9 - Industry, Innovation, and Infrastructure. While big brands are always alluring, still, whenever possible, try to promote small, indigenous, up-and-coming companies. Instead of always shopping at your neighbourhood supermarket, try to buy from your local grocery store.



Goal #10 - Reduced Inequalities

Be it based on class, religion, race, gender, sexuality-whenver you see someone being bigoted or hostile or discriminatory towards any group, stand up and make it known that such behaviour is not welcome in a civilised society, a small conversation helps.



Goal #11 - Sustainable Cities and Communities

You might need the backing of your institution, or your parents in this regard. Encourage systems like rainwater harvesting, composting waste material, renewable sources of energy like solar energy, in your place of work or home. It might take some time - but take the first step towards making a change.



Goal #12 - Responsible Consumption and Production

Become a wise shopper. Don't buy unless you absolutely need to. Develop a system of community sharing - eg: share your iron with your roommate, while you use their kettle. Don't simply throw things away if they don't work, try to get them repaired first.



Goal #13 - Climate action

Tried and tested - go plant a tree.



Goal #14 - Life below Water

Don't litter when you go to the beach. Use a trash can. Encourage others to do the same.



Goal #15 - Life on Land

Don't litter when you're walking down the street. Use a trash can. Encourage others to do the same.



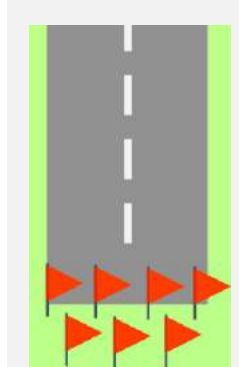
Goal #16 - Peace, Justice and Strong Institutions

Use your rights as a citizen of this country. If you ever see any discrepancy in a matter of justice, file an RTI. If you ever see any unlawful activity, file a PIL. Do not stay quiet in the face of adversity. You must ask yourself - "If not me, who? If not now, when?" Look around you - harness the collective energy of all the youth around you.



Goal #17 - Partnerships for the Goals

For every positive step that you take - Encourage others to do the same. Just like I did through this article.



- Kriti Das

Source :
<https://www.project-everyone.org/>

College Day Award Ceremony

18th March 2017

Ever since its inception in 1953, Kasturba Medical College & Hospitals has flourished under the able leadership of our founder Dr. Tonse Madhav Ananth Pai. To commemorate his visionary spirit, every year we celebrate College Day, to recognize and award the achievements of the year gone by. The multitude of students made their way to the TMA Pai Hall, on of the 17th March, to take part in the college day events. The evening commenced with an invocation to the almighty, the lighting of the lamp, and a floral tribute to our founder, Dr. TMA Pai. This was followed by the customary annual college report, presented by our Dean, Dr. M. Venkatraya Prabhu. Our chief guest for the occasion was world-renowned surgeon and philanthropist, Dr. K.M Cherian. This alumnus of KMC, Mangalore is a pioneer of cardiac surgery in India, and a philanthropist – working with his Dr.K.M. Cherian Heart Foundation. The prize distribution ceremony was greeted with much enthusiasm and applause by all present – students, their family and faculty alike. Meritorious undergraduate and post-graduate students were awarded for their outstanding academic performance. Research scholars were recognized for their contribution to scientific literature. Professors who published books during the year of 2016 were conferred with accolades.

Krithika D. Shenoy

1st in Total Marks

(Final Year MBBS, Part II)

1st in Paediatrics



SACHIN KRISHNA RAJ K. 1st in Total Marks (Final Year MBBS, Part I)
1st in Ophthalmology

Swathi M.

1st in Medicine



PRIYANKA SINGHAL 1st in Medicine
1st in Obstetrics & Gynaecology



SHWETA R. POOJARY 1st in Surgery

Laksita Joshi

1st in Total Marks

(Final Year MBBS, Part I)

1st in E.N.T.



ANJANA BHAMI SHENOY 1st In Total Marks
1st In Biochemistry



ANVITHA SHASTRY P.R. 1st In Physiology



ADITI HALDAR First In Anatomy

Arjun Tandon

1st in Community Medicine



SUBHANI MAHAPATRA 1st in Total Marks
1st in Microbiology



MONIKA SINGH 1st in Forensic Medicine



ARJUN GANESH 1st in Pharmacology



ADITYA S NARAYAN 1st in Pathology

Anam Anil Alwani

1st in Pharmacology



MANIPAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' RESEARCH FORUM



Research is an integral part of a medico's life, and if started at the level of MBBS, it helps one go a long way. To promote research at the undergraduate level, our college has instated the Manipal University Students Research Forum (MUSRF), a student-driven body that organises research events and helps students take a step forward in the direction of research.

MUSRF President - Subham Sarthak addressing the audience

It is said that "what we find in research affects who we become". And this change has been evident in the students of KMC, Mangaluru, as seen on 27th February 2017, when the MUSRF held "Students Research Day 2017" to showcase the research done by the students throughout the year, in the form of case reports, posters and oral presentations. The event also had three talks by visiting dignitaries that further piqued the scientific curiosity of the students.



Case Presentation



Lighting of the Lamp event, by honourable dignitaries

"Follow the evidence wherever it leads and question everything you see on the way" - that is the mantra that we as pursuants of knowledge live by. The journey is far from over, as we have a number of projects lined up for the future, and are eager to see the students' continued enthusiasm for acquiring knowledge. That is the true essence of research.



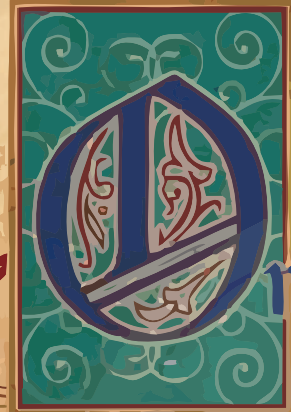
Next Stop, Everywhere.

KMC Chronicles

Welcome to the Year 1799 AD. Our story begins here.

A story we uncovered from the deepest archives of the library

The story of Kasturba Medical College isn't just the story of a building. It isn't even the story of a person. It's the story of a vision, transmuted to reality, inspiring thousands of dedicated teachers, students, and reaching out to millions of lives - with millions more to come.



Once Upon a Time

1799 to be exact, the region of South Canara was incorporated into the Madras Presidency after the British annexed the state. It remained that way right until 1956, when linguistic reorganization paved the way for the formation of Mysore state (renamed Karnataka in 1972). So, when Manipal was initially started in 1935, it belonged to the Madras presidency and 3 years later, became a part of Karnataka.



The first building of undivided KMC at Manipal in 1953

Fun fact - the In Patient block was built by the Madras Government, but the Out Patient block was built by the Mysore State. The bridge connecting the two blocks remains a symbol of solidarity in times of unrest between the two neighbours.

"Drops of water make the mighty ocean. Things individually beyond the reach of accomplishment become miraculously easy with collective effort. Though you cannot float a needle on the back of a single drop, the heavy burdens of world trade are carried on by the ocean."

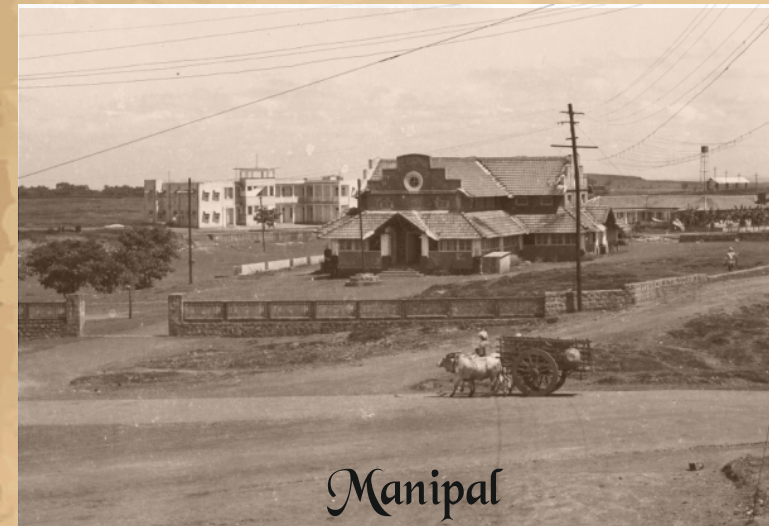
Dr. Tonse Madhav Ananth Pai
(1898 - 1979)



Meanwhile, in Manipal, in the year 1953, Dr. Thonse Madhav Ananth Pai's vision finally became reality. The Kasturba Medical College was now up and running in full swing, with the pre - medical wing in Manipal and the clinical departments here in Mangalore, associated with the Government Wenlock Hospital and Lady Goschen Hospital. The first ever classes in the Mangalore campus were held on January 4th, 1956. When the first batch of students passed out in 1959, the college was recognized not only by the Medical Council of India, but also the General Medical Council of the United Kingdom - ours being the first college in the country to be awarded this prominent recognition. Back in the day, classes were held in the first floor of the Popular Building on K.S. Rao Road and an auditorium used to be where the present MCODS building now stands

The iconic building on Light House Hill Road was inaugurated in the year 1966, and the auditorium continued to be used until 1988. Post graduate courses in the college were also initiated in the year 1963.

Extracurricular activities are given ample importance alongside academics in KMC, and one of the red letter days in the academic year is the Ganesh Chaturthi celebrations. This tradition can be dated back to the early years of the college, popularized by the many Maharashtrian and Gujrati students, who brought their culture along with them.



Manipal



Tiger Circle

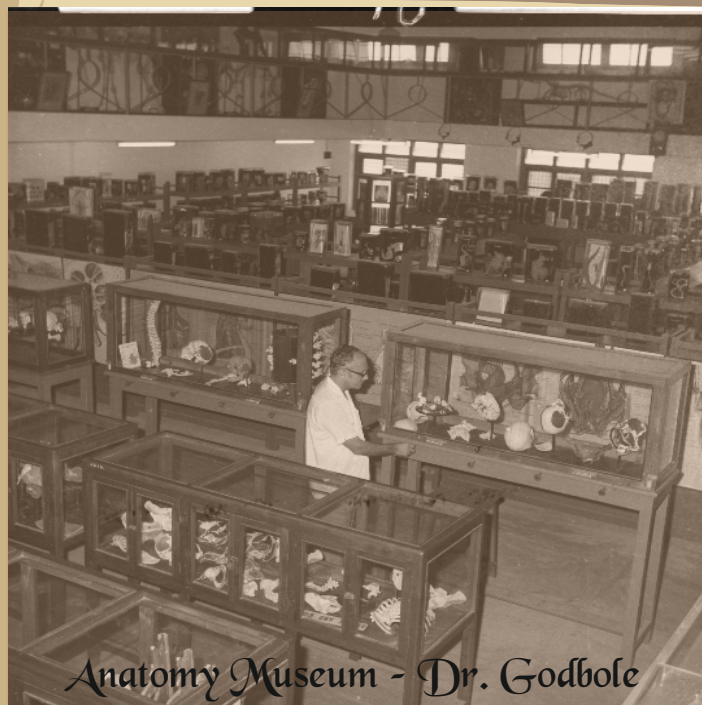
The hospital in Manipal came into being in the year 1970, and in the 1977, the pre-clinical wing opened up in Mangalore. The year 1980 saw the two colleges being separated. The last of the "vintage" batches boasted of none other than our very own, beloved Dean and Associate Dean. The detachment of the two colleges meant that the prestigious T.M.A. Pai Gold Medal, the blue ribbon prize for academic excellence, was also given separately to both colleges. The first recipient for the Mangalore campus was Dr. Anand Kini.



Needless to say, this has now transcended religion and region to become one of the most eagerly awaited festivals in the city. The highlight of the festivities in the Teachers' Skit, put up, with great enthusiasm, by the teaching staff, and thoroughly enjoyed by the students. Another event which attracted audiences from all over the city is the inter-collegiate Music competition. This two-day event was held on the 16th and 17th of August, and the staff were often requested for passes by members of the general public to attend it. Another event held to jam packed crowds was the Inter-collegiate Quiz competition, conducted by Dr. Srinivasan for over 2 decades.



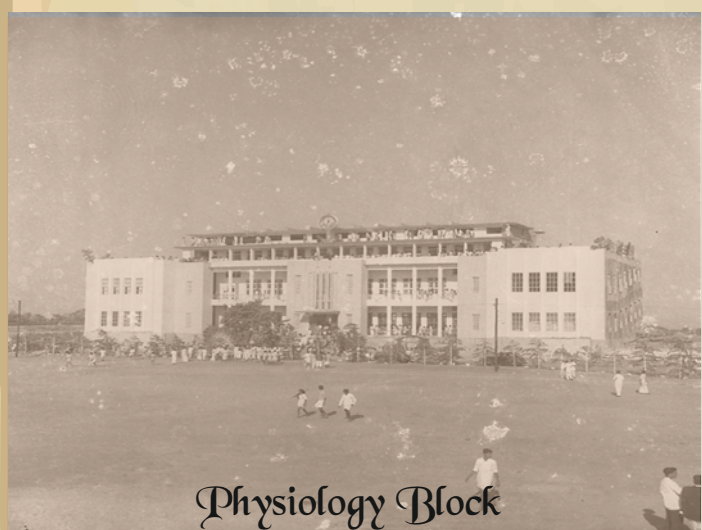
Manipal with Dr. T.M.A. Pai



Anatomy Museum - Dr. Godbole

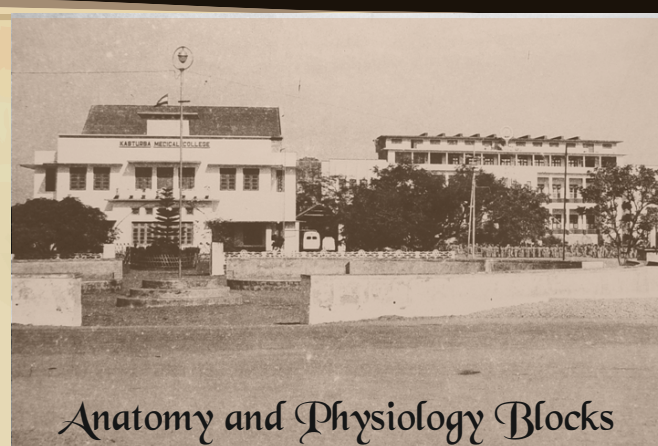


Red and Yellow Blocks

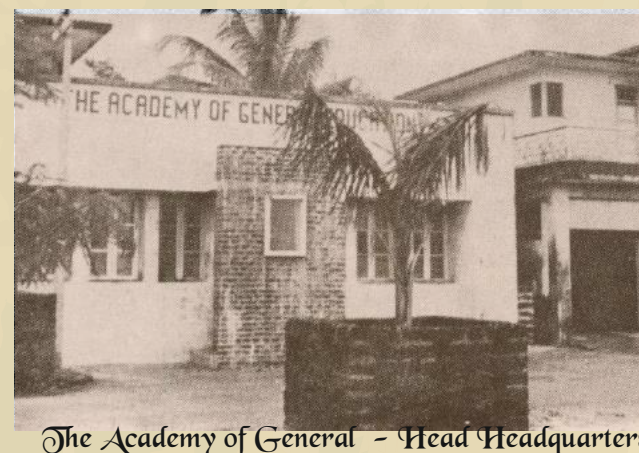


Physiology Block

A
Visionary



Anatomy and Physiology Blocks



The Academy of General - Head Headquarters



KMC Hospital

A brief history of the Evolution of Interclass competition through the years

The concept of the "Interclass competitions" was the brainchild of the batch of 1986, comprising a group of talented students including Dr. Ajay Kamath. They saw this as an opportunity for friendly competition, as well as a means to select the crème de la crème of the college in various fields, to further represent the college in future intercollegiate events. The first such interclass, titled "Intertain set the ball rolling, and the most recent, "Renegade 2017" has definitely upheld its predecessors' great tradition, enriching the colourful history of our college.

In 1986, the Manipal College of Dental Sciences was set up, igniting an amicable rivalry between the colleges, that continues still.

The centre for Basic Sciences, Bejai, was established in 2001, when Dr. M. V. Prabhu took over as Associate Dean.

All was well with KMCites, until the turbulent years from 2007-2011, caused by biased regulatory body and, as the dean dolefully recounts "the atmosphere of KMC" was lost. However, KMC rose to the challenge, and emerged on the other side of the storm, stronger than before. Dr. M. V. Prabhu took over as Dean in 2011. Marena, the indoor sports complex, was opened in 2012.

The last 60 odd years has seen Kasturba Medical College, Mangalore and the Manipal University as a whole grow from strength to strength. Facilities have been upgraded to keep up with changing times, while our core values, not to be compromised, are faithfully retained. Our college may look vastly different from the way it did back on day 1. But its commitment to shaping proficient doctors remains the same.

- 1985 - Intertain
- 1986 - Art Attack
- 1987⁽⁻⁸⁸⁾ - Youth Fest
- 1989 - Impulse
- 1990 - Euphoria
- 1991 - Sangharsh
- 1992 - Star Wars
- 1993 - Blitzkreig
- 1994 - Exorcizm
- 1995 - Alchemy
- 1996 - Armageddon
- 1997 - Cosmos
- 1998 - Panacea
- 2000 - Gizmo
- 2001 - Orion
- 2002 - Cornucopia
- 2003 - Manthan
- 2004 - Atlantis
- 2005 - Utopia
- 2006 - Mausoleum
- |
- 2017 - Renegade



INTER-TAIN 1985



STAR WARS 1992



COSMOS 1997



ORION 2001



CORNUCOPIA 2002



GIZMO 2000



MANTHAN 2003



IMPULSE 1989



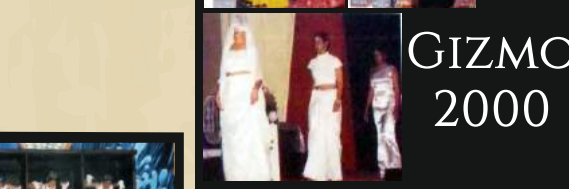
ALCHEMY 1995



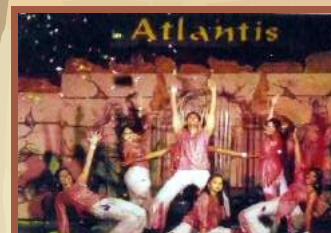
PANACEA 1998



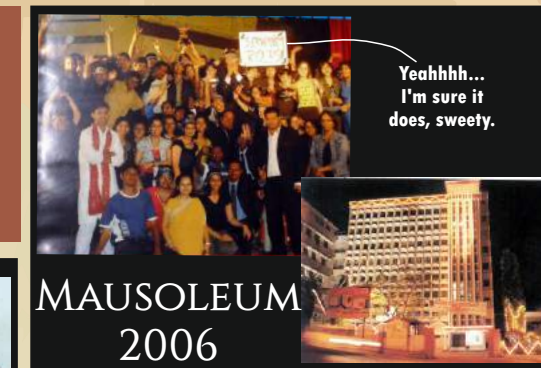
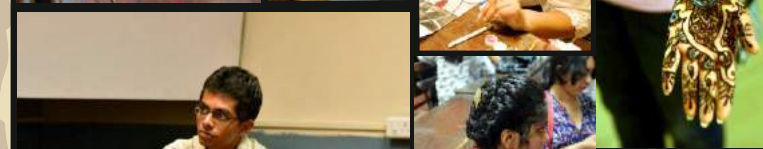
GIZMO 2000



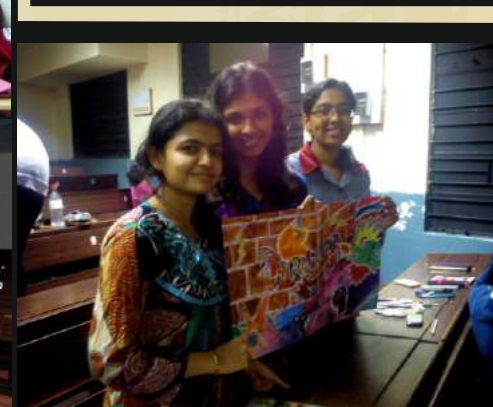
UTOPIA 2005



ATLANTIS 2004



MAUSOLEUM 2006

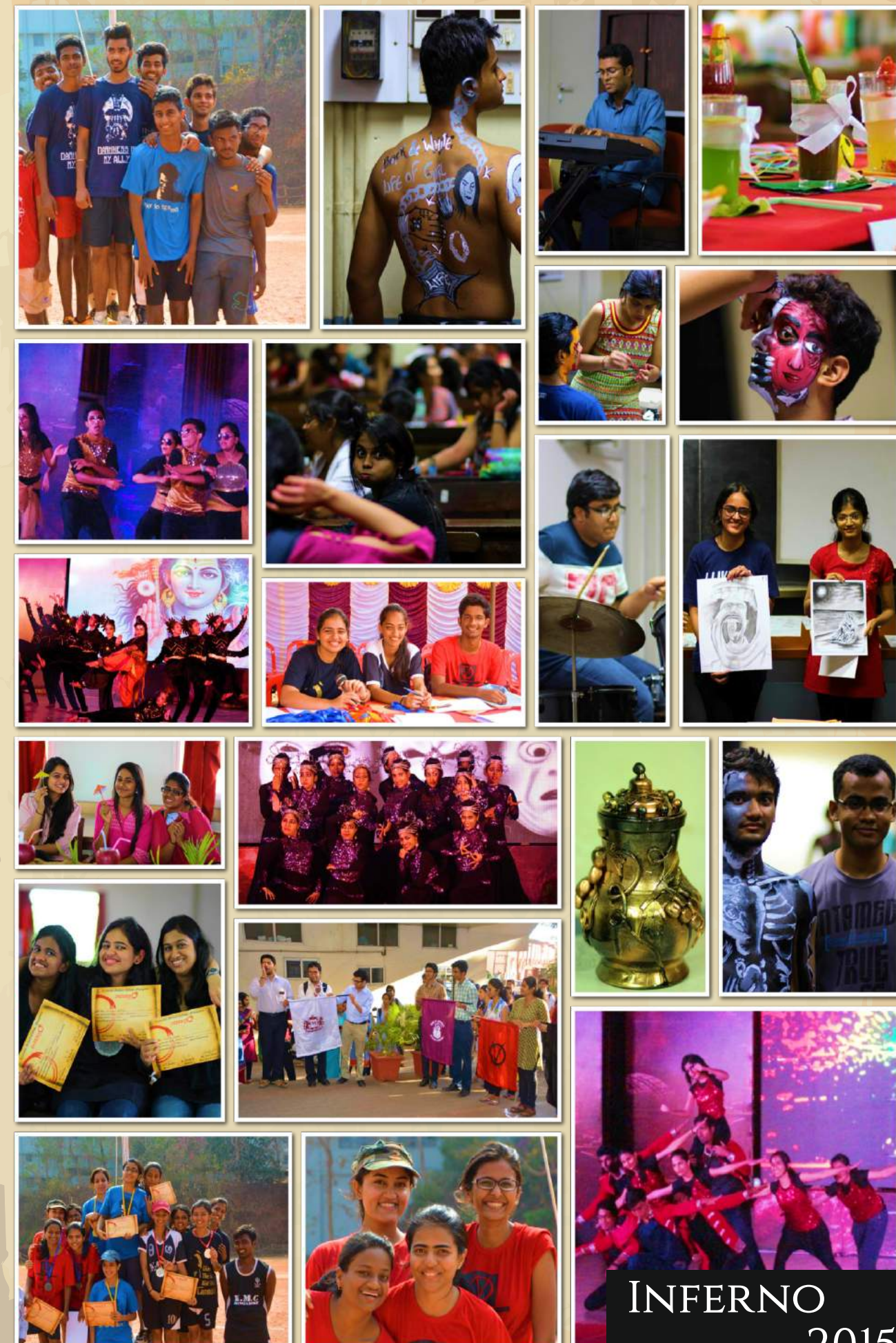


DOMINION 2013

INTERCLASS THROUGH THE YEARS

Sources : "KMC Chronicles"
Helping hands from
Dr Preeti Gopal and Dr. Snigdha Bhatia ,
Magazine Editors of Student Council 2010 -11 and 2012 - 13
respectively.

"Interclass through the Years"
KMC Library Archives,
Golden Jubilee Souvenir - Swarnanjali (2002-03)
Dr. Gyvi Gaurav, Editor





TARKASH 2016

RENEGADE '17

ACTAEON
THE WARRIOR
TA'WAQ
THE ORACLE

HAETYRA
THE ENCHANTRESS
DORADO
THE SORCERER

IRAYNA
THE ASSASSIN
ERVERING
THE VETERAN



AEDITH HAS AWOKEN.



6 CLANS, ONE COMMON ENEMY.

致医生

致内科医生
我已经老了，
老毛病缠身，
有点糊涂了，
言语含糊了，
动作也缓慢，
希望您能温柔看诊我，
缓解我身上的疼痛。

致外科医生
听到肿瘤时，
我已经慌了，
虽说是良性，
但须动手术，
我担忧害怕，
希望您详细解释一切，
解除我心中的恐慌。

Dear Doctor

Dear physician
I have grown old
My body is frail with chronic diseases
Sometimes I am disoriented
My speech is slurred
I am now slower in everything I do
It is my wish that you can handle me
with gentleness
In relieving my pain and suffering

Dear surgeon
Upon hearing the word tumor
I have a panic attack
Though it is benign
As a surgery is advised
I am worried and terrified
It is my wish that you can explain
everything in detail
To calm my anxious mind

致产科医生
响亮的婴泣，
划破了焦虑，
小天使来了，
我喜上眉梢，
疼痛消失了，
希望与您分享这喜悦，
感谢您让母子平安。

致儿科医生
我非常抱歉，
连续的发烧，
身体不舒服，
不知怎么说，
只是不停哭，
希望您能耐心检查我，
治好我身上的疾病。

医生们，
感恩您的耐心，
感恩您的谅解，
感恩您的专业，
谢谢您。

Dear obstetrician
The loud cries of my baby
Sweep all my worries away
My angel is finally here
I am delighted
I can no longer feel any pain
It is my wish to share my happiness
with you
Thank you for keeping my baby and I
safe

Dear pediatrician
Please accept my sincere apology
I have had fever for days
I am feeling the utmost discomfort
I have no way of expressing my
feelings
I keep crying
It is my wish that you can treat me
patiently
So that I can have a speedy recovery

Dear doctors
Thank you for your patience
Thank you for your understanding
Thank you for your professionalism
Thank you

尤泽盈

Yew Ze Ying
(Batch of 2013)

خاموشی

ہوتا ہے لوگوں کے دلوں میں کیا
یہ کیسے جان پاو گے آپ
جب کوشش ہی نہیں کی
تو کیسے ملیگا سچ جناب

کیسا ہوتا اگر ہم سب بول پاتے
اک دوسرے کے سکھ دکھ کھل کے بانٹتے
پر افسوس زبان اور ہاتھ ہونے کے باوجود
ہیں بیس اور بے آواز ہم اور آپ

کیا اسکی وجہ ہے آپ کی خدگری
کیوں نہیں پوچھا اپنے ایک بھی مرتبہ
یا ہے اسکی وجہ میری بزدلی
جسنے کر دیا اس سچ کو دبا

کیوں ملتے تھے ہم بادستور
پر پھر بھی رہ گئی کوی ادھوری بات
کیا خدا کی یہی مرضی تھی
یا ہم انسان تھے نافرمان

کیا فرمانا تھا چاند کو آفتاب سے
کیا نہیں کہہ پایا شمع پروانے سے
کیا دور رہنا تھا ان سب کے لئے بہتر
یا چپ رہنا تھا سب سے آرام دہ راہ

کیسا ہوتا اگر
وقت کا پہیا گھمایا جا سکتا
کیا دیکھتے ہم
کی اس خاموشی
کا کیا اثر پڑا مستقبل پر

یا کرتے ہم ایک نئی شروعات

Ahamedunissa

#translated

Once in a while, we meet people
who should belong in our ephemeral
lives. Yet, fail to have them stay a
while. Almost always, it's because of
our human fallacies. The poem
broods over the bittersweet existence
of ours, and reflects on life's many
chances at amending broken
relationships. Can the hurt have
enough power to keep away the
manifold happiness we could've had?
Could we turn back the sands of time
to see if things turn out different... if
only we tried?

They welcomed us to college life. Gave us requisite warnings. As teachers always
do. They created a second home for us. Took on a guardian's role too. Our
inspiration, our idols. Ever wondered about the little cherubs that came before
all that? Here's a new face of the teachers who we still salute.



Guess KMC's "Who's who?"

1. Dr. M.V. Prabhu.
2. Dr. Pratibha Kumar Chatterjee
3. Dr. Sneha Shetty
4. Dr. Subbalakshmi NK
5. Dr. Retha D Kini
6. Dr. Bhagyalakshmi K
7. Dr. Vinodini NA
8. Dr. Nayanatara AK



8. Dr. Mangala M. Pai
9. Dr. Latha V. Prabhu
10. Dr. Mamatha T.
11. Dr. Rukmini M
12. Dr. Poornima Manjrekhar
13. Dr. Beena Shetty

The Man Who Moved Mountains

- SHASHANK MANDA

Hair greying on the sides,
Eyes twinkling as you smile,
That all-knowing grin,
Warms my heart from within.

Those big spectacles,
Inside that beaten up case,
Which has obviously seen much better days,
Still in your sentimental possession.

From humble beginnings, your journey had begun,
Often toiling beyond slumber to make ends meet,
Ultimately,
A seed was sown;
That soon germinated into a sapling of prosperity.

Day by Day,
I realised your importance,
Like a lamp,
Whose light shines the brightest,
Only when darkness blankets the rest.

Your stupidity,
Your arrogance,
Your hilarity,
And of course your chivalry,
Still within the grasp of your palm,
Like the constellation of stars that dot the new moon sky,
Your demeanour offers utmost tranquillity and calm.

The way you drive the car,
Like a bullock cart on roads of tar,
Drives even the most patient of men crazy,
Though safety comes first after all.

I've always wanted to see you flaunt a stubble,
Trust me, You would give even Clooney,
A run for his money.

I wouldn't want to make a hideous understatement,
By claiming you the most handsome of them all.

But now I know why Amma chose you,
And only you,
Since you also have the intellect as the cherry on the top.
Even today,
I still recall.

As you walk through the corridors of your second abode,
Those fortunate enough to steal a glance,
Have utmost respect,
Sculpted on their visage.

I don't have many role models in life,
But of the few, I look up to,
Your name definitely resonates in my mind,
As a man who unflinchingly moved mountains,
For the benefit of his kind.

I hope this humble attempt of mine,
To pen down a modest rhyme,
Does not go in vain.

Background Art by Navin Mallya

Paradox

Simran Jain

If only I had an answer,
An answer to why I feel.
Tears would never have existed.
Existence itself wouldn't have been real.

If only I had a solution,
A solution to my pain.
No colour could've filled the void.
A void of monotony would've remained.

If only I could see the end,
The end of the phase of the dark.
It would've marked the end.
The end of light, words and art.

If only I could be at ease,
At ease with the half, I hold.
Heights would've been unexplored.
Unexplored by the brave and bold.

If only I had the heart to leave,
Leave the ones who never stayed.
If only.

The dark void still craving for the feel, LIGHT!
The light meant to ease the pain but betrayed!



Her

Aayushi Jhawar

Like a blossomed flower,
She radiates happiness all around her,
Into minds and into souls.
She moves with an energy,
With a vibrancy and a charm,
That many can only imagine.
Her spirits are alive and so is her heart,
That works along with the mind.
Her soul speaks, yet no one listens.
Her eyes say, yet no one hears.
Her smile tells stories, yet no one cares.
She still moves ahead, and sprinkles love,
On everyone she meets.
She is but a bundle of joy and a cauldron of love,
That leaks gradually,
Into the souls of many,
and the hearts of all.
She is like a beam of light;
She shines without trying.
She moves with a grace,
that people embrace.
She is as fresh as the spring,
And as warm as the summer.
They all smile and they all sigh.
For they have never seen anyone like her
And they never will.
It is in her heart to spread love,
To one and all.
There is happiness within and around her,
And in those who surround her.



Background Art by Rizana Riyaz

Of Cliches For Wallflowers

Esha Malik

"This moment will just be another story someday"
But right now, amidst the cacophony of sounds,
As I stand, shrouded by the cloak of invisibility;
Craving to be acknowledged,
Loneliness holds me in its bounds.

With diffidence smothering my mind,
And insecurities overwhelming my being;
"I know I'm thinking too fast again",
Yet try as I might, I cannot make it stop;
Till I hear his soothing voice, gently comforting.

The loving demeanour and tender gaze,
His feather light touch igniting a spark;
"We were just together, that was enough",
And though not a word was spoken,
Our feet coordinated in the dark.
Gliding away, the din ceased to exist,
And there descended a calm;
As the rain played out its first notes,
Making time stand still;
"I closed my eyes because I wanted to know nothing but his
arms"

And as the melody began to flow,
Through the silence of the twilight;
Enveloping me in a warm embrace,
He twirled me around,
"And in that moment, I swear we were infinite".

Background Sketch by Esha Malik

Who am I ?

Nupur Chauhan

I am a woman,
I am innocence, I'm charm, I'm gaiety,
I'm a river of ricocheting emotions,
I'm ebullient, winsome and mitigating,
I'm a girl who once dreamt of inhabiting
the petals of fairytales,
Gyrating through velvety phases, becoming
a woman.

I'm a spring breeze just beginning to take
flight,
I'm the breadth of God, the cradle of light,
I am boundless potential as great as the sky,
I am tucked into a body that itself creates
life.

Or, maybe, I'm not.
As I lay here in anguish, I think,
I am utterly helpless caught up in the web
of human trafficking,
I am kidnapped by evil perpetrators,
Exploited by drunken men time and again,
I am trapped in this acid-burnt skin,
I am the murderer of my daughter,
I am exhausted by the rampant misogyny,
Sick of the patriarchy that seeps deep and
the endless anxiety.

And as my soul tries to break free of the
shackles of society,
A quiet voice inside me wonders,
Who am I?

Fear the Known

Shreyanshi Gupta

In the dim lit shady lawn,
You were scared to even yawn.
The horror of unknown,
Perturbed you cause you were all alone.
Evil spirits, ghosts and vampires,
If that's what made your blood run cold,
Then you really need to hold.
Maybe the lit crowded streets,
Where all smile and greet,
That's the perfect seat.
If that's so what you will face is defeat.

Because you chose,
An act where most do a deed,
Out of lust and greed.

He who wears a Piaget and drinks wine,
Just hired a mother's sunshine.
That little soul works day and night,
Just to get a supper and sleep tight.

A place where guilty wander freely,
And Innocent bleed profusely.
Maybe she could one day shine so bright,
But her future faded that night,
Such that no one stood to fight.
After all, he was a man so recognised.

We live here where everyone is ready to
moan.

But can you really get up and own?
High time we realise what to dread?
Cause nothing but just the mirror is to be
read.

Shatranj

Nupur Chauhan

In the land of black and white,
There was once a black pawn,
From the moment she was born,
She was told to destroy the white pieces at all costs,
She was taught the tongue of torture and depravity,

The mind of brutal incision & kill,
A heart of sorrow, hatred & death,
An emotion of extreme savage,
An intellect of terror & delusion,
An imagination of vile ideas, macabre and gruesome,
But deep inside as the battle waged and countless lives were lost,
The weak surrendered and those who stood up were shot,

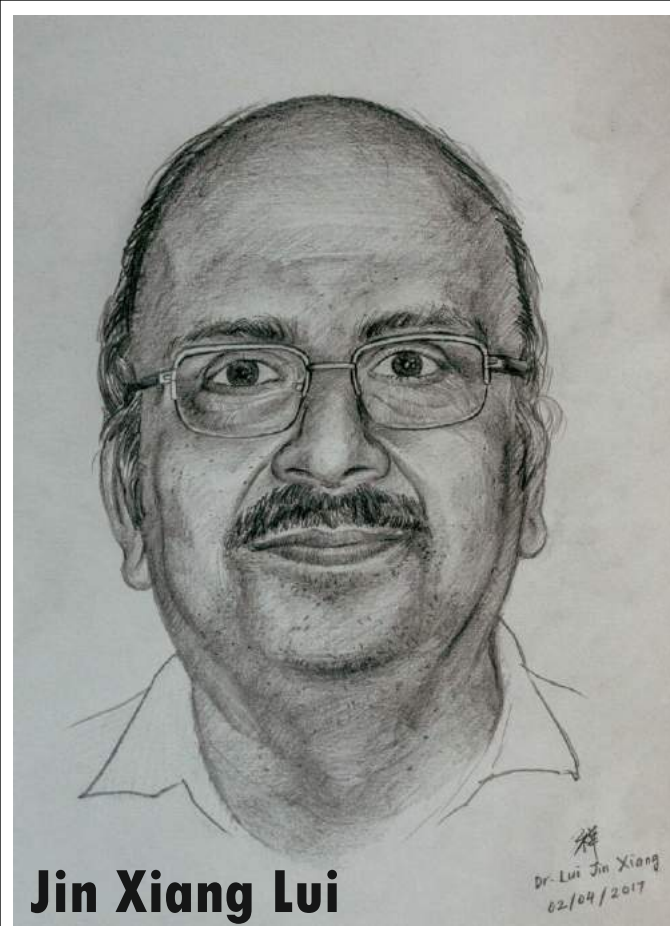
She questioned herself if killing and violence was really the answer,
As we extinguish life in others, doesn't the light within us die?
Aren't both my black pawn brethren and white adversaries
carved out of the same wood and sculpted into the same form?
And, that we only differ in colour,

But, colours can't define us, I'm more than just black or white,
I'm a myriad of kaleidoscopes, I'm the light that shines bright,
Finally, she reaches the other side of the patterned board,
Her hard work pays off; she's crowned the new Black queen,

And now she's urged by her colour to kill the White king,
His throat is at her blade's tip, and her bones clatter in fright,
The cruelty and antipathy make her think if she's doing right?
'NO', the voice echoes inside as she firmly decides,
'It's not worth it, I'll just let the king escape alive',
Deep contours and dividing space,

But, we're all one human race,
The discrimination and war, the hate and scorn,
Has to come to an end to let morals prevail,
Protest, let the bigotry cause all unrest.
Speak up, stand now for the innumerable dead,

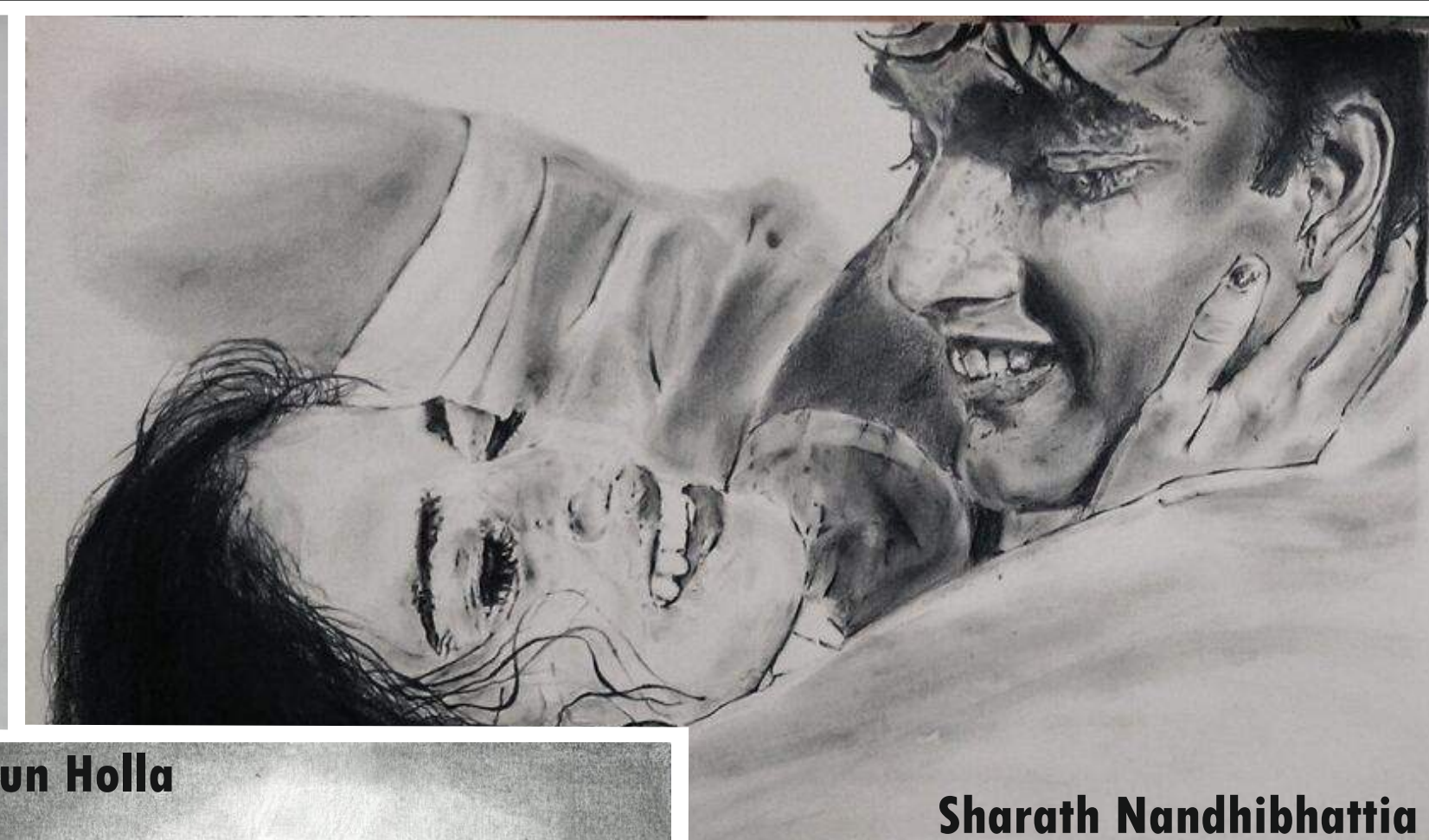
Until all that remains is red,
In the land of blacks and whites.
And there dawned a new rule, a rule of equality and peace,
Everyone finally realised the heart of vivid colour beneath,
And, the Star - Spangled Banner eventually did grace,
Irrespective of every class, colour, creed or race.



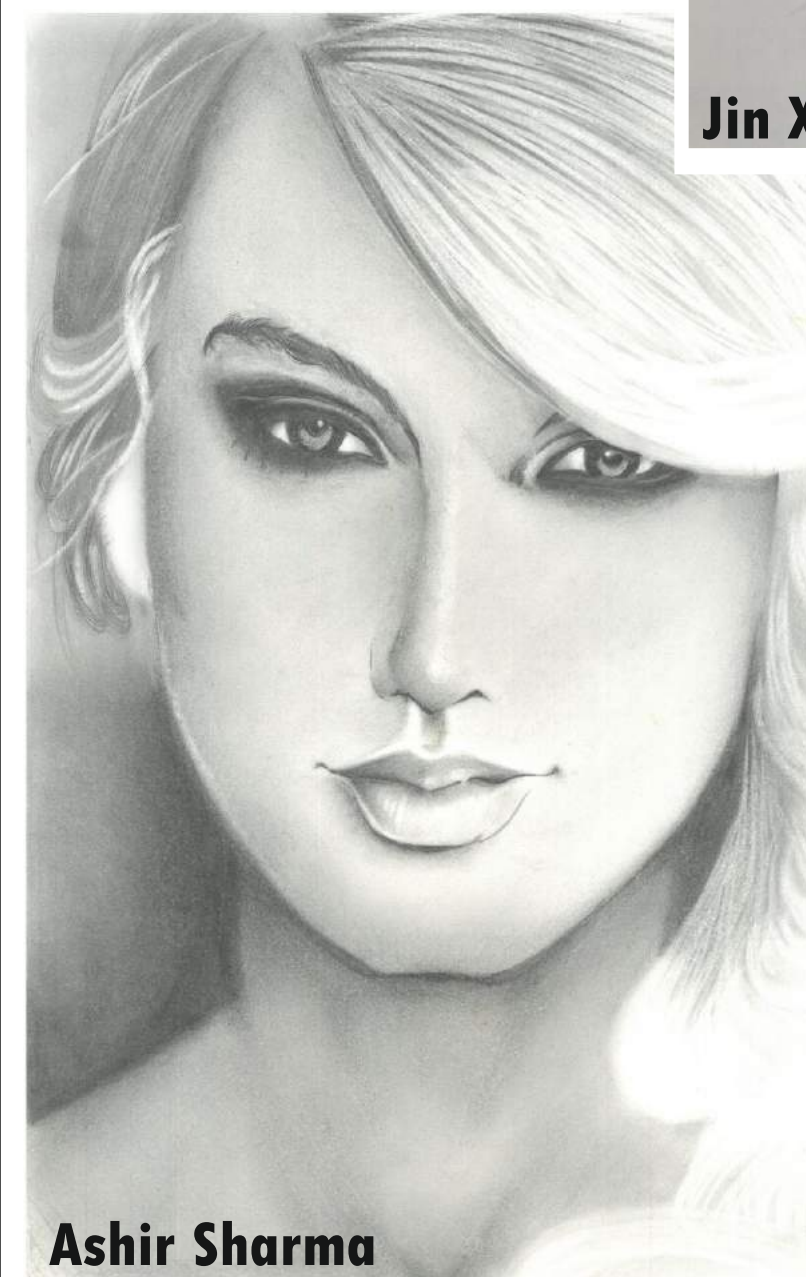
Jin Xiang Lui



Jin Xiang Lui



Sharath Nandhibhattia



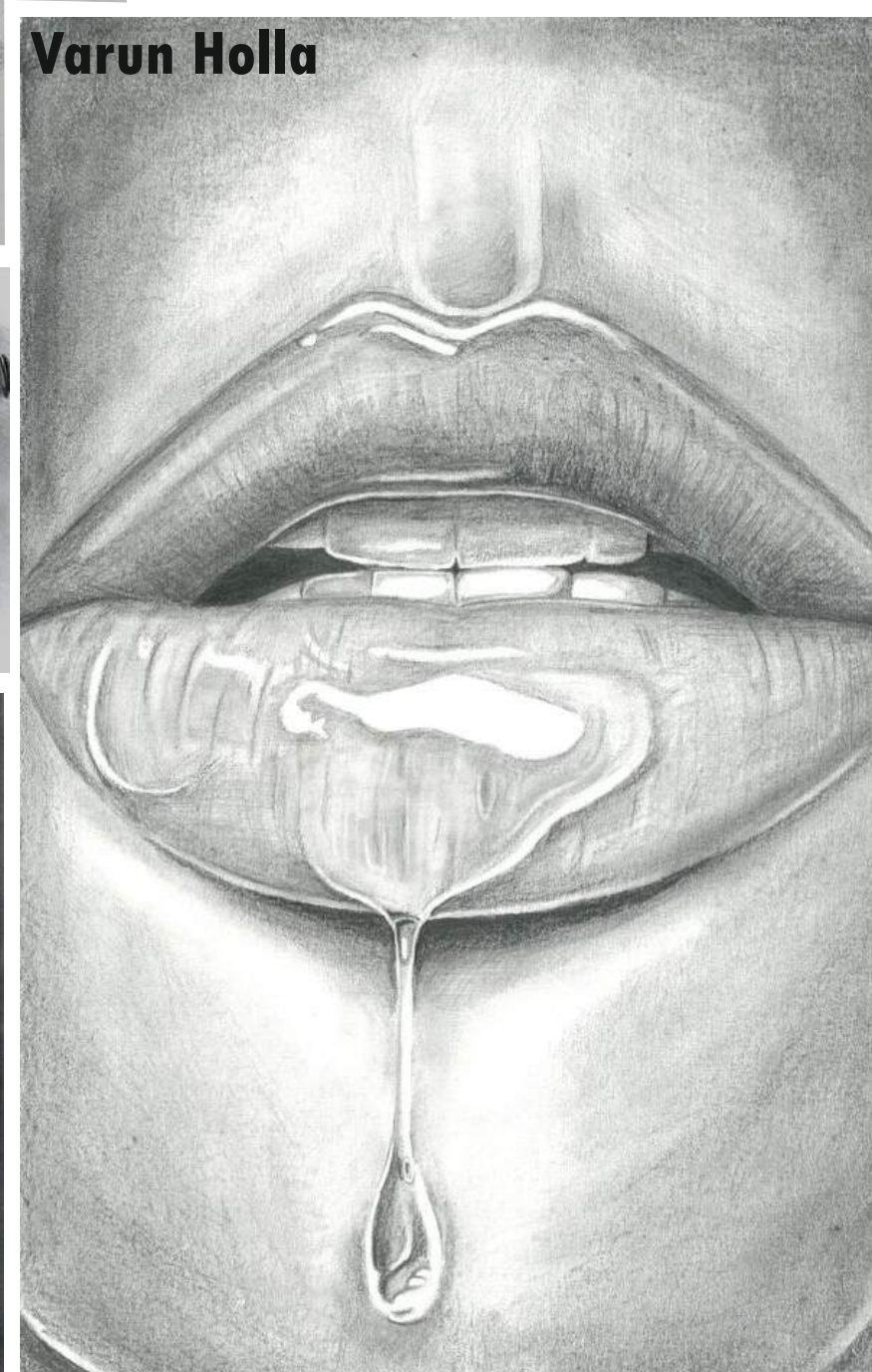
Ashir Sharma



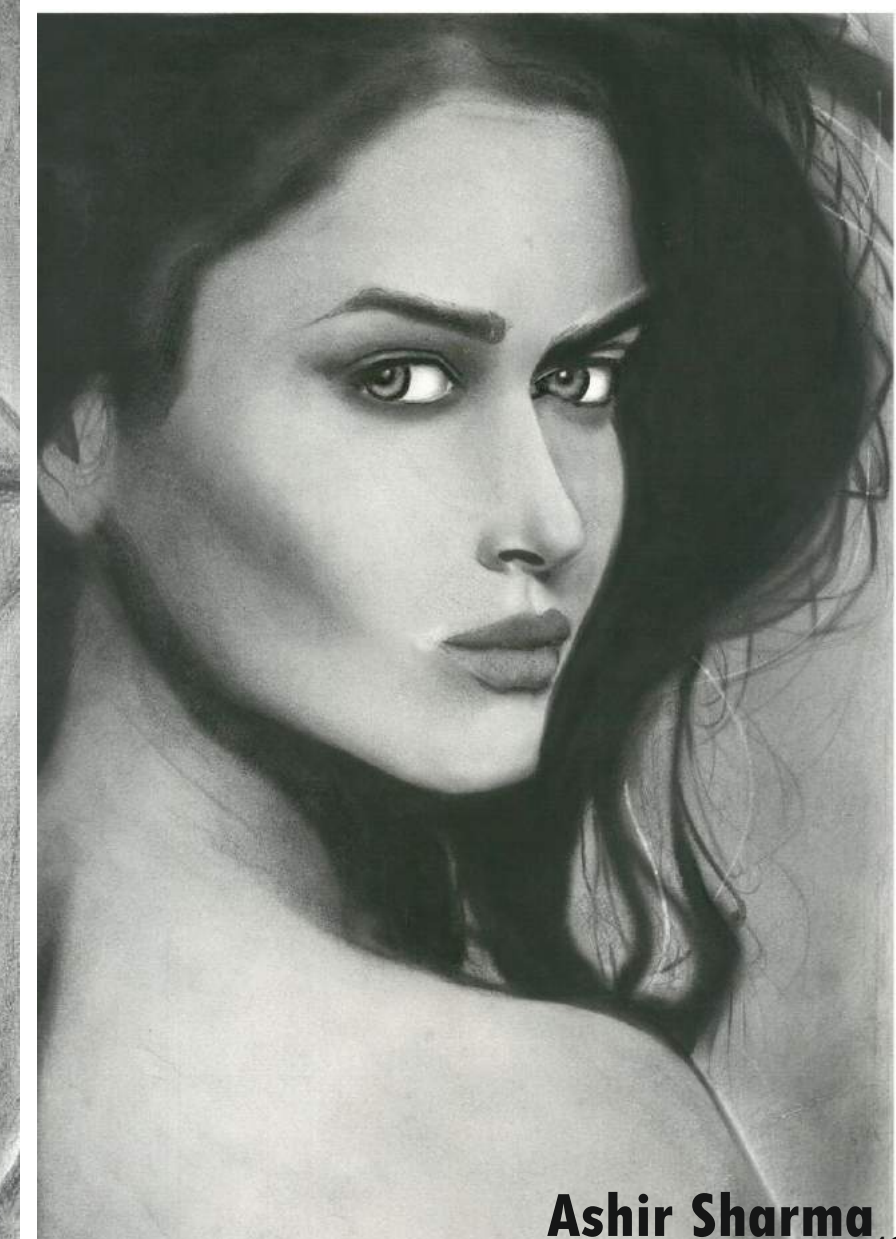
Rizana Riyaz



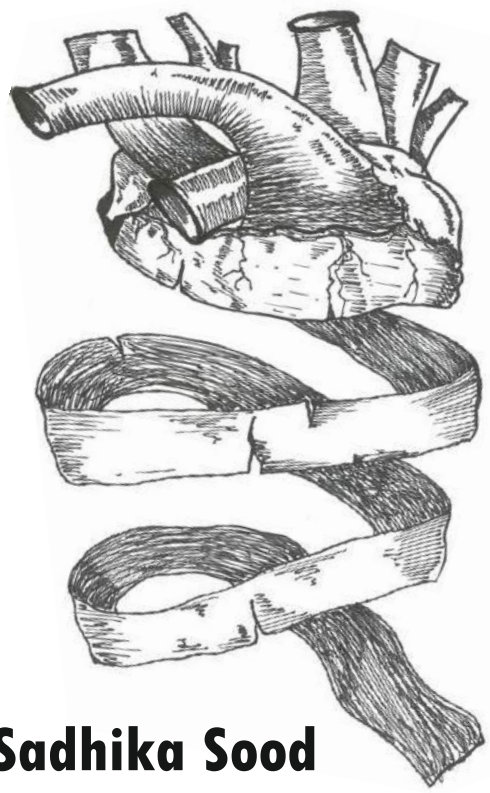
Sharath Nandhibhattia



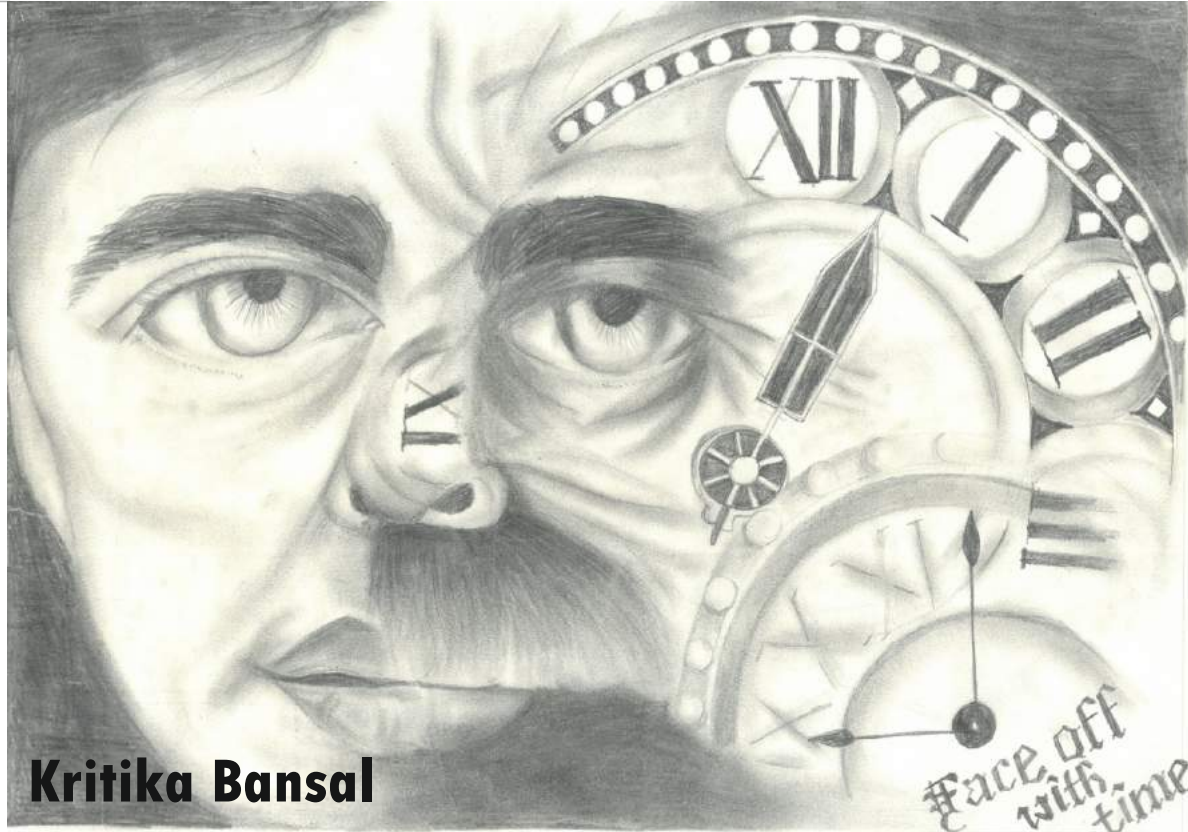
Varun Holla



Ashir Sharma



Sadhika Sood



Kritika Bansal



Ankit Menon



Urbee Gupta



Soumya Shrigiri



Varun Holla



Rizana Riyaz

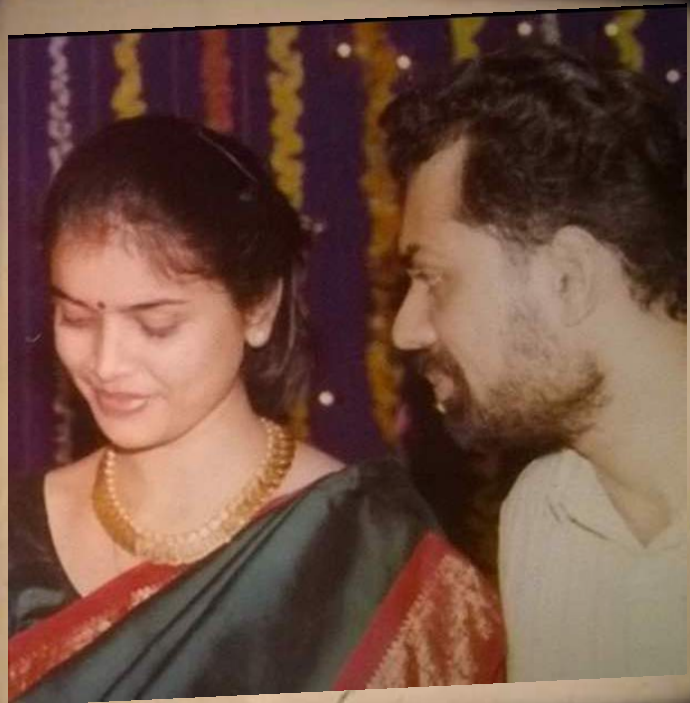


Ashir Sharma

Double date with Destiny

What happens when you put a KMC Power Couple in front of a camera and ask them the silliest of personal questions? Well, we doubled that!

**Sit back and enjoy this First-of-it's-kind ,KMC - Editorial Board's very own Video Montage based off from the spin-off popular romedy Reality Show "He said, She said"- featuring a friendly tete-e-tete between the two couples ,
Dr M.V. Prabhu - Dr Latha V. Prabhu and Dr Anand Kini - Dr Hema Kini.**



From, "I'd save my Badminton Racquet, if I was in a fire" , to
"I find her Intense looks quite charming" ,
See it all on : <https://youtu.be/Cd5w3rJgC5Q>
Or Just type "Double Date with Destiny" in Youtube Search bar
So Grab some snacks and enjoy the drama that ensues, as we roll out
tricky questions, that could easily risk the possibility of one not getting
dinner that night.

Muses

Varsha Chinta

You feel so many things at once,
The train of thoughts in your head
Doesn't feel real anymore
You think writing about these feelings,
Will slow down their pace
You think writing about these thoughts,
Will clear your cloudy head
Maybe be the skies will be blue again.
Maybe you can think "rationally" again.

But you realize
That the mush of words sitting in front of you
Made much more sense in your head

But baby,
Don't you strike off those words
Don't you tear down those pages
Don't you stop writing
Don't you try to stop feeling
Because someday,

Someone will read these strings of words
Which you felt were just randomly tied together
And get exactly what you meant

Someday,
these words will be the source of light
To someone stuck in a deep dark hole

Someday,
To someone,

This illegible, nonsensical mess in the last page of your notebook

Will be the only thing that makes sense
Someday, someone will find their calm

In the storm that surrounds them
Because of these words you wrote

This clutter of words,
Will probably be the most beautiful thing
Someone might have come across.

This someone, can be anyone
This someone, might as well be yourself.

And baby,
that day,

You will realize

That maybe,
You are not worthless after all.



Nightmares gripped me every night
So t'night I willed me eyes to spare me sight
Yet I woke gasping and sputtering ~
And could feel me heart fluttering.

Piercing light rendered me blind
A chanting of unknown tongue
Forced me teeth to grind,
Me hands went into a wrung
~The light dimmed, Oh what was I seeing ~

Creatures of a bluish hue,
Others with grey eyes shining like goo
And tall, willowy lasses
Their skin of bewitching luminescence
Ruby red eyes shining with malignance,
Swift sparks swat about in the air
Shining neon shades of glares

Green skin, stinging talons
Drinking rum by the gallons.
A ghoulish scream stirred me up
The clarity made me gulp.

All around me,
All around me
They danced in a frenzy
Round and round in a dizzy
Sneers and jeers ~
Pricked me ears
Claws and talons stung me,
Yellow fangs snapped at me,
Chants and spells made me swoon
Drowned me in a haunting lagoon
Me eyes swept down
Feet shackled to the sharp grass
Petals of a poisonous purple
Turned, as I gazed, into glass
Brown fumes stung me nostrils
Shook me silly with grass tendrils.

Me mind fell a dizzying height
First came blackness, than light so bright
There was I in me sparse, wee room
Covered with a rag that'd nay seen a loom
Back to me right mind,
And afore I could unwind
Me mistress's voice called out,
"Is that girl ever about?"
Dithering, scurrying I jumped up-
Till another sight made me gulp
Rained about me pitiful bedding :
Petals of a poisonous purple.

Fire of the Phoenix

Ashwin Kola

Abused and demeaned, forced to strip,
The right to be torn from her lips.
Tears streamed down, no faith could be
found,
Her assailant knew no mercy, the hellish
hound.

Minute by minute she endured her pain,
Cursing the life she thought would end in
vain.

She cursed the world, she cursed the land,
Sobbed at every memory she ever had.

And as she stared into her mind, an empty
furnace,
She saw a spark of which she could harness.
And there, caught in her tortuous plight,
Shone from mental abyss a light.

A light.

The light at first seemed but a distant star,
It grew and grew, its reach spread far.
Brighter and brighter it shone within her
A fire began, despair was but a murmur.

From fire and light she wove her wreath,
This would not be her final breath.
She dove. She dove at the hound,
Bore him down, pinned to the ground.

Blow upon blow she dealt with force,
Her mind was cleared, there would be no
morose.

She rose then a phoenix from the ashes,
The hound was no more, broken from
her lashes.

She looked then to the heaven and in
their light,
She made her case with all her might.

"I've done a deed that can never be
undone,
My soul is sound but pleasure I've taken
none.

But if body, mind and soul area seized,
Is it no better than to be deceased?

To love my being i have every right,
No subjugation shall bear my sight.
No force shall break my will to be,
I have the right to live and i shall be free

The Wishing Fountain

Deepa S.

Perennial tears flowed,
From her plentiful cornucopia,
Measured were all her charms.
Priceless gems and skilful polishing,
Adorning her marble drapes,
Her graceful legs bathed in,
The cornucopia's spring.
These dead features struck,
All who saw her in reverence,
Those dead eyes saw,
The unreal lurking in the moving fleshy reals.
Her peplos, grey with the sculptor's ingredients,
Swept motionless among the people's drachma,
Dreams and wishes trapped in-
Each silver plated price,
Flung to her feet with painstaking aim,
To fulfil the owner's deepest desire.
The breathing one's dreams, thus,
Laid at the breathless one's mercy.
Yet another coin created ripples in,
The sweet spring from her cornucopia,
Pity was the ripple in her,
Marble, unmade heart,
What power has one man's art,
To meddle in the other one's life?
She is, but a vessel where,
The unaffordable wishes lay,
Known not any if zephyr carried,
Those drachma priced wishes,
To the fates and Gods.
Thus,
Wishes and hopes were all she spied.
Alas! those marble eyes held the truth,
What you want, dreams, maybe,
Sown and Reaped only by you.

Sleepless Nights

Srinidhi Govindarajan

Well, it's getting close to winter,
The moon has touched the blossoms,
Glinting upon my window glass,
Soft, splendid and still.

I cannot sleep, I draw the curtains back and peek,
Watching the beams drown all the darkness,
Reminding me time and again,
How beautiful the moonlight is,
For, I've spent too long in darkness.

Calm, clear and cosy,
The moon hears every touch of my breath,
In, out and in again,
Urging me to rise and clear,
Beyond the limitations of the atmosphere.

But oh! My heart searches for home,
A home that I'm not even sure exists.
And hence, my friends,
A poem was born.

Fireflies

Riya Kurmude

Twinkle, little star
You're shining brightly.
Twinkling headlights and
Tinkling laughs of a baby.
Hum hum, the engine goes;
Roaring ever so slightly.

Mountain roads with a glassy sheen;
Crunch of ice against car tires.
Sharp hairpin bends; mostly unseen.

Blaring horns and frantic steering.
A sudden jerk; a wrong swerve.
A dive off a cliff into a grassy clearing.

Falling Oh so gently;
Tumbling down the mountainside.
A rush of blood to his head.
A glass shard through the mother
and her baby's side.

Don't twinkle now, little star
For you're shrouded by clouds;
Dark skies.
His corpse in a car, two more in the
woods.
Only seen by the light given off by the
fireflies.

I've watched her all her life,
From cradle to grave one might even say,
All her phases and colors,
Even when she sometimes went astray,
I watched.

Seemed happy always.
Too happy sometimes. Can that be?
Smile painted to please,
On an evergreen porcelain face.
I watched.

Confident, smart and wise
Beyond her years remarked the elders.
Really? Was she?
I thought I'd seen a twitch or two of hesitation
Every time she spoke.
I watched.

She could comfort one like a sister,
Care as a mother, was a dutiful friend,
Confessed her heart as a timeless lover,
Yet, I know not why a strange gloom
Surrounded her very presence.
I watched.

Was it I? Sometimes I thought,
Jealous of her perfectness?
Did I imagine her soul scream underneath her
skin
And shrug off that omnipresent despair?
I watched.

Never the less, I felt sorry watching.
She, who was flawless to the world,
An alien to herself,
A stranger to her most primitive element,
Foreign to her every cell.
Yet I watched,

Then one day, after years of watching,
The world saw her falter.
Her first failure they looked down upon
As though a grave crime.
I thought shed crumble beneath their
unforgiving stares.
I continued watching.

Just as I thought a legacy would come to an
end,
The hint of a smile she betrayed to me,
The world saw her falter,
I saw the real victory.

The flaw she discovered felt familiar.
Her mistakes an ancient terrain she had
Returned to- not trespassed.
She enjoyed that momentary weakness
(strength?)
She felt at home at last.
I watched on.

The moment passed soon enough,
She sluggishly resumed her stride.
I was amazed she let me see her
vulnerability,
Her true self that an apparent mistake
helped her find.
I thought it was the end of a real legacy,
Till she looked at me for the first time
Acknowledging my ever-preset gaze. She
gave a wink
Letting me know that there was still a
chance for her,
The big reveal had still some time.

The Perfect Disguise

Sahana Ojha

#themoreyouknow :

The Norwegian artist Edvard Munch's painting
"The Scream" (1893) was painted at the end of
the nineteenth century.

As it turns out, art history sources indicate,
that a slaughterhouse was within earshot of
the spot illustrated in The Scream painting.
The proximity of the slaughterhouse could
very well account for Munch's repeated mentions
of "blood" in connection with the painting.
The haunting screams of dying animals could
possibly account for the "infinite scream of nature"
that Munch heard.

Background sketch by
Swathi Kamath

Book of Names

Nupur Chauhan

She opened the book of
names....looking for a pretty name for
the little fairy that had finally arrived
in their life after many prayers.
They had argued over many names,
listened to many suggestions But never
quite satisfied with any! So she finally
decided to look in the book of names she
had got from her aunt many years back...
She opened the book to the sight of a faded
rose resting peacefully between the
yellowed pages.... And there she found the
perfect name...Naazneen! Aadil liked it
too.

She was still lost in her thoughts with the
book in her hand, when Aadil reminded
her of the doctor's appointment today for
Naazneen's first vaccination shots. They
hurriedly reached the clinic and stood
waiting outside the doctor's room when she
saw Shraavan! Oh what a day it was
turning out to be.... As if the opening of
that book had turned back the pages of her
life and now she must revisit all its
memories again.

Shraavan was startled on seeing her but
recovered quickly and came to say hello.
"Aadil, meet Shraavan.... We studied
together at JNU. ... How have you been
Shraavan? How's the rest of the gang? It's
been so long since I heard from you? So
you are in Dubai now?"in her
confusion, she rattled on a string of
questions.

Shraavan smiled and said, "I have been
fine. Working with Riyadh Developers in
their legal team. I came here 6 months
back and now last month, I shifted my
family too. There they are....Chitra, my
wife; and my two kids, Biswajit and
Naazneen!"
She froze.

First love....like the first bloom of
spring....often withers away by
autumn....forgotten....but for the little
tribute you give to its memories in some
part of your life!

#themoreyouknow :

The Creation of Adam is a fresco painting by Michelangelo, which forms part of the Sistine Chapel's ceiling,

The image of the near-touching hands of God and Adam has become iconic of humanity. The painting has been reproduced in countless imitations and parodies.

While It may look like any normal elite painting at first glance, it took 500 years for someone to notice, something hidden in plain sight.

A doctor, he noticed that God had been painted in the accurate shape of the human brain.

"The message being, that divine gift does not come from a higher power, but from our own minds."

-Dr. Tom Ford



Between Science and Religion

A new gospel dawns,
Upon the wings of the dark messiah
The conscious evolution of the subconscious
mind,
Infinite perspectives channeling through veins
of creative blood,
Each demanding logical deductions of archaic
beliefs.

Look into the cosmic heavens , oh young mind,
Into your own divine depths,
The answers lie there,
That alters not, with the temporal tide,
That stays till the day of judgement,

Breathe, oh young padavan ,
Breathe within the scriptures of the stars,
Gaze upon the unknown,
The open wounds that wait to be healed,
Beneath the cover of body and blood ,
The carnal existence of your eternal self,
The sacred geometry of the universe,
The salvation of sound.
Echo out, oh young mind,
Echo out like a Shaman's storm
Spread and serve, far and wide,
Beyond the mystics of matter,
Beyond the blades of time.

Srinidhi
Govindarajan

#themoreyouknow :

The Mona Lisa is a half-length portrait by the Italian Renaissance artist Leonardo da Vinci, which has been described as "the best known, the most visited, the most written about, the most sung about, the most parodied work of art in the world". In December 2015, it was reported that French scientist Pascal Cotte had found a hidden portrait underneath the surface of the painting using reflective light technology.



The portrait is an underlying image of a model looking off to the side. Having been given access to the painting by Louvre in 2004, Cotte spent ten years using layer amplification methods to study the painting. According to Cotte, the underlying image is Leonardo's original Mona Lisa. Some have used digital analysis to superimpose Leonardo's bearded self-portrait over the "Mona Lisa" to show how the facial features perfectly aligned.

Yet, I Smile

The eight-year old on the side of the street
She hasn't had a morsel to eat
But the world still hasn't got her beat
There may be hunger in her stomach
And she was weary feet
Yet she smiles.

The twelve-year old boy on the bus back from school
He knows he's different from the rest
The kids talk about him behind his back
The teacher failed him in the test
He opens his artbook and forgets the rest
Holding his secret to his chest, he smiles.

The sixty-eight year old woman is losing her sight
She couldn't keep her son from leaving her, try as hard as she might
She feeds an eight year old on the street, saddened by her plight
Reminded of her own kid, she heaves a sigh
But seeing sparkle in the girl's eyes
She can't help but smile
I too have a heavy heart

Burdened by responsibilities and stepping into adulthood
Leaving the things I want to do and doing the things I know I should
I see a young boy sketching a tree and writing a poem that is almost good
Felt the weight of the world a few moments ago
Yet now I smile.

Sonal Chopra

#themoreyouknow :

Shakuntala is an epic painting by celebrated Indian painter, Raja Ravi Varma. One notable feature of this painting was that, it was one of the very few paintings in those days that actually focused on women being the pivotal point of reference. It depicts the female psyche, a scene where Shakuntala is pretending to remove a thorn from her foot, while actually looking for her husband/lover, Dushyantha, while her friends call her bluff.

It's something that surprises you,
It sometimes scares us,
It is something that we want to live our
way.
Society and norms,
Culture and religion,
And all those, the people of this world
made;
Stops us from doing it our way.

In it we find ourselves in the wrong places
sometimes,
And sometimes in the right places.
But all of them leaving their impression
on us,
Doing its part always.

There are times when we are left clueless,
Searching deep in the burrows
And high up in the mountains,
For a way out

Some love their lives in a thrilling manner,
While some live a tragic one.
Some others choose the way of happiness,
And some others choose the way of
divinity.

Some amongst us call it monotonous,
And perhaps, some call it 'boring' at the
moment.
Whatever we call it or dare to describe it
as;

We all are lost in a world of our own
This life; this one life.

Life
Rizana Riyaz

"Avakaaya"

A unique telugu
article from a
Pickled Mango's
Point of view.

Where the mango
constantly finds joy
in the fact that
despite losing it's
form and sweetness,
it has managed to
bring smiles to faces
from all sects and
generations of life.
Making everyone
happy is truly a feat
not many can claim
to have
accomplished, and
yet here we have
this insignificant
mango pickle, who
proudly claims it's
authorship.

ఆవకాయ్ ని

Sharath N.

హాయ్! శీర్షిక చూడగానే మీ మోహంలో చిరునవ్వు...నోరూరుతుంది గదూ!
ఇలాంటి హద్దులేని మీ ప్రేమ నన్నేన్నోసార్లు ఉద్వేగానికి గురి చేసినా, నేను
ఆనంద భాషాలు రాల్చి నా రుచిని చెడగొట్టలేను...దానికి బదులుగా
మహారాజులా మీరు నన్ను ఆస్వాదిస్తూ ఉండాలని మిమ్మల్ని
కోరుకుంటున్నాను. నాకు జన్మనిచ్చింది మీరే! మంచి మంచి
మామిడికాయలను తెచ్చి, వాటిని వజ్రాలను కోసినట్టు గా ముక్కలుగా కోసి,
మసాలాలన్నీ కొలతలుగా పట్టించి నన్ను పుట్టిస్తారు! పెద్ద పెద్ద పచ్చడి
జాడీలలో నన్ను నింపి, మీ వంటగది కి నన్ను తరలిస్తారు. మన సంబంధం
ఇలాగే కొన్ని శతాబ్దాలుగా కొనసాగుతూనే ఉంది. ఒక్కొక్కసారి నేను
ఆశ్చర్యానికి లోనవుతాను, మీ ప్రీతికి నేను సరిపోతానా అని. కానీ తృప్తితో
వెలిగే మీ ముఖాలు, సంతోషంతో నిండిన మీ మనసులు, నాకు ఇంధనంలా
పనిచేస్తాయి..మీలో ఒక్కొక్కరు నన్ను ఒక్కొక్క విధంగా నన్ను
ఇష్టపడతారండోయ్! ఎలాగో చెప్పమంటారా? -ఒక బామ్మగారు, వేడి వేడి
అన్నంలో నన్ను కలిపి, నెయ్యి వేసి, తన చుట్టూ కూర్చున్న మనవళ్ళకు,
మనవరాళ్ళకు, గోరుముద్దలు తినిపిస్తుంది. వాళ్ళకి కూడా ఆ రుచి బామ్మగారి
చేతిదా, లేక నాదా అనేది అర్థం కాదు.-ఒక యువకుడు నన్ను దోశ, ఇడ్లీ,
పూరిలోకి కూడా ఇష్టంగా నంచుకుంటాడు. ఎందుకంటే, ఇంట్లో ఏ చట్నీ
లేనప్పుడు, నా అంత రుచి కలిగినది అతనికి ఇంకెక్కడ దొరుకుతుంది
చెప్పండి. -ఒక తల్లి తన బిడ్డలకు ఆక్కూర్లు, ధాన్యాలు
తినిపించాలనుకున్నప్పుడు కంచంలో నన్ను పెట్టి ఊరిస్తూ, కొంచెం
కొంచెంగా.... తినిపించేస్తుంది. తెలివైన తల్లి కదా!-ఒక బ్రహ్మచారి
వండటానికి బద్ధకించి అన్నంతో గాని, చివరికి మ్యాగి తో గాని నన్ను
లాగించేస్తాడు.మీరు నమ్మండి, నమ్మక పొండి, ఈ మధ్య మన కుర్రాళ్ళు
పిజ్జాలకు, పాస్తాలకు కూడా నన్ను నంచుకుంటున్నారండోయ్!అంటే, విదేశీ
రుచికి స్వదేశీ రుచి కోసమెరుపు. నేనేదో గొప్పలు
చెప్పుకుంటున్నాననుకుంటున్నారానా గురించి రాసిన వారినడగండి
చెప్తారు నేనేంటో యింకా యింకా... మీకు నా పై ఉన్న ప్రేమ నాలుగు
గదులకు పరిమితం కాదు కద. మీరు గర్వంగా నన్ను చుట్టాలతో,
స్నేహితులతో పంచుకుంటూ, వారి చేతి రుచిని కూడా ఆస్వాదిస్తుంటారు.
సముద్రాల అవతలకి కూడా నన్ను పంపిస్తున్నారు. మీ పిల్లలు విదేశాల్లో
ఉంటే, వారి సూట్ కేస్ లలో నేను తప్పకుండా ఉంటానని గర్వంగా
చెబుతున్నాను... నన్ను విమానయానం చేయిస్తున్నారు మీరు.... నేనంటే
మీకెంత ప్రేమో!ఏదో సినిమాలో హీరోయిన్ "నేను బోర్ కొట్టానా?" అంటే,
"అమ్మ, ఆవకాయ్, అంజలి ఎప్పుడూ బోర్ కొట్టరు" అంటాడు హీరో. మీ
జీవితంలో ప్రముఖమైన స్థానాన్ని నాతో కలిపి భర్తీ చేయడం నాకెంత
అపరిమితమైన సంతోషాన్ని కలిగిస్తుందో చెప్పటానికి వీల్లేదు. ఇంకా నా
తోబుట్టువులు మాగాయ, తొక్కుడు అవకాయ, బెల్లం అవకాయ, దోసావకాయ,
ఉసిరి ఆవకాయ, వారందరి తరపున మీకు నా కృతజ్ఞతలు...మళ్ళీ
భోజనంలో కలుద్దామా!!

7 Billion Stories

Mitalee Garg

Two thousand kilometres away from home at some place I couldn't even locate on the map. 6935 sunrises and 6934 sunsets later, I lay there with tanned legs looking at the 6935th. The grey clouds hung there making patterns I couldn't fathom. The sound of the waves crashing against the rocks filled the air. The sea certain but unpredictable-Certain like death and unpredictable like humans. The sea can be a Monday morning at its worst, a Friday night at its best. The sea knows no boundaries. It knows no wars. A secret keeper, the eye witnesser of evolution. A mystery unsolved.

And I, a girl who uses a calculator to add 2 and 2, who falls down the stairs more often than she falls in love (Which is very often by the way) who failed chemistry in school and no teacher trusted her after she said H_2SO_4 was a base. I'm not clumsy, I'm just spatially challenged, I tell myself lying there, for the zillionth time, it's just that the doors hate me and the floor gets in the way. I get bruised purple out of the blue.

Also I crib all day about being fat but do nothing about it. My talents would be rolling my eyes at someone till I go blind, singing "smelly cat" even in my sleep. Also, I can say "oh my god" Janice style. Basically nothing special. Low on self confidence, walking like a penguin, who has bags under her eyes even after 25 hours of sleep a day. Just another face in the 7 billion.

Meanwhile, a little girl with her mother trailing close behind her is running towards the sea. She runs past me as if I was invisible. She's all happy and can't stop blabbering, picks up a sea shell and shows it to her mother who strokes her hair proudly. She stands still facing the sea and I notice a different shine in her eyes. Her lips bear the guise of a smile, just enough to show that she is enjoying her thoughts, whatever they may be. She starts frowning. Her corrugator supercilli at work I thought. Damn anatomy. She asked her mom, who is patiently waiting, why her footprints won't stay in the sand, why the sea keeps taking them away. Her mom replied something that made me understand what 14 years of education couldn't. She said maybe it's because God wants our footprints to be unique so no one else steps into them. So that each one of us is different. The sun sets leaving my face aglow with the last orange rays before twilight beckons the stars.

I realised all our lives, we desire to be "February 30". We don't always have to leave a mark that can't be erased. We don't always have to take the road not taken. 7 billion people. 7 billion roads.

It's like our entire life is a sentence. With predestined beginning and ending, we just have to fill in the blanks. Unjumble the jumbled words. 7 billion sentences. 7 billion stories. Each one different from the other.

The Edge of Seventeen

~ Angela Dawn Susan

When I turned 17
My parents bundled me across state lines
And put me in a college
Where on the first day they taught me
How to split a man's chest in half
Never mind that he'd been dead
For the past 10 years.

I called him Rocky
Cause his nose had been broken and reset
And it made me feel better to think
Of Sylvester Stallone
Running in New York
Invincible
Indestructible
Than to think of this man
Dead for a decade
Waiting for my scalpel to
Slice him apart just one more time

When I turned 19
I watched someone die
In a pool of blood
Spasming and twitching
Like a fish out of water
Gasping, gasping
For a mouthful of air
In a world that had
Nothing but
And I felt the kind of hopelessness
That can seep into the pores
Of a human life
And annihilate it.

At 23, I stood in front of a patient
Trying to push breath into her limp body
I broke 4 ribs and yet somehow
There was no screaming, no pain
She was beyond such things now

The night I lost my first baby
I walked outside the hospital
At 2 in the morning and cried
As quietly as I could
Even though I wanted to scream
To yell at this skewed mess of a world we
live in
Instead I watched them swaddle his tiny
body

In a bedsheet they had to slice into quarters
But even that quarter was too big for him

We have watched babies with paper thin
skin
And too big hearts
Hooked up to scary tubes and things
Too preposterous to name
We have watched those too big hearts burst
We have watched those too small bodies
give up
And tried somehow to remain sane

We have watched Death take
Life away in the blink of an eye
And we have remained standing
Ready for the next wave
For the next tsunami
Because for us it is
Ground Zero every damn day

So if you tell me
It is too much
To hope
That someone doesn't come and
Kill me

Maim me
Threaten me
Because I am doing what
I have to do

Then I will tell you
It is too much to hope
For doctors who will
Care for you
Stand with you
Be brave for you
It is too much to hope
For doctors who will go to war for you.



Ashir Sharma

Preethi Baliga

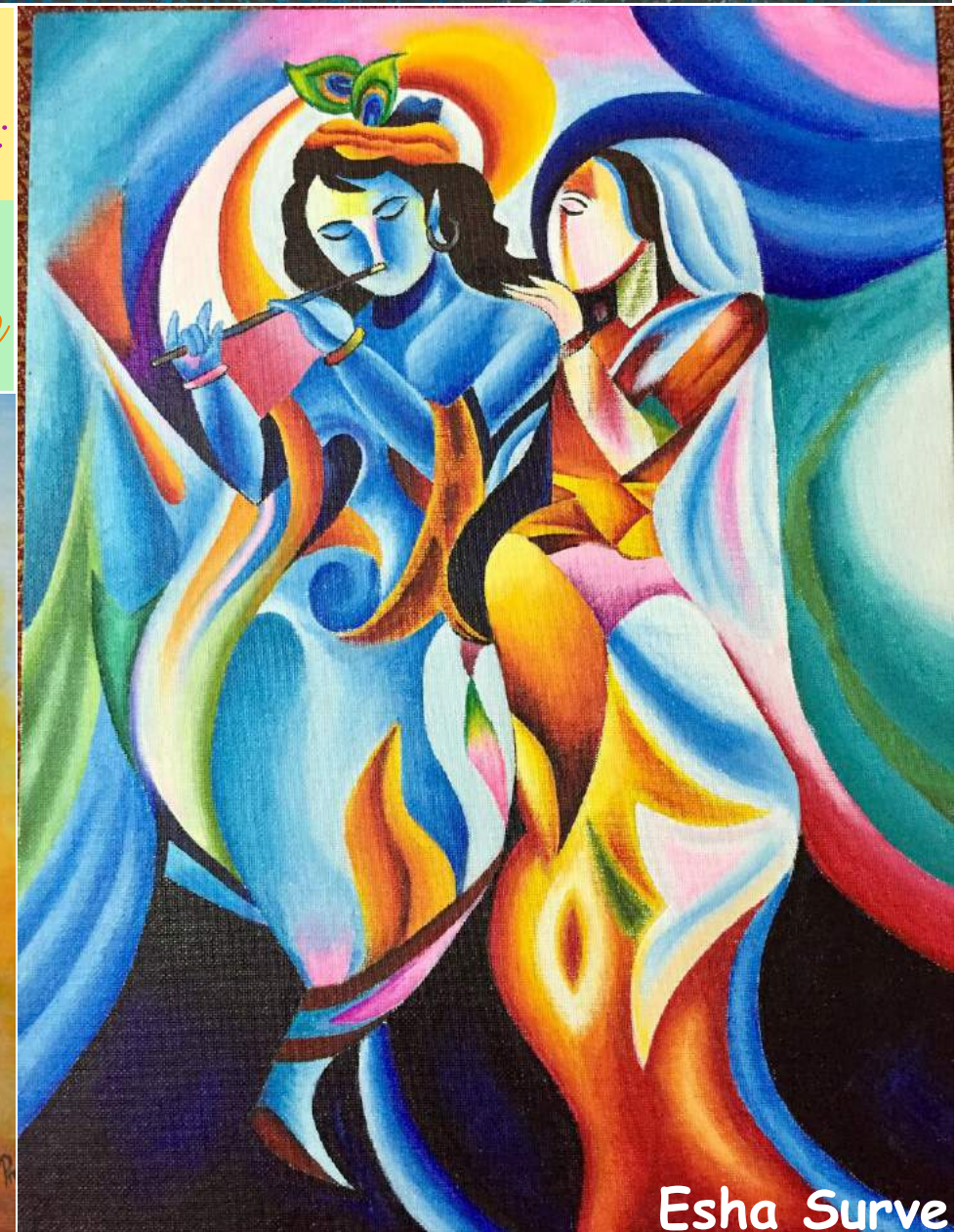


Varun Holla

Ashir Sharma

*Art
Exhibition:*

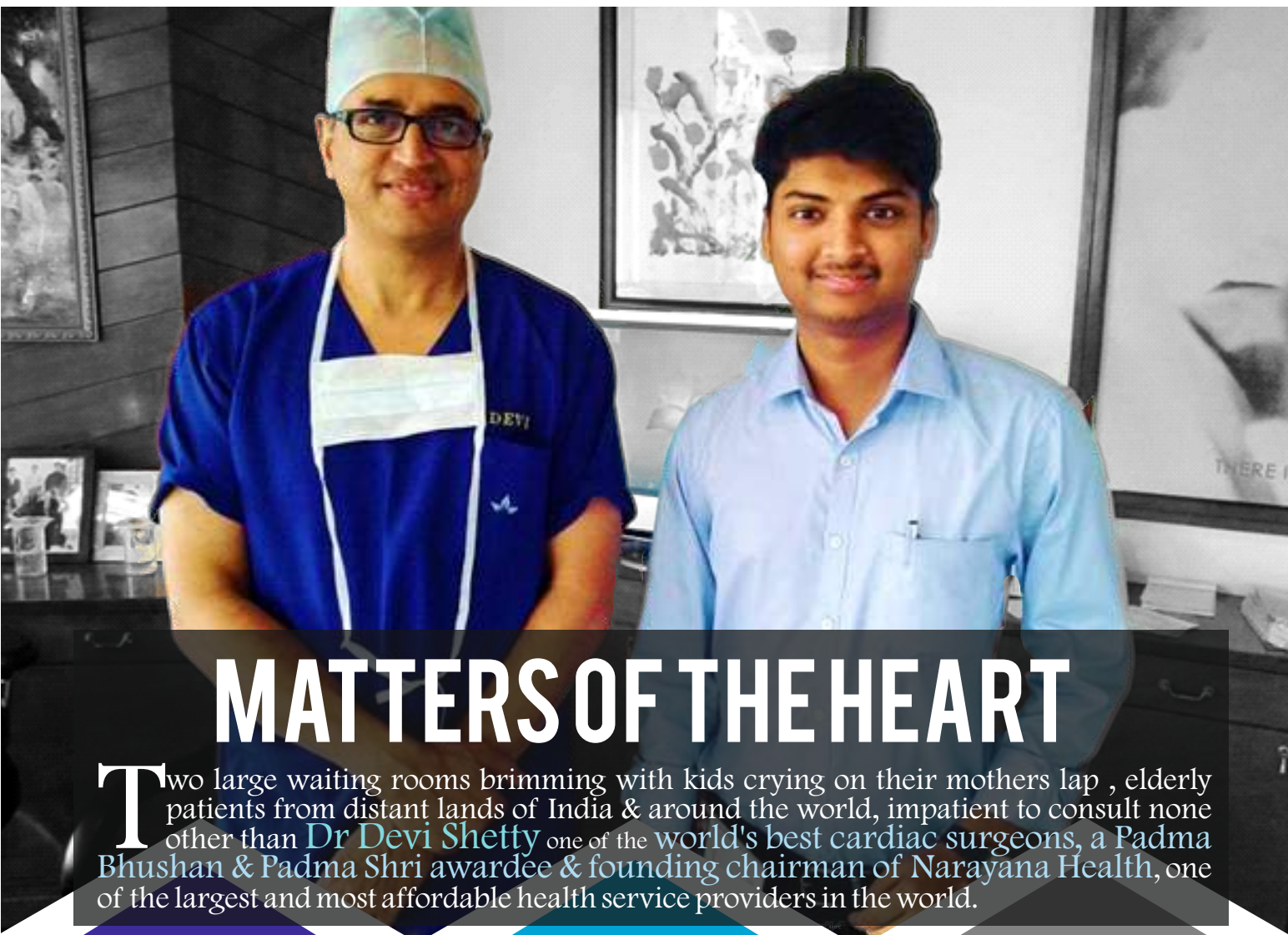
*Paintings
Section*



Esha Surve



Preethi Baliga



MATTERS OF THE HEART

Two large waiting rooms brimming with kids crying on their mothers lap , elderly patients from distant lands of India & around the world, impatient to consult none other than **Dr Devi Shetty** one of the world's best cardiac surgeons, a Padma Bhushan & Padma Shri awardee & founding chairman of Narayana Health, one of the largest and most affordable health service providers in the world.

And among this crowd I was lucky enough to arrange a personal meeting with him to fulfill the desire to meet my sole inspiration to join Medicine.

A spacious sunlit cabin with GOD sitting right there in front. The moment is just undecipherable. Reading from the List of patients he called out, So tell me Mr. Sarthak from KMC what can I do for you?

To which I replied, Sir I just came over to meet you in person and may be get some life lessons on how an average medical student can be a good doctor?

“If you Believe in yourself that you can be the greatest doctor, no one in the world can stop you

As of now you are undergoing the best of medical training & education. Don't limit your imagination , just because you have seen top rankers taking away medals after medals. This is how every college works and there are people sitting in the back benches thinking that it is the outstanding students who conquer the world, & the rest of average students and failures have no role but interestingly world doesn't work like that, world belongs to the backbenchers. Later in your life you will realize this.

In real life it's not the brightest student who conquers the world, it's the one who has a different approach to life that makes him stand out of the crowd.

If you feel that you don't spend much time studying your text books & lack dedication just remember even I used to feel the same when I was of your age, just have the dedication to treat your patient then only you will have the urge to go back & learn on your own, trust me!”

While listening to him, I came across a big poster frame of Mother Teresa that read, “Hands that serve are more sacred than the lips that pray”, recalling an incident from 1984 when Dr. Shetty served her after she had a heart attack. I just asked how she influenced him to become such a great person,



“Dr. S. R. Ullal
He inspired me a lot not just being a good doctor but a better person by heart.”

I am not a Great person I am just a servant of god and I realized this every time I met Mother Teresa, who used to follow me in my ward rounds while she was admitted at our Hospital in Kolkata. She strongly emphasized that however big Science may grow, love will be the most powerful weapon, which can actually conquer the world and that teaching has impacted me a lot and I truly believe that the entire world must believe that. She was an inspiring force behind Narayana Hrudayalaya.

We all have only one life to live and everyone wants to do as much as they can in that.

So I decided to focus on making a difference in the lives of the poor, disconnecting wealth with quality of healthcare they receive. We just can't put a price tag on life of a little baby who has hole in his heart.

“In real life it's not the brightest student who conquers the world, it's the one who has a different approach to life that makes him stand out of the crowd.”

He has a right to live & I make sure nobody is turned down for surgery just because of lack of money.”

While I was talking to my Inspiration, I asked if he also has a role model in his life to which he said, “You must not be knowing, **Dr. S R Ullal**, he was then a cardiothoracic surgeon and had performed an open heart surgery in Govt. Wenlock hospital way back in 1970s. He inspired me a lot not just being a good doctor but a better person by heart. So we have dedicated our OT to his name.

“It was not a planned interview. It just happened.”

These are few parts from our 5 minute conversation which will be etched deep in my heart & brain, which I thought will be relevant to my dear friends



Dr Devi Shetty during his Undergraduate years as a Medical Student in KMC Mangaluru, 1978.

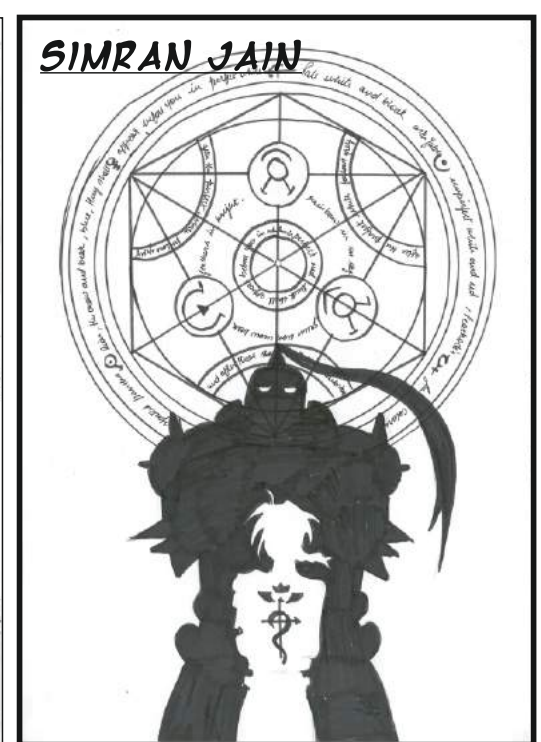
Before leaving his cabin, I touched his feet & thanked him for his precious time sharing his life experiences to which he replied, “I am glad that a student from my college came all the way to meet me. Keep coming and be in touch.”

So next time you are in Bengaluru , give it a try to see how God looks in real life, who knows your dream may also come true

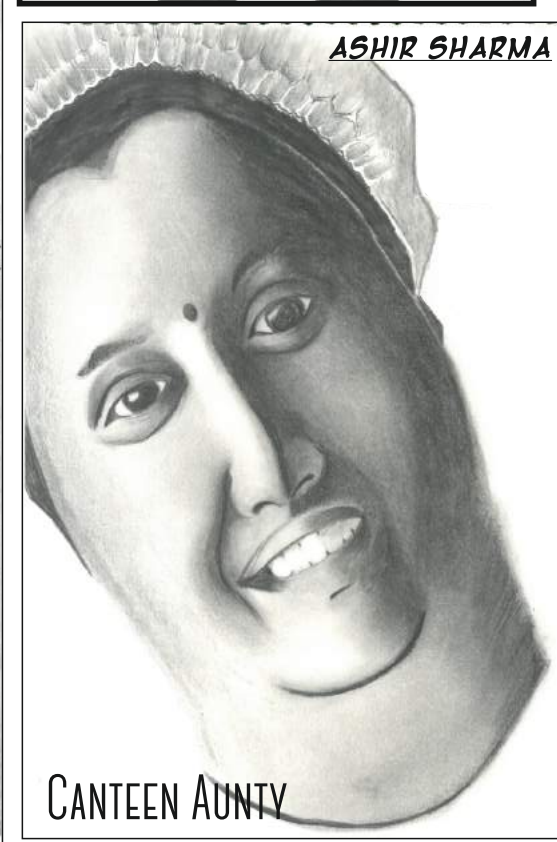
-SUBHAM SARTHAK



UTKARSH TRIPATHI



SIMRAN JAIN



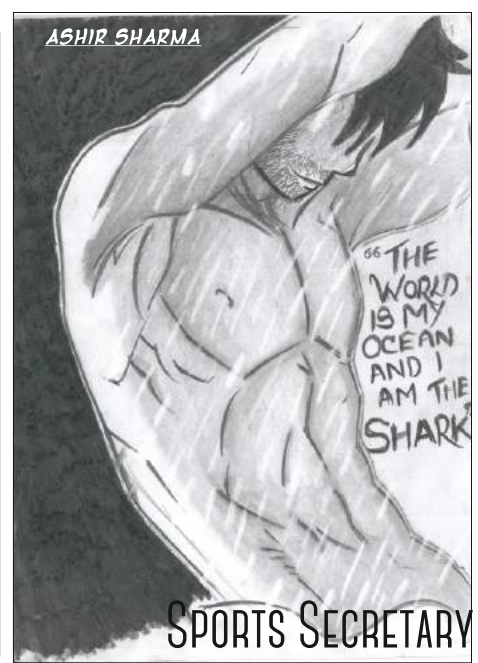
ASHIR SHARMA

CANTEEN AUNTY



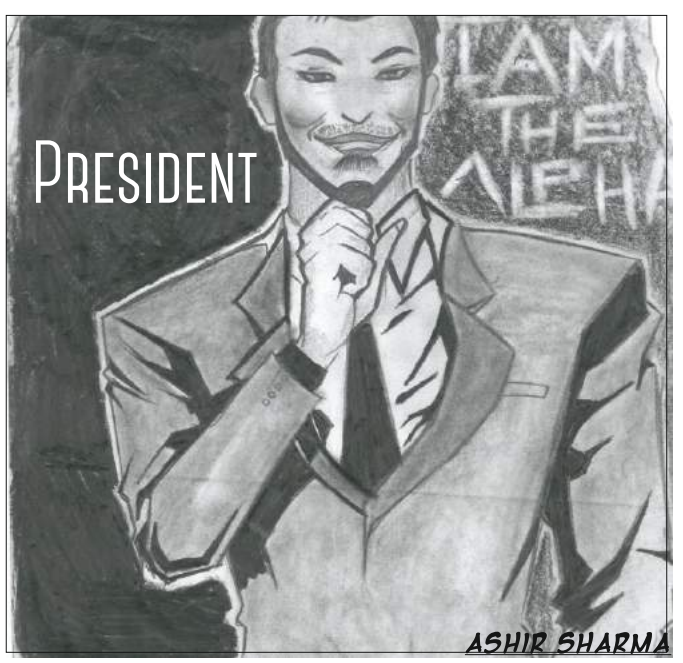
ASHIR SHARMA

AHS REPRESENTATIVE



ASHIR SHARMA

SPORTS SECRETARY



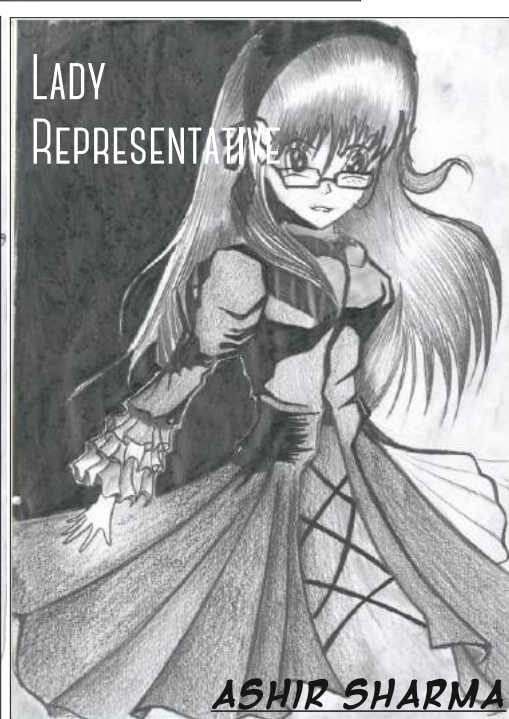
PRESIDENT

ASHIR SHARMA



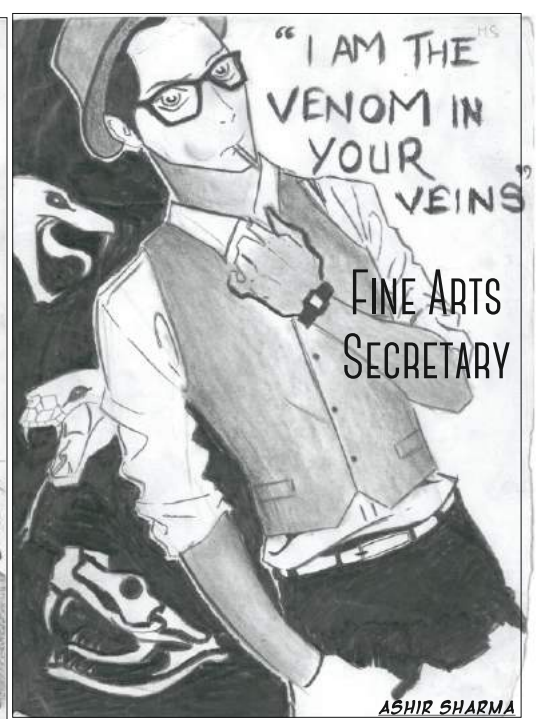
JOINT SECRETARY

ASHIR SHARMA



LADY REPRESENTATIVE

ASHIR SHARMA

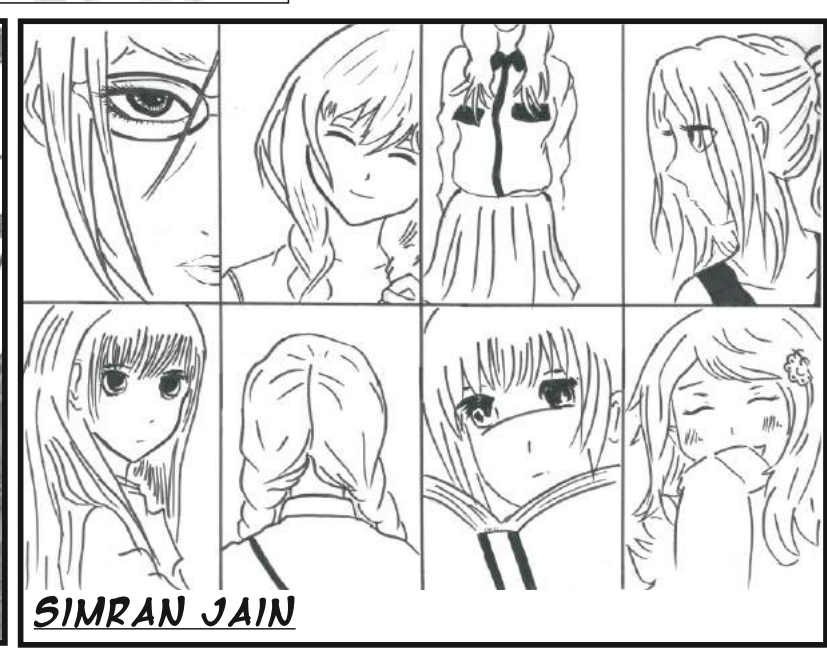


FINE ARTS SECRETARY

ASHIR SHARMA



ALOK JINDAL

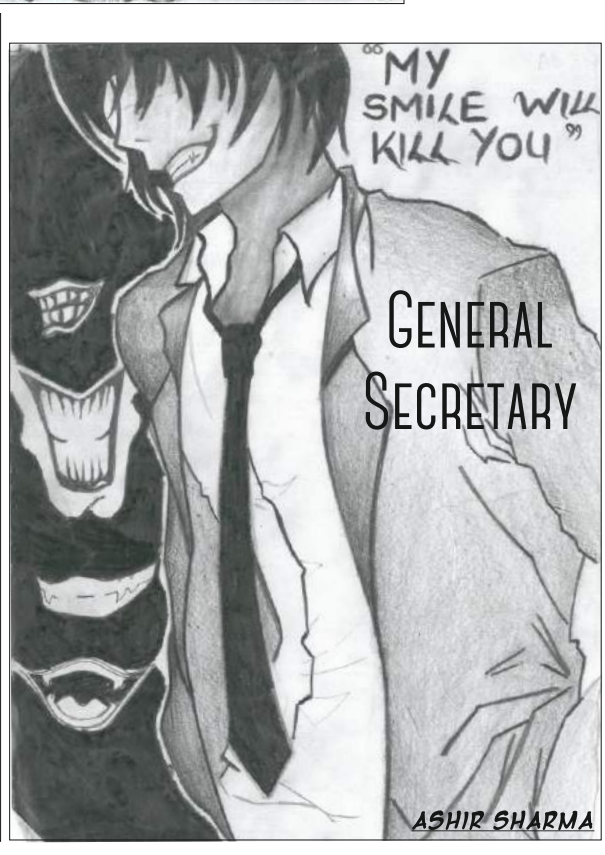


SIMRAN JAIN



ASHIR SHARMA

THE EDITOR



GENERAL SECRETARY

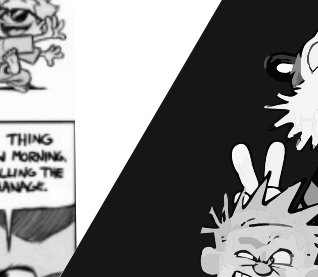
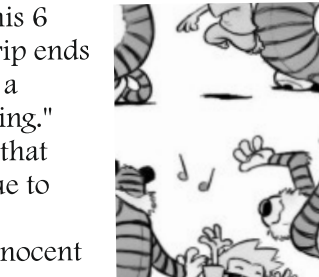
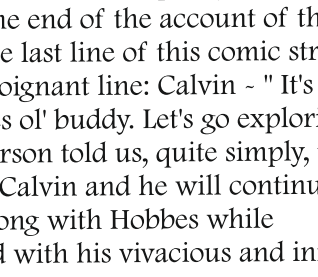
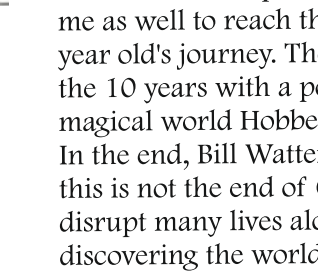
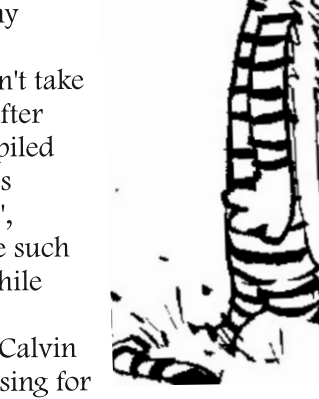
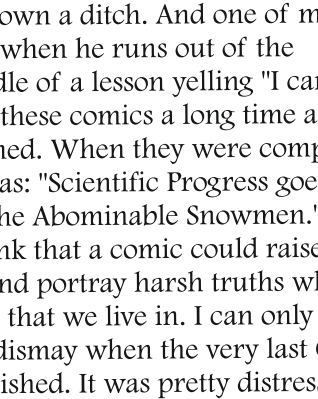
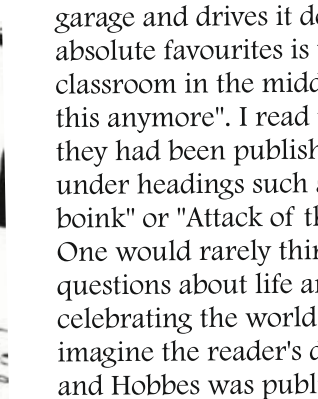
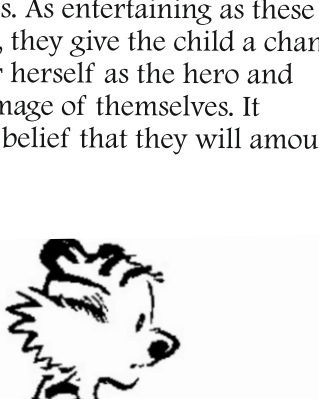
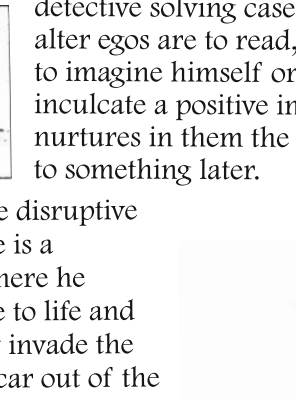
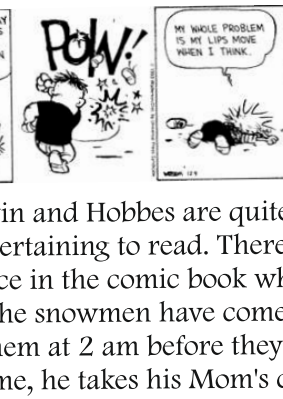
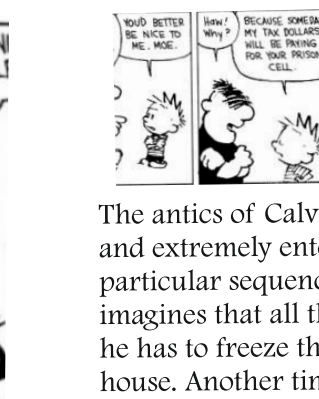
ASHIR SHARMA

MANGA-ZINE
ART GALLERY

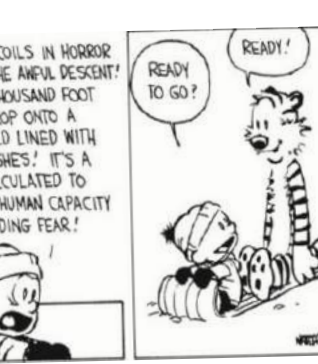


"You can't just turn on creativity like a faucet. You have to be in the right mood. And what mood is that? Last minute panic."

This comic strip which ran for 10 whole years, all 365 or 366 days as the need be spoke on issues that very much exist, from a child's perspective. Bill Watterson, the author, created this comic as a work of art, whether it would be the characters or the landscapes or even the many dinosaurs that featured in Calvin's imagination. It explores and touches many aspects of the world in a simplistic manner provided by our 6 year old. This 6 year old uses vocabulary that I, as a 13 year old, which was when I started reading these comics, had to have a dictionary nearby to comprehend. He makes unique snowmen. Unique because he either shows those to be half melting while screaming in agony or he will make dozens of them and block the road. He is not aware of boundaries and like every other kid, is constantly testing them. This character has the innocence of a child still getting to know his ways around the world combined with the cynicism of an adult.



Truer words have rarely been spoken by a 6 year old. But that is just how Calvin is. He is a genius who uses vocabulary well beyond the capacity of the average English speaker. He is also somebody who does not care about school or grades or what everybody else thinks about him. I guess you could say that he is pretty lonely but his imaginary friend, Hobbes more than makes up for it. Hobbes, a toy tiger that Calvin has had since he was a baby, provides Calvin with constant companionship during his many escapades.



There are quite a few literary critics who hypothesize that **Calvin was suffering from dyslexia and autism**. They point towards the difficulty in learning and his vivid imagination of having a tiger as his best friend as well as imagining himself in unrealistic situations. It does seem disturbing that a 6 year old is compelled to **imagine his stuffed tiger as his best friend**, due to lack of companionship. However, having imaginary friends, be it human or otherwise, is perfectly okay for a child. I am sure all of us would have had friends that existed only in our minds. There is nothing abnormal or disturbing about it. At a tender age, when we are realising our need for companionship, imaginary friends come to our rescue. They help us, be with us and give us an inkling of what expectation we hold from people. Having a vivid imagination is a trait that many children possess but is squashed out before it reaches adulthood. Calvin also imagines himself to be Spaceman Spiff destroying aliens or a sneaky detective solving cases. As entertaining as these alter egos are to read, they give the child a chance to imagine himself or herself as the hero and inculcate a positive image of themselves. It nurtures in them the belief that they will amount to something later.

The antics of Calvin and Hobbes are quite disruptive and extremely entertaining to read. There is a particular sequence in the comic book where he imagines that all the snowmen have come to life and he has to freeze them at 2 am before they invade the house. Another time, he takes his Mom's car out of the garage and drives it down a ditch. And one of my absolute favourites is when he runs out of the classroom in the middle of a lesson yelling "I can't take this anymore". I read these comics a long time after they had been published. When they were compiled under headings such as: "Scientific Progress goes boink" or "Attack of the Abominable Snowmen.", One would rarely think that a comic could raise such questions about life and portray harsh truths while celebrating the world that we live in. I can only imagine the reader's dismay when the very last Calvin and Hobbes was published. It was pretty distressing for me as well to reach the end of the account of this 6 year old's journey. The last line of this comic strip ends the 10 years with a poignant line: Calvin - "It's a magical world Hobbes ol' buddy. Let's go exploring." In the end, Bill Watterson told us, quite simply, that this is not the end of Calvin and he will continue to disrupt many lives along with Hobbes while discovering the world with his vivacious and innocent mind.

CALVIN AND... CALVIN.

- Aditi Gupta



THE LAST STAND

-RIYA KURMUDE

TONIGHT SWEET CHILD, I MARRIED MY VICTOR.
TONIGHT, THIS SWEET BRIDE WAS MARRIED TO HER DICTATOR.
SWEET CHILD, HOP AND SKIP ALONG THESE RED BLOODY TRAILS.
TO WHERE HE DRAGGED ME, WHILE RIPPING APART MY FINGERNAILS.

MAYBE IF MY CELLS HEALED FASTER THAN ABUSE.
HIS BELT WOULDN'T SEEM AN ASSAULT
AGAINST MY BACK AND MY BELLY
AND I WOULDN'T NEED MY BOTTLES OF FOUNDATION AND CONCEALER
TO COVER MY STRAWBERRY BRUISES

MAYBE IF I HAD MY BONES REINFORCED WITH ADAMANTIUM
HIS METAL ROD WOULDN'T SEEM AN ASSAULT AGAINST MY SKIN AND MY
SOUL

AND I WOULD DIC MY METAL NAILS
INTO HIS SANDPAPER SKIN
AND DRAW SWEET RED DROPS OF VICTORY.

LOOK HOW THEY CLISTEN AGAINST THE STEELY BLADE
AND SUDDENLY ALL I SEE IS RED
A RED VEIL ENCOMPASSES MY BRAIN
ADRENALINE PUMPING THROUGH EVERY VEIN
A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM ESCAPES MY LIPS
AND I DRAG MY NAILS AGAINST HIS CHEST AND FORM AN 'X'

I STOOD WEARY BENEATH THE MOUNTAIN -
SEARCHING FOR A SPRING OR FOUNTAIN
PHOBOS WHISPERED TO ME,
"A DREADFUL ORDEAL IT SHALL BE
THE SHEER PRECIPICE OF DOUBT AND PAIN
MUST YOU DRAIN OUT YOUR BRAIN"
PHOBOS BECAME DEIMOS
TERROR SEIZED MY MORTAL MIND -
"FAILURE IS ALL YOU SHALL FIND".

KNELT DOWN WITH HOPELESSNESS
BOUND DOWN BY STRAIT JACKETS
CHAINED UP DAYS OF GLORY
A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS
A SINGLE POISONOUS FEAR OF -
"WHAT MAY BE" BEING THE ROOT OF IT ALL.

DEEP WITHIN AN IMAGE RESURFACED
AN INNOCENT FACE OF JOVIAL SPIRIT
CHILDHOOD CALLED OUT,
"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW TO SHOUT?
BE AS VICTORIA AS SHE STEERS INTO BATTLE
YOU CAN DISPERSE ALL OTHER RATTLE
YOU HAVE ROOTS, YOU HAVE LIMBS
WITH THESE YOU'RE NO LONGER A WIMP
FIGHT YOUR ACHILLES FLAW
INTO THE DEPTHS YOU MUST MAW
LETHE -ERASE NEEDINESS, FOLLY AND WANT
EXPUL THE PHRASE -I CAN'T-

MORTAL EMOTIONS

MY SHOULDERS LIFTED
THE ROAR IN MY HEART ECHOED
FEEDING THE UNWORTHIST OF RATATOSKR'S
TAUNTS TO SCAVENGING VULTURES
I OPENED MY PANDORA
I BROKE THE ARMOUR OF FEAR
I STEELED MY WILL

MY THOUGHTS SHALL NOW BE UPHILL
SHAN'T BREATHE IN DOUBTS AND FEARS
THE WAY FORWARD IS MY GEAR
INTO THE SUNSET I SHALL RIDE
FORTUNA WILL BE MY GUIDE
A NEW WORLD I'LL LEAVE IN MY WAKE
MY PLACE IN THE WORLD I SHALL MAKE.

-DEEPA S.

ANTON

EDFED '17

KMC

KAPOW!

AHAMEDUNISSA

ASHWIN

Hey, don't
See the
Chimichanga!
It's
Mine!

RESHMA

OJASVI

VARSHA

KRITI

SADHIKA

SIDDHARTH

AISHWARYA

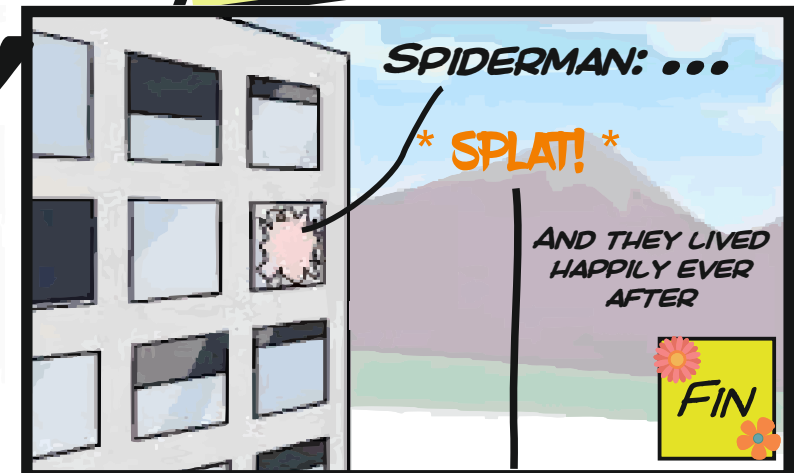
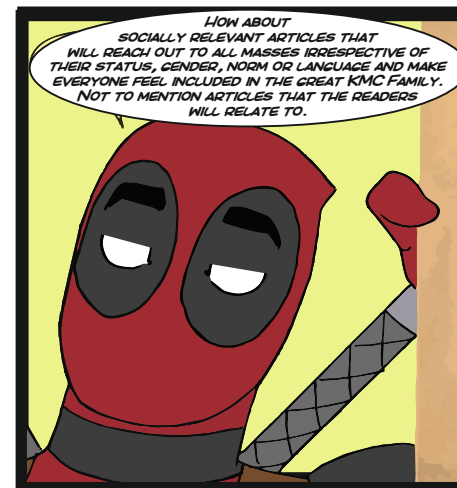
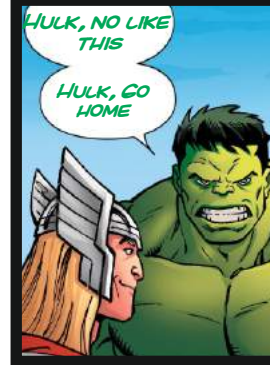
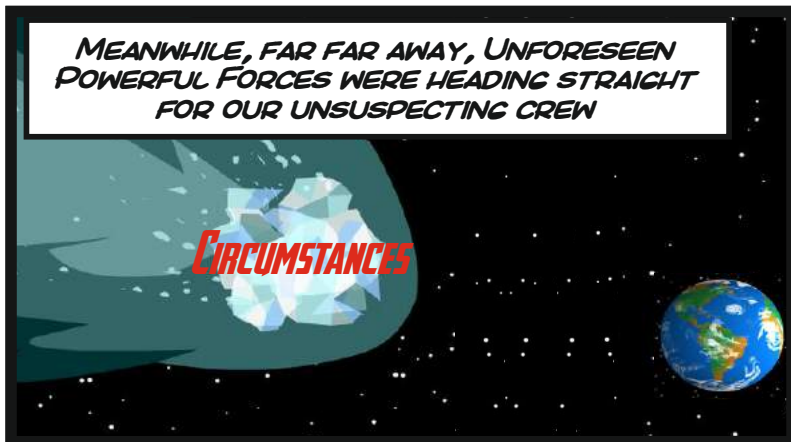
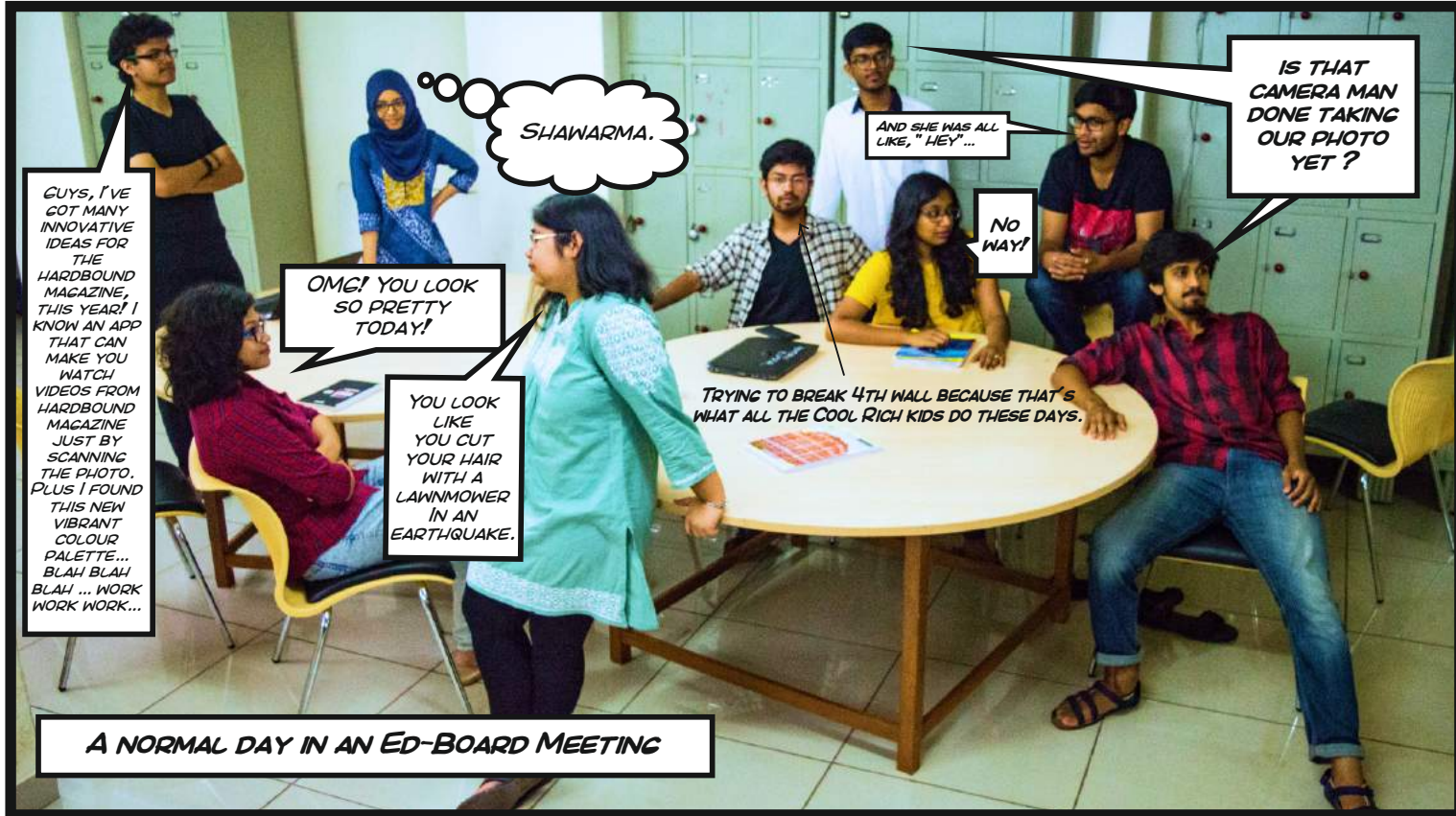
ARAVIND

APURVA

ABHINAV

SONAL

ROHIT



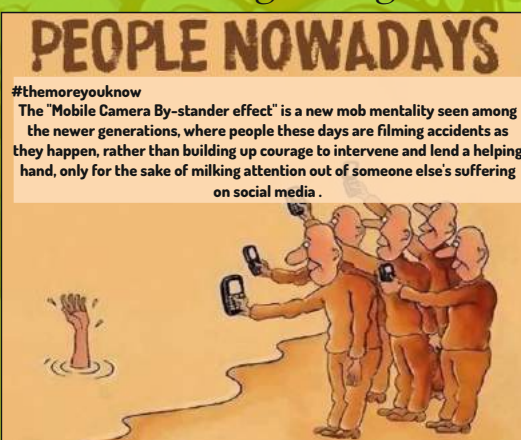
DO THE RIGHT THING

Prasanth G. Narahari
Magazine Editor
Students' Council 2013 - 14

Close your eyes and imagine- you are in a huge crowded place and someone collapses. What would you do? Whether we're first years, interns or even non medicos, it is our duty to be calm amongst the crowd, take control of the situation and make sure we can help the person in distress to the maximum of our extent. Just passing by and expecting someone else to take care of it is the most selfish thing you can do. Consciously or unconsciously, this decision will haunt us for the rest of our lives. The first time I saw an accident after entering med school was when I was leaving a restaurant one evening. There was a huge crowd on the street surrounding a girl, a scooter on the ground and a man on the side walk holding his head with no one around him. After asking around, I found out that the girl who was learning to drive her scooter crashed into the man crossing the road. She was not hurt. So my friend and I went to the man, and noticed that he had a head injury. Our first instinct was to get an auto to bring him to the

hospital, but we met with a huge opposition from the crowd. All of them wanted to protect the girl and thought that taking him to the hospital would make it a police case. They didn't even let us write down her license plate number. As the clock was ticking, we put him in an auto and brought him to Wenlock causality. The last we heard, he was stable, and was sent home after a normal scan and dressing. The second time, was when another friend of mine and I were driving to college, we saw two school students fall off their bike. One guy got up, but the other one was just lying there. He had a small head injury and was unconscious. We lifted him to the side of the road, and with the help of a few people put him in a car, in the process of which he vomited all over himself. He was taken to a local hospital, and we eventually got to know that alcohol was the cause of his loss of consciousness and was stable. I could not have started CPR if I hadn't felt a pulse because I wasn't trained in it at that time and I couldn't just turn

a blind eye either. But when I look back at those two incidents I realized that what I did was not life saving but something that quickened up the events which would eventually taken place. It was all in all some useful action which any of us could have done. At a time when people are taking videos of people dying and putting those up on social media, governments have resorted to giving rewards to those who help. Despite this incentive, videos are still being put up, and people are still serving as silent spectators. You can't force people to do the right thing and you can't force humanity into them. Being humane, being empathetic comes from within and I feel that we have chosen this line of work because all of us have some of it in us. So some day if we are ever in such a situation either inside or outside the hospital, without thinking twice, we should do the right thing.



DOCTORS? STRANGE? **Roopkatha Ghosh**

What does one think about when they hear the word, " Doctor" ? Pristine stethoscope, green scrubs, white walls, for some odd reason- the smell of sanitiser ? Usually accompanied by an underlying sense of anticipation, apprehension, and for most of us, awe. And for some of us, the flitting image of the ridiculously good-looking Dr Mike. But all of that is of the golden days of ages past. Ironically, that happens to be just a month back.

There's a running joke about Indians being keen on providing medical or engineering education for their brilliant offspring, whether the ones in question are willing or not. " Mera beta doctor banega", they'd like to say boastfully (for one's convenience, consider the modified equivalent of the previous statement as male, female, gender-fluid, and in whatever language close to one's heart, even Klingon).

Why though? Why such pride? There's also a sizeable chunk of our peers, who've chosen this line for their own dreams and aspirations, not anyone else's. To be able to become an individual, who works to make other people's lives better. To being a modern cosmopolitan superhero whose cape is replaced by a white coat. Again, the question arises, why? Why make an absolute fool of oneself and slave for years, training? It's to serve a noble cause, and to know, that yes, one is definitely doing their part to make a difference.

Isn't that why there's a certain glamour associated with this career ? Sometimes that can be overdone however. Some people may forget and don't treat doctors as human beings. They escalate them to the level of gods and magicians, and expect unbelievable feats on their part. Unfair.

Let's paint the audience another picture. Individuals minding their own business, suddenly being interrupted by mobs and tortured. Sharp abuses cutting through the thick air, stinking of hatred. Blow after blow after blow, being rained, relentlessly. Shrieks of pain. More abuse. No help. Blood being spilt on the hospital premises. Rooms, equipment, chairs, tables, books all broken, torn and all over the place. Just to keep you all up to date, this isn't a natural calamity, but a sadistic, medieval uprising. The police arrive. Still no help. They seem to be on the side of the offenders. Some people protest - they're dragged off to jail. A complete demolition of the hierarchy of social dictum.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the current situation of a medico's life. This is 2017, a year, when Vedic influences coupled with imaginary conspiracy theories are considered more believable than life as we know it. Where a private practitioner is considered a cheat and a fraud because his rates are higher than that of his government contemporaries. Where, bigger the hospital chain a doctor is practising at, the more likely he is on the nationwide hitlist. Where even doctors working in government institutions might not be safe, as, according to the Ministry of Health, allopathic and not ayurvedic medicine is considered anti-national. Where a doctor either fears for his life, or battles bankruptcy. Doctors are still not being treated as humans. Still unfair.

So what's the point of working so hard? Where is the love? Where is the respect? Why the hypocrisy? Why the sudden contempt? More importantly, where is the humanity? This is real life, and this IS happening. This isn't an episode of 'Grey's Anatomy' where the bad things end in an hour, with a well-written, soulful quote, nor are we able to strike back like a raving lunatic, with sarcasm and a cane, like House. All we can do is wait and watch, while the medical world literally undergoes an apocalypse. Here's to the hope that there WILL be justice, and life reverts back to normal, minus the bleak damage and damages being caused as of now. Here's to the belief that this ISN'T the beginning of the end. Here's to the optimism that this Spartan madness will subside, and that time will heal everything, since we don't possess a Time-Turner or the Tardis to erase this saga of misguided instability. There's just one message I'd like to deliver to the Indian Government, politicians and the general population out there, you all seem to have taken the saying, "An apple a day" a little too seriously. For ALL of our sakes, from 4/5th of a doctor, maybe lighten up?

True Love

Sanaa Zahid

It's the purest of doves

A magnificent gazelle prancing through the forest

A rare, glistening diamond and yet extremely modest

A gush of cold wind on a blazing afternoon

Like a butterfly fresh out of its cocoon

It is a river coursing through the mountains
The water from the heavenly fountain

The rain which is a sign of the clouds' grieving

The effort of an ant and the load it is heaving

The belief in yourself that keeps you alive

The belief in Providence without Whose Will

Nothing has the permission to survive

A Head Full of Dreams

छू जाओ ऐसी ऊचाइयां,
जहाँ हो हु नहीं परछाइयाँ।

कट गए यह पंख, पर अब ना डरना,
जीने की है आशा, अब क्या मरना।

देखा था एक सपना,
मुट्ठी में सूरज, चूमे चाँद कदम अपना।

~ Simran Jain

Winner of the Matribhasha
Diwas 2016 - Hindi Caption
Writing Contest held on 21st
February 2016

OUR LITTLE INFINITY

- Kirti Das

"No one knows what the night sky really looks like"
She follows his upward gaze as his mouth forms the words

"The light from distant planets and stars
Having taken years to finally reach us
Paint a picture of a time long forgotten."

Long forgotten is the starry light in his eyes now.
What has replaced them now is the vague glow
Of an unrelenting black hole.

"Some of these stars are dead now.
Having imploded into unrelenting black holes
Gravity so strong,
Not even light may escape."

There is no escape.
Who can tell what the light of his mind
May have illuminated,
If not stuck somewhere in the depths
Of this mental gravity?

"Not to forget the new stars
That have already been born
But whose light hasn't reached us yet."
He says, scanning the horizon
Hoping to catch a glimpse of just such a novelty
As she scans his face for something archaic.
A hint of what was.

"If someone on a distant planet were to focus their
telescope
On earth right now,
What would they see?"

"Depends how far away from us they are."

He's right here.
He's right there, with her.
Where is he?

"They might see the dinosaurs roaming the earth
Or the first humans standing tall
The discovery of fire,
Invention of the wheel.
Or the first time our eyes met, and I knew I'd never
forget your name."

Their eyes meet.
Her eyes meet his.
His eyes are looking at the sky.
True. At least he'd remembered her name.

"Maybe someday in the future,
When the aliens find this moment in history
And focus their telescopes on you and me.
What do you think they will see?"
He asks, as he gets down on one knee.

That was so-many years ago.

Today,
So-many lightyears away
The aliens, through their telescopes, do find
this moment in history.
A young man, a young woman.
A young love.

Today,
Passers-by here on earth
Find a very similar moment.
A not so young man, and a not so young
woman.
Not much has changed of that love
Just that now he wears a silver bracelet on his
wrist.

And travels through space and time
Right here, sitting next to his universe.

As she looks at her night sky,
As he paints a picture of a time long forgotten.

Winner of the online competition
The Weekly Poet, Issue# 5

Ranjitha Mandartha

ದೇವರು ಭಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಬೇಡಿದ್ದೆ ನಾವು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದು ಕೊಡ್ತಾನಂತೆ. ಅವನ ಇದಾನೋ ಇಲ್ಲೋ ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲಾ ಆದರೆ ನಂಜಕೆ, ಅವನು ಇದಾನೆ ಅಂತ. ನಾನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಒಬ್ಬಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದಿನಿ,

ಅವಳು ಖಂಡಿತ ದೇವರೆ. ದೇವರು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದು ಕೊಟ್ಟೆ ಇವಳು ಕೇಳೋ ಮುಂಚೆನೆ ಕೊಡ್ತಾಳೆ, ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ತನ್ನ ಸರ್ವಸ್ವವನ್ನು, ಅವಳು ಯಾರು ಗೊತ್ತಾ? "ತಾಯಿ" ನೆನಪು ಇದೆಯಾ ಆ ದಿವಸಗಳು, ಹಬ್ಬಕ್ಕೆ ನಮಗೆ ಹೊಸ ಬಟ್ಟೆ ತೊಡಿಸೊದ್ರಲ್ಲ ಖುಷಿ ಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ತಾನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಹಳೇ ಸಿರೇಲಿ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಕೇಳದ್ರೆ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದು, ಥಿ!! ನನಗೆ ಯಾಕೆ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಹೊಸ ಬಟ್ಟೆ, ಇರೋದೆ ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟಿದೆ ಅಂತ. ನಿಜವಾಗಲೂ ಅವಳ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟಿತ್ತು!, ಬಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲ "ಪ್ರೀತಿ". ಪ್ರತಿ ಸಲ ಆಟ ಆಡಲು ಹೋಗಿ ಗಾಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದಾಗ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಬೈಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು ಆದರೆ ಆ ಗಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಷದಿಯನ್ನೂ ಹಚ್ಚುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಆಗ ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜಿನುಗುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದ ಆ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾ ಇತ್ತು "ಬದ್ವಿದ್ದು ನಾನು ಆದ್ರೂ ನೋವಾಗಿರೋದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಅಚಿತ". ಇವತ್ತು ನಾವು ಬೇಕೆದಿದ್ದೇವೆ, ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಅಗತ್ಯಕ್ಕಿಂತಜಾಸ್ತೀನೆ ಬೇಕೆದಿದ್ದೇವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಅಮ್ಮನ ಜೊತೆ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡು ಮಾತನಾಡೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಮಯ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಸಮಯ ಇದ್ದೆ ಎನ್ ತಾನೆ ಮಾತನಾಡೋದ್ ಅವಳ ಹತ್ತಿರ, ಅವಳಿಗೆ ? ನ್ ತಾನೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿದೆ ಅಚಿತ. ಒಂದು ಸಾರಿ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಚ್ಚೊಳ್ಳು, ಕಣ್ ಮುಚ್ಚೊಂಡ್ರಾ? ನಿಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿ ನಿಮಗೋಸ್ಕರ ಏಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಷ್ಟ ಪಟ್ಟದ್ದಾಳೆ, ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿ, ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿ, ನೋವಾಗುತ್ತಲ್ಲವಾ? ಇಂತ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ನಾವ್ ಇವತ್ತು ದೂರಾ ಮಾಡುತ್ತ ಇದ್ದೀವಿ. ಆಗಿದ್ದು ಆಗಿ ಹೋಯಿತು ಬಿಡಿ, ಇವತ್ತು ಮತ್ತೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳಾಗಿ, ಅವಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ತಬ್ಬಿಕೊಳ್ಳು, ತುಂಬಾ ದೊಡ್ಡವರು ಆಗಿದೀವಿ, ನಾಚಿಕೆ ಆಣುತ್ತಾ? ತಾಯಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮಗುವಾಗೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಯಾವ ನಾಚಿಕೆ? ತಬ್ಬಿಕೊಳ್ಳು ಆ ಜೀವಾನಾ, ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿ, ಹೇಗಿದಿಯಾ ಅಂತ? ಅವಳು ಹೇಗೆ ಇರಲಿ, ನೀವು ಹೇಗಿದಿಯಾ ಅಂತ ಕೇಳಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಖುಷಿ ಪಡುತ್ತಾಳೆ. "ಎಣ್ಣಾ ಐಱ್ಱಾ ಐಜಿಜಿ"; 'ಐಱ್ಱಾ ಜಿಱ್ಱಿ ಒಱ್ಱುಜಿಡಿ' "ರಾಜ್" ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತಾ ಇದೀನಿ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿನ ಕೇಳಿದೆ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿ, "ಂಟಜಿ ಖುಬ್ ಆಜ್ಞಾಚಿಣಜಿಣಿ ಉಂಟಿ ಒಱ್ಱುಜಿಡಿ, ಐಱ್ಱಾ ಜಿಱ್ಱಾ ಐಱ್ಱಾ ಜಿಱ್ಱಾ ಒಱ್ಱುಜಿಡಿ".

A Kannada article about commercial surrogacy and problems associated with it.

Background Collage Art by Varun Holla

Background collage by Ankit Menon

"Vaanam"

A Tamil poem, which compares the life of a medical student to that of the skies. Of how everyone looks upto you once you join the field, and how in the initial year of joining, we tend to roam around like clouds clueless, until we are showed the ropes. For exams may come and go, like storms, the question paper like lightning, and the results that follow like thunder. Tears of both joy and sadness follow, but at the end it's the rainbow (parent's smile of pride) after every storm that make us feel higher off the ground than we really are.

எனக்கு கவிதை எழுத கொடுத்த தலைப்பு வானம்
அதப்பத்தி எழுத வார்த்தை எதுவும் காணும்
நேரத்துல முடிக்கலனா போயிடும் என் மானம்
இத செஞ்சுட்டாலே கவிஞன் தான் நானும்

என் வானிலே

நிலத்தாரை நிமிர்ந்துப் பார்க்கச்செய்யும் நீல வானமாய் எம் பி பி எஸ்
அளவில்லாமல் அகண்டிருக்கும் ஆகாயமாய் நீண்ட ஐந்தரை
வருடங்கள்

வெண்மேகக் கூட்டங்கள் போல வெகுளியாய் உலாவும் மாணவர்கள்
கார்மேகத்தின் கனம் கொண்ட கல்விக்காக கல்லூரி புகுந்த நாங்கள்
சுழல்காற்றாய் எங்களை சுற்றிவந்து சுமைகுறைக்கும் ஆசிரியர்கள்
மின்னல்போல் சில தருணங்களானாலும் மின்னி மிரளவைக்கும்
தேர்வுகள்

மின்னலை தொடர்ந்து இடியாய் இடிக்கும் இறுதி தேர்வின் முடிவுகள்

முடிவின் விளைவாய் சிவந்தகண்களினோரம் சிதறும் சிறு
மழைத்துளிகள்

இத்தனையும் தாங்கி விழைந்த நெற்கதிராய் எங்கள்
மருத்துவப்பட்டங்கள்

அதை ஏந்திநிற்க்க என் பெற்றோரின் புன்னகையில் கரையும் எங்கள்
கஷ்டங்கள்

- ஆஷிகா அருள்பிரகாசம்

Aashika Arulprakasam

Concept Art Museum

**Flower Origami by
Sayashi**



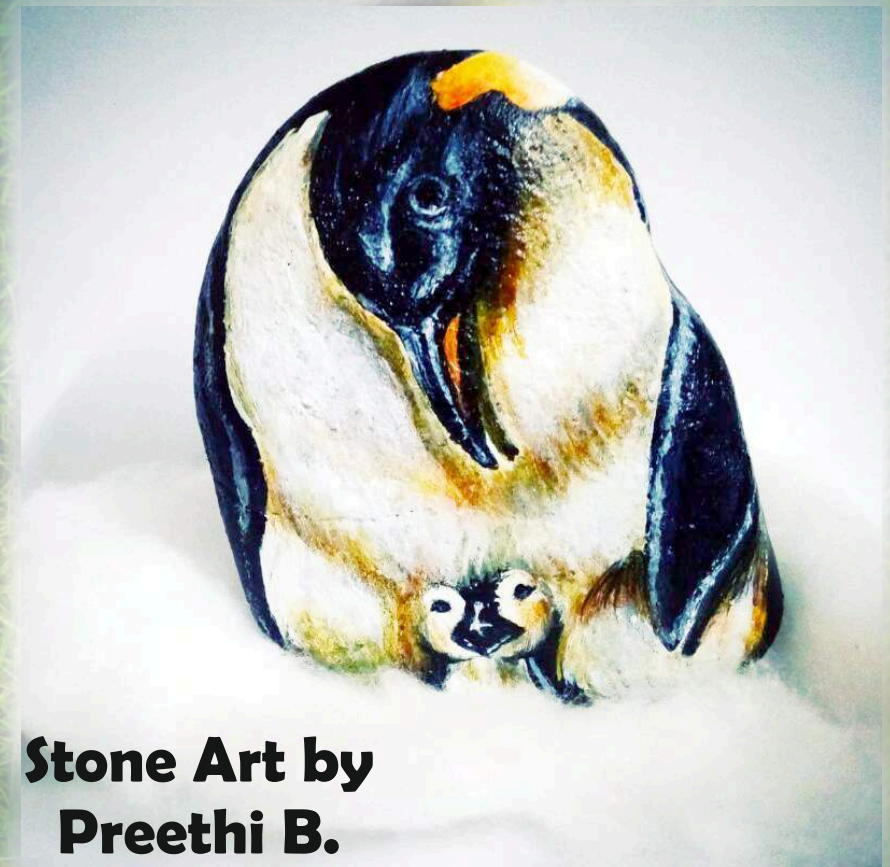
Quilling art by Sayashi



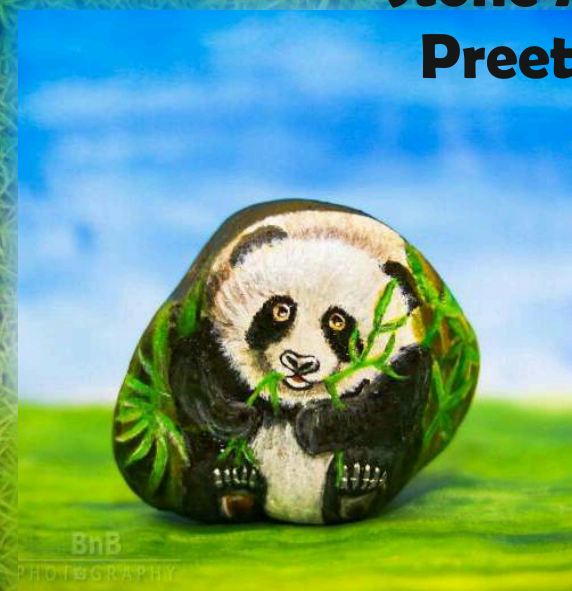
**Stone Art by
Preethi B.**

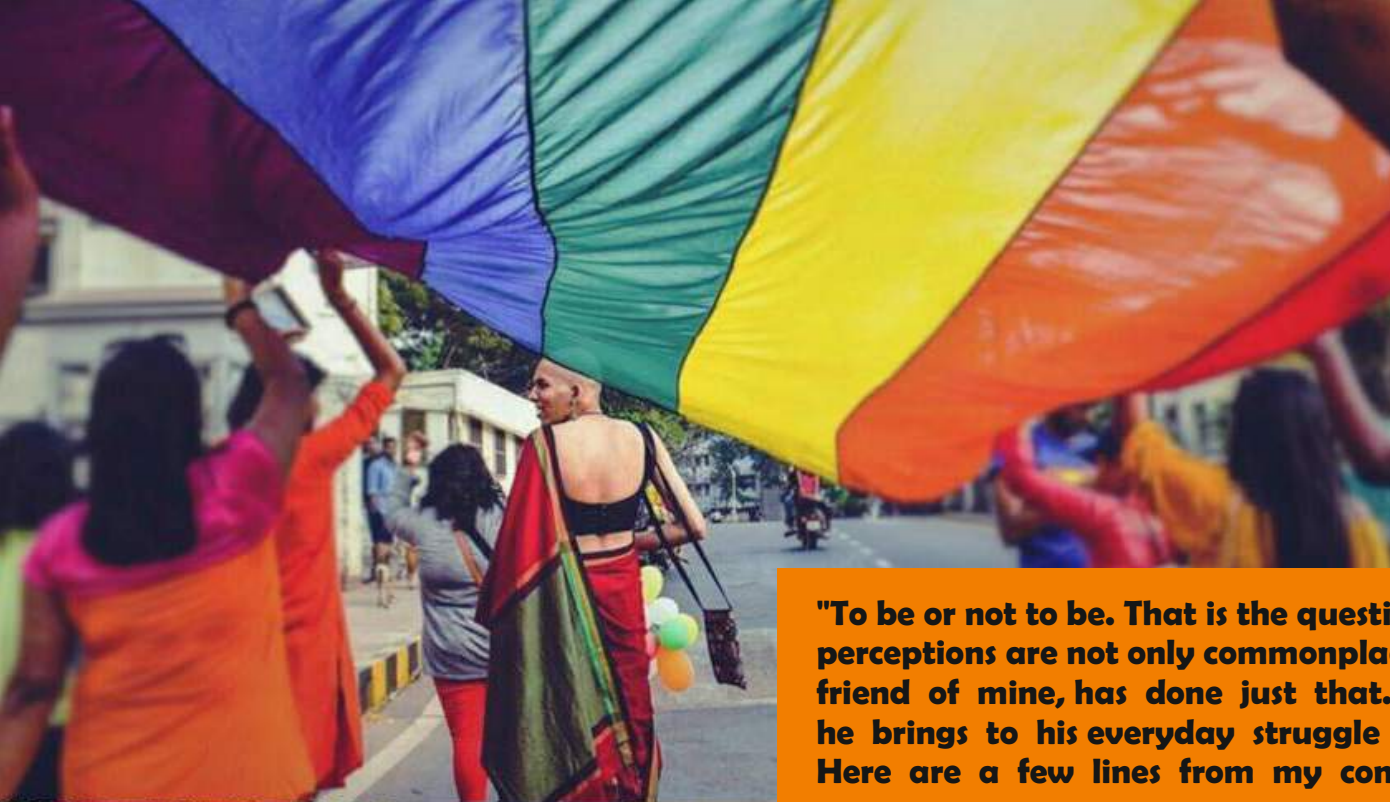


**Stone Art by
Preethi B.**



**Stone Art by
Preethi B.**





"To be or not to be. That is the question." This saying holds true no more than for the transgender community. When misconceptions and narrowed perceptions are not only commonplace, but encouraged, opening up to the world requires a lifetime of courage. And Angad Gummaraju, a dear friend of mine, has done just that. I spoke to him about the many challenges he's faced, and the tales of his plight and the vitality that he brings to his everyday struggle has left me inspired to say the least. Here are a few lines from my conversation with him.

Transgenderism is a concept often popularised due to the visibility of the Hijra community. That's how I came across the term, perhaps in the 3-4th grade. However, I realise now that the Hijras are a socio-cultural group and often consist of transgender/transvestite/intersex individuals. Gender identity is a spectrum, and it is only over the last few years that I've sort of understood what gender is, and it is finally now, that I comfortably associate myself with the term 'transgender'. Since the term denotes an identity that describes the incongruence between one's biological sex and their gender identity, I relate to it. I don't identify as male or female, but perhaps somewhere in between on the spectrum.



Ojaswini: What does the word "discrimination" mean to you?

Angad : To me, discrimination is when my queerness gets in the way of people recognising what I'm capable of, academically and otherwise. I'm rather visibly queer, in terms of my gender expression. That often gets in the way of people being able to see anything else. It's annoying to have to prove my abilities because the perception of my queerness tends to overshadow anything else, and becomes my only defining characteristic. That aside, discrimination to me, is the giant hindrance my identity poses when it comes to the medical profession. As is evident from my experiences in the hospital, it's difficult not just for my peers, but hospital personnel and patients to view me as "normal". And that, quite often, places a question mark in their heads on my abilities as a medical student. Discrimination is also the law's legitimising of ill treatment of queer individuals. It's a convenient excuse to be lousy to queer people.

Ojaswini : Have you heard about any person facing discrimination, or have you personally been discriminated against here for your gender identity?

Absolutely. I was bullied in high school, to point of depression and self harm as a result of isolation. There were a teacher or two back then that loved to make fun of my "girly" behaviour. One blatantly imitated me in class in an attempt at being funny. Luckily, things get easier in college. However, when I had my nose pierced, I was denied entry into the classroom until I had the piercing removed.

In the professor-in-charge's own words, I was breaking dress code and was dressing against Indian culture. Whilst I understand the argument that patients might find it difficult to digest, a professor is no one to make that assumption particularly in the first year, when clinics haven't begun, and when no rule in the rulebook to explicitly mentions the piercing of my nose as a violation of dress code. Further, it was only when I did well in the next test, that I had my nose pierced again, and the same professor didn't raise an objection so strong. One shouldn't have to necessarily excel academically to live a dignified life. High time we understood that. Human beings deserve basic respect. Period.

Ojaswini : This entire journey that you have had, do you think it had an impact on your emotional state. If so, how?

I used to be an incredibly emotional kid. I was the easy target. Some of my earliest memories are of being bullied. As much as I resent my parents not teaching me to accept myself and be me, for this would've greatly helped with the bullying, I find that everything I've been through (growing up without my parents around all that much, with their initial disapproval and with the continuous bullying) has only helped me build a very thick skin. I find that it's because of all of that, that I can provide support that I once didn't have.

Ojaswini : How would it feel to see a non-discrimination law that explicitly protects LGBTQ+ people from discrimination?

It would be incredibly validating, but that's easier said than done. Given our political situation, something of this sort's not likely to be implemented any time soon. Pessimistic as this may sound, it's the cold, hard truth.

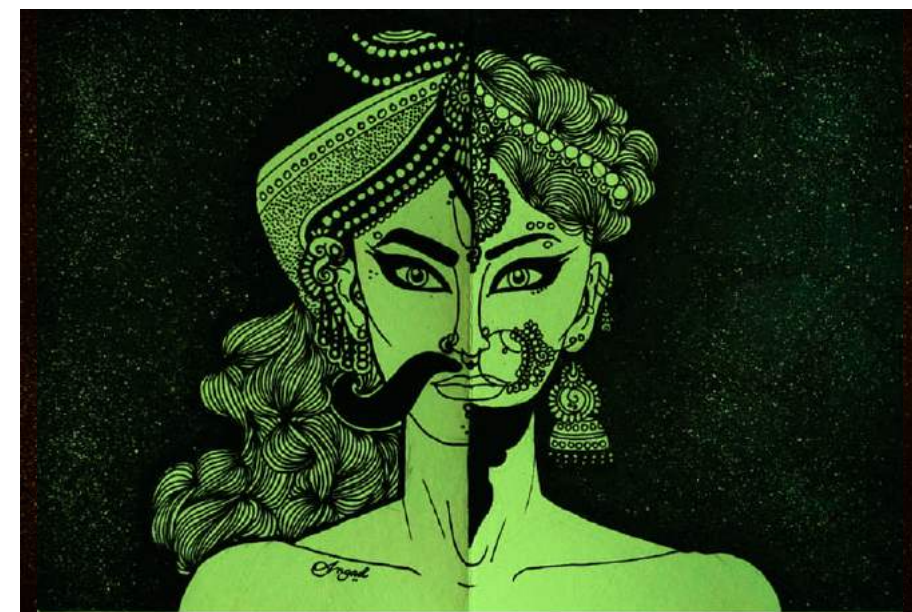
Ojaswini : Right now, India does not protect transgender people from discrimination. How does that make you feel?

Absolutely enraged. It makes my blood boil at how conveniently the leaders of this country choose to ignore basic human rights so as to run their political agendas. It's disgusting. Hate crimes won't stop. The dismal assault and ill-treatment of doctors won't stop. It's appalling that the people who criticise doctors for leaving this country to serve another are the same people that justify their ill-treatment. Our community is far from protected, and this lack of protection combined with other social and political factors puts individuals like me at a major disadvantage. The future's very uncertain, indeed.

Ojaswini : Can you briefly describe some of the transgender people who inspire you/you look up to in life?

I first discovered transgender individuals on YouTube in high school, in an attempt at understanding the queer world out there. Connor Franta, Troye Sivan and several other YouTubers often inspired me with their stories. Lady Gaga was, and continues to majorly inspire me with her eccentricity, and her album "Born This Way" played quite the role back when I was first coming to terms with who I was, as a 14 year old. However, over the years, my own friend circle have inspired and continue to inspire me. Alok Vaid Menon, for shattering the gender binary. Seriously, though. Too many names come to mind. Far too many to name at one go.

I have seen his pain and I have heard his sorrow. He is merely one amongst the many. There are hundreds and thousands of boys and girls, women and men, who hide, from the person they know themselves to be, simply because they are scared. So let us all stand up for them. Tall, strong, together and as one let's welcome them into a world where they feel they belong. For they do. Ojaswini Sharma



How would you like to contribute to the community?

Firstly, and most importantly, I want to use every single privilege of mine to be as successful as I can as a surgeon/medical professional. It's so important for the world to get, that your sexuality and gender identity have no bearing on your intellectual abilities, talents and skills. I'd like my work to speak for me. I want to set a benchmark, as a trans individual of colour. Second, since I'm in a position to help out queer people in small ways, I'd like to reach out. This is something I've wanted to do since I first came out. With the help of some of my friends, I've established a queer support entity, namely Q&A: The Queer and Ally Network. It's an independent organisation, and we conduct cultural events to raise awareness at uniting students with various artistic talents. Things are looking good for sure!

CAMPUS LIFE 101

8 College Productivity Hacks

CAMPUS LIFE 101

College can be both exhilarating and scary. Students must deal with a lot of assignments, home work, and term papers with strict deadlines on their own. To be productive and accomplish all of these tasks students need focus. There are ways to increase productivity, for most students simple and effective ways are the best. This infographic has 8 tips that will help students boost their productivity.



1. Organize your Work Space - Yeah, I wouldn't want to sit at my table if it looked like that either. Rearrange your books. Go out and buy (or DIY) a pretty pen stand. Add some indoor plants (for aesthetic purposes, for oxygen). Put up some of your motivational quotes on the wall ("If not me, who? If not now, when?").

4. Productivity Playlist - I'll fight anyone who denies the positive effect music has on your mood, on your energy levels, on your level of motivation. Customize your own playlist - songs that mean something to you, songs with a good beat.

5. Beds are for Sleeping - Literally. That comfy, fluffy, pillowy, blanketed cocoon is not going to boost your productivity levels whatsoever. Especially if it's a particularly stressful activity. Sit at the table - or better yet, go to the library. The comfort of your own room makes you feel lazy, but being surrounded by all these productive people making something out of their lives is a motivation boost like no other.

7. Take it Outside - My personal favorite productivity hack of all time - EXERCISE! Try and take at least half an hour of your time everyday to engage in some physical activity of your choice. Something fun. Something that gets your heart rate going. Something that makes you say "Man, I'm so pumped up, I'mma go write some records now, YEAH!"

8. Read Me - Inculcating a new habit, making it a part of our daily lives takes time, patience, and commitment. So, take your time, be patient, and promise me your commitment. Read this list over and over and over again, until these points (all, or a few, or even one, whatever suits your needs) become second nature.



2. Not just To-Do, but When To-Do - Here's what most of us do - we get up, we realize we have a ton of stuff to do, we make a to-do list of all the stuff to be done, look at the list, freak out, and then go back to sleep. Well, that won't do! Instead of making a simple to-do list, make a schedule instead. Proportioning time slots to the various activities makes us realize that they're actually manageable. Set realistic goals, and then go out and achieve them!

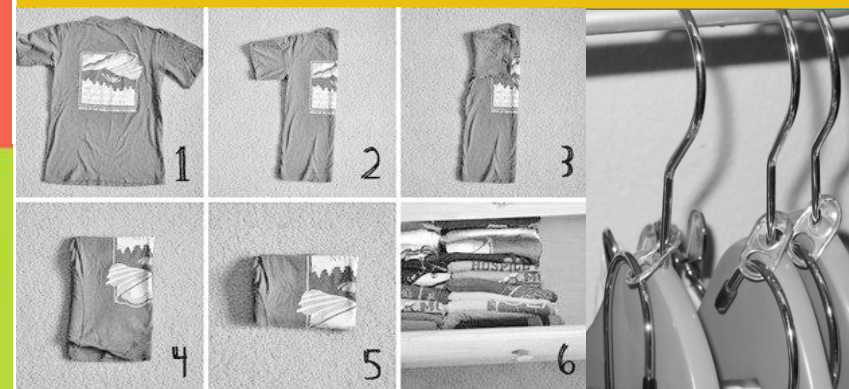
3. Pomodoro Technique - Human beings are not machines, and can't productively sustain an activity for too long, and therefore require regular intervals of rest. Shocking, I know! (However, if that break lasts for most of the semester, then we'll surely have a problem). Here's how to do it right - Work for 25 minutes. Take a 5 minute break (only 5!). Repeat for 3 more sets. After every 4 cycles, take a longer (15-30 minute) cycle.



6. Procrastinate Productively - 'Cause let's face it, we're all gonna end up postponing that assignment at some point, for whatever reason. In those moments of weakness, instead of scrolling through cat videos, why not do something that's not a total waste of time. Look at "VSauce" or "Crash Course" videos. Read a good book. Paint. Go take a walk. That way, when the deadline finally does hit you and you have to pull an all-nighter, you don't feel totally guilty about all the time you procrastinated away to glory.



Over these 5 and a half years, college is going to be your home away from home. For a lot of us, this is the first time staying on our own. In a new environment, a new room. So, here are a few hacks to really make your room your own -



Also, instead of arranging your clothes horizontally on top of each other, stack them vertically. Not only does this save space, but this way you can see all clothes at once, thus making it easier to decide what to wear, and not having to yank clothes from under other clothes

1. No space for skeletons - Cause the closets just don't have enough. Try using soda can tabs, or sturdy paper clips, to make cascading hangers, and hang up more clothes.

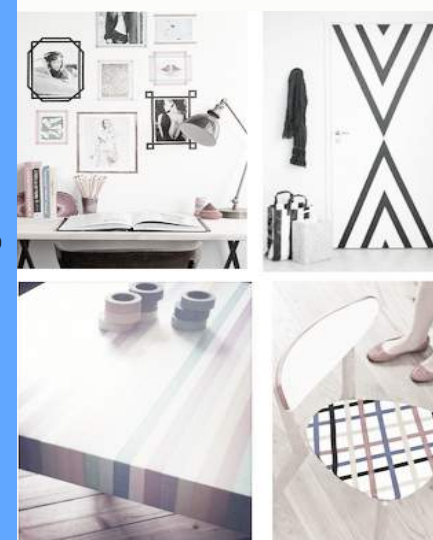


- 1. Tech-know** - You don't have to be in MIT to spruce up your gadgets and get the most out of them.
 - Make cheap tablet wall mounts wherever you want with adhesive wall hooks (not to mention, spin that mobile like a gunslinger)
 - Wi-Fi router not streaming your favourite show fast enough - <http://www.wikihow.com/Make-a-Wi-Fi-Booster-Using-Only-a-Can>
 - Impromptu dance party, but no speakers? - <http://www.wikihow.com/Make-Paper-Cup-iPhone-Speakers>
 - Impromptu movie night, but laptop screen just too small? - <http://www.lifehack.org/411417/how-to-make-your-diy-smartphone-projector-with-a-shoebox>



Sleeping Beauty - For those 6-8 (3-4?) hours of the night, you deserve to feel like the majestic creatures that you are. Spruce up your beds with these beautiful DIY canopies

https://www.buzzfeed.com/ashleymcgetrick/slumber-party-for-one?utm_term=.dcLwz7aVbz#.dyJLm6oVkm



I'm being Framed! - Use colourful bits of washi tape, electrical tape or even surgical tape to frame up your favourite pictures, posters, quotes, whatever you'd like, on the walls. Definitely adds a lot of personality to an otherwise lacklustre room.

Is it Hot in here, or is it Just Me? - Try hanging a damp towel on your open window to help lower the temperature. If that doesn't work, maybe it's just you. ;)



Memoirs of Neat Freak

By Kena Aparajita Mishra and
Sakshi Beotra (Batch of O'15)

It's just impossible! People don't understand! You can't just walk into my room with your pretty, mud coated slippers on! It has white tiles for god's sake! It's the only rule I have got! (okay maybe a few more..) Oh, and let me tell you, the books on my shelf are arranged in a thought-out, systematic manner, based on their dimensions. So you better think twice before you choose to pick up a book and place it anywhere you fancy. Then you decide to jump on to my bed, happily stretching yourself out and making my newly laundered pillow fall to the floor. So sweet! Okay, maybe I too should've been thoughtful enough and not cared for those cookie crumbs that you were spilling on my bed, while you were crying over your break up.. Speaking of which, I am glad you got rid of him! I mean, how could he not notice that the gel pen he keeps in his pocket had leaked and formed a glaring blotch on it. Not to mention the yellow spots of the curry he had for lunch! And what was with his obsession with alternating between the red-blue checked shirt and the dirty green polo, the ENTIRE week! And here I am, fretting over my diminishing supply of surf and vim liquid. Hmph! This kind of a casual attitude is why I didn't lend you my pharma book last week because I've seen you lose control when you start underlining and still manage to forget that dog-earing is criminal!! And the other day my roomie said I'm crazy JUST because I made her wait outside the room for 45 minutes while I vacuumed, swept the floor, and wiped down every uncovered surface. Twice. What, I might have missed a spot the first time . Okay, I admit I was waiting for her to leave so that I could clean up the mess she had made on the slab, put her bedsheet the right way (with the tag in the lower left corner!), clean the mirror on her cupboard and neatly coil her laptop cable, which was snaking under her bed (giving me nightmares!), after cleaning it of course! I love her so much, because believe me, it was no picnic to bear all this for a week, without a squeak! Probably I'm being too hard on everyone, but really, don't you secretly wish for a sparkly, germ-free, organised and efficient lifestyle? No? Well then, lets agree to disagree!

Background Photo taken
by Koyel Paul

#translated

A simple Bengali
article that truly
encompasses
the relationship
and quarrel
that enue
between a
mother and
daughter over a
petty issue.
But, the moment
we see the
true light of the
daughter's
intentions, we
realise where
the mistake lies
and hope for
trust to be
ignited again.

অনুমান

শ্রুতর্ষি লাহিড়ী (Shrutarshi Lahiri)
১৩০২০১০২৫ (130201025)

কী আশ্চর্য! এত বড় আশ্পর্ধা! এত করে বললাম কারুর সাথে কথা বলবি না, তাও মোবাইল এনগেজড! আমার সাথে কথা না বলে কার সাথে কথা বলছে? রেগে আগুন কল্যাণী দেবী। তিনি তাঁর বান্ধবী নির্মালা সেনের বাড়িতে এসেছেন গল্প করতে। কল্যাণী দেবীর নির্দেশ আছে তাঁর মেয়ে স্নেহার ওপর যে তার মোবাইল কলেজে থাকা অবধি অন থাকবে। বাড়ি আশা মাত্র সেটির সুইচ অফ করে দেওয়া হবে। দ্বিতীয় বর্ষের ছাত্রী স্নেহা চিরকাল তা মেনে এসেছে কিন্তু আজ সে তা কোনো কারণে মানতে পারেনি। নির্মালা দেবী বড় নম্র স্বভাবের। তিনি আলতো করে কফির কাপ টেবিলের ওপর রেখে কল্যাণী দেবীর উদ্দেশে বললেন, কল্যাণী তুই এমন রিয়াক্ট করছিস কেন? তর কী ভয়? কল্যাণী দেবী চুপ। নির্মালা দেবী বলে চলেছেন মেয়ে বড় হয়েছে রে, এখন যদি তার ছেলে বন্ধু হয় তবে সেটা স্বাভাবিক নয় কী? প্রত্যেক বয়সেরই একটা ধর্ম আছে। ইটা খালি খেয়াল রাখিস যাতে মেয়ে কু-সঙ্গে না পড়ে ব্যাস তাছাড়া স্নেহা তো পড়াশোনা, গান সবই বেশ ভালমতই করছে, তাও রেস্ত্রিক্ফানস কেন? এত তো ভালো না। নির্মালা দেবীর এই কথাগুলো কতখানি কল্যাণী দেবী শুনলেন জানি না, তবে তাঁর সুদীর্ঘ নিঃশ্বাস ও রক্তবর্ণ চক্ষু দেখে বোঝা গেল যে স্নেহার আজ কপালে দুঃখ আছে। বেশিক্ষণ আর না বসে কল্যাণী দেবী উঠে পড়লেন বাড়ির ফেরার তাড়ায় আর সারা রাস্তা ভেবে গেলেন, তোর হচ্ছে আজ। স্নেহা স্নেহা স্নেহা বলে বাড়িতে ঢোকার আগেই দরজা থেকে চিত্কার করতে লাগলেন। স্নেহা হুঁমুড়িয়ে সিঁড়ি দিয়ে নেমে কিছু বলার আগেই কল্যাণী দেবী চিত্কার করতে লাগলেন। বললেন, ফোনটা দাও স্নেহা একবার। সঙ্গে সঙ্গে স্নেহা ফোন দিয়ে দিল। ফোনের ডায়াল নম্বরে দেখলেন অচেনা ল্যান্ডলাইনের নম্বর ২৪৬৬ ৫১৩৭। ব্যাস, কল্যাণী দেবীকে আটকায় কার এমন সাধ্য আছে। উনি যা নয় তাই বলতে লাগলেন। স্নেহা চুপ করে দাঁড়িয়ে রইলো। টু শব্দটি করলো না, কেবল তার গাল দিয়ে গড়িয়ে পড়তে লাগলো বাধাহীন চোখের জল। দীর্ঘ কুড়ি মিনিট বা তারও বেশি বকার পরে কল্যাণী দেবী তাঁর মেয়েকে বললে, তার ঘরে যেতো স্নেহা ধীরে ধীরে সিঁড়ি দিয়ে উঠে তার ঘরে চলে গেল। খাটের উত্তরদিকে নরম বালিশের ওপর আলতো করে মাথা রেখে, জানলা দিয়ে বাইরে একদৃষ্টে তাকিয়ে স্নেহার প্রায়ে সারা রাত কেটে গেল। খানিক ভ্রুকুটি আর জলে ভরা দুঃখ, দৃষ্টিটা সম্পূর্ণ অভিমানের ও দুঃখের। কিছু খায়নি স্নেহা সেই রাতে। কল্যাণী দেবীও একটি বারের জন্যেও তাকে তাকে কাছে টানেন নি, খাবার কথাও বলেননি। সূর্যের সোনালি আলোয়ে স্নেহার ঘুম ভাঙলো। বাইরে নীল আকাশ, সাদা তুলোর মতো মেঘ উড়ে বেড়াচ্ছে। আজ তার মায়ের জন্মদিন। সে ভেবেছিল কলেজ যাবে না। কিন্তু অভিমান আর দুঃখে আহত স্নেহা তৈরী হলো কলেজ যাওয়ার জন্য। নিজেই জলখবার বানিয়ে, খেয়েদেয়ে চলল কলেজে। কেবল যাওয়ার আগে তার মাকে প্রণাম করে বলল, হ্যাপি বার্থডে। কল্যাণী দেবী কোনো উচ্চবাচ্য করলেন না। স্নেহা দরজা খুলে চলে গেল কলেজে। মিনিট পনেরো বাদে ডোর বেল বাজল। শ্যামলী, কল্যাণী দেবীর বাড়ির কাজের লোক, দরজা খুললো, তারপর কল্যাণী দেবীর দিকে ফিরে বললেন বৌদি, আপনার জন্যে। কল্যাণী দেবী উঠে গিয়ে দেখলেন ডেলিভারি ম্যান। সুন্দর কাগজে মোড়া একটা অপূর্ব ফুলের তোড়া। আর উপহার। কল্যাণী দেবী এই প্রথম হাসলেন। উনি কাগজে সাইন করে উপহার ও তোড়া নিলেন। ঘরের ভিতর তোড়া রেখে উনি গুনগুন করে গান গাইতে গাইতে কার্ডটা খুললেন, লেখা আছে হ্যাপি বার্থডে টু মাই ডিয়ারেস্ট মম ফ্রম স্নেহা। কল্যাণী দেবী লক্ষ্য করলেন কিনা জানি না। কিন্তু কার্ডের নিচে লেখা ছিল কার্ডস প্রাইভেট লিমিটেড। ফোন নম্বর ২৪৬৬ ৫১৩৭।

Background Photo taken
by Sonal Chopra



Dr. Priya Ballal

Professor and Head at Department of OBG,
KMC Mangalore

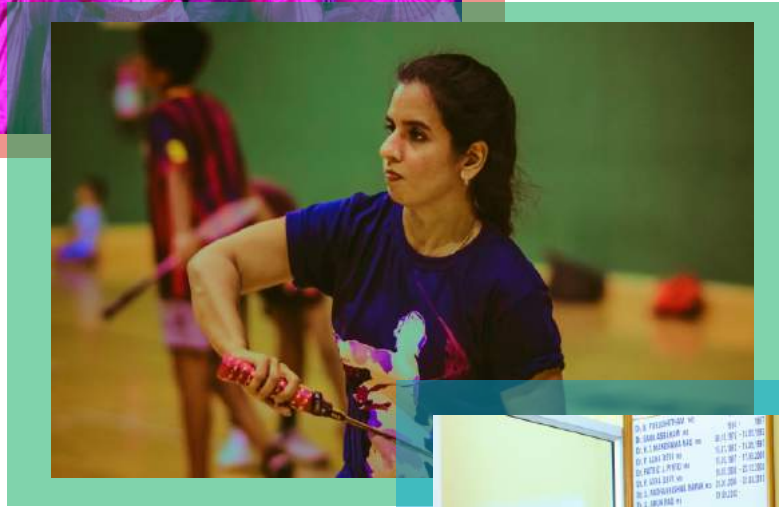
From the aisles of Lady Goschen to fighting it out on the badminton court, Dr. Priya Ballal has left a scorching trail in more fields than one. We had the unique chance to glimpse her insights until life, her work and her hope for future generations.

1)What inspired you to take up OBG?

I hated this subject as a student. Once I finished I didn't have a list of what I wanted to do. But I had a list of what I didn't want to do. OBG was one of them. So what pushed me to it, I don't know. My dad kept telling me that I have an aptitude for OBG. He was a professor of surgery here, Dr .K.R Ballal.

I had different thoughts. One day I would say I want cardiology, to which he would reply "Okay, you will be happy with the challenges but also very bored without doing the procedures. Back then there weren't too many interventional procedures."

I then I thought "I will do medicine", and he would say "You would be bored pill rolling". Then I would say, "I will do plastic surgery", he would say "Are you going to read that much?". For everything, he had a counter argument. So he kept telling me, "OBG has a very good scope, you do lots of things in OBG like ultrasound, radiology, surgery and you are a physician. You are almost everything in one."
And then it's very challenging. Everyday is a new challenge. Labour theatre is something to explore. But my perspective of OBG changed only after I finished my MD. That hatred towards OBG took 3 years to go away. It finally did go away, though. I enjoy it. I enjoy practising it. I enjoy teaching it. I realise why I enjoy it. We see less of morbidity/mortality and see more happiness, so the end result is always happy. It's not mundane. It's not like dealing with oncology where patients always come with some suffering.



2) Do you think the top positions are held by men? Do you think there has been a change in this trend?

There is a change in this trend. I think women were never underachievers but they were always multi-taskers. They've had so so much to do. Men probably have one career oriented goal. Women give equal importance to family, career, bringing up children,etc. Everybody talks about equality, in bringing up children, but there is always predominantly the role of a mother. In KMC there is no bias for the top positions. There is one lady Dean and one man as a Dean, so there is no inequality. I think in today's date the stage is equal. If you are efficient enough I don't think anything should hold you back.

3) What do you think can be done to promote this change?

It's something that women have to decide for themselves. I don't think somebody who doesn't want to achieve will change their mind beacuse somebody is prodding them. There are an equal number of men and women, with the similar kind of mentality probably because of the way things were 25 -30 years ago. The scenario was different then. Now there is an equal opportunity at least from the part of society where we come from. There may be parts of India where women are pushed down, not allowed to read and that's why campaigns like Beti bachao, Beti padhao are being promoted.

4). Outside the hospital, who is Dr. Priya Ballal?

I like watching movies. I spend at least 2 hours per day in Marena, you'll find me there. I love music. I play the piano. I like travelling. I pick at least one destination a year where I go and see one country and come back. I can't sit quietly. I don't like to sleep too much. It's a waste of time. I am not an early riser, but I sleep very late and once you are in OBG I think you tend to give up sleep. It's not an important priority. I think what's important for all of us is, when our career takes up so much of our time all we have to do is to make sure we do things that we enjoy at work or even afterwards. We need that happiness, otherwise life becomes very mundane. Especially work satisfaction, patient care or even for yourself. A Little time in a day that you need for yourself is very important. Other than this, I do my private practice I look after 2 hospitals, a PU college, and a nursing college. I'm also trained in Bharatnatyam and I LOVE to bake.

AHAMEDUNISSA
KRITI DAS
SONAL CHOPRA
ANTON PAULSON

5) Any parting words or any advice to your students Maam?

I thought you students get enough advice already. I don't think, adults, like you, need advice. I think you need to observe role models. You are smart people and have already decided what you want from life, isn't it? I think compared to what we were, you all are much more oriented towards your goals. You have so much information, which we didn't have, available in your hands. You know looking up a research article from journals were a two-hour struggle. Life has changed a lot. It's got its own challenges now, though, I am sure. Every generation will tell you how it was oh so difficult for them. You too will end up telling the generation after yours the same.





LADY GOSCHEN HOSPITAL

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

You remember the moment you stepped into college; a head buzzing with ideas and views on how medical school is going to be like. Or the times you started a new year and that was supposedly going to be the toughest year of your life based on the rules you heard at orientation, but then you found the normal loopholes anyway. The first entrance into the Dissection Hall, the Autopsy room and eventually the OT and LT and the respective descriptions of each by your seniors clearly etched into your mind.

Well, stop for a minute and look back. MBBS is a journey like no other and as we go across this, our perspective plays a massive role in how our college lives eventually shape out to be. Instead of seeing things as per the word of our predecessors or eyeing what could be wrong or upsetting, a positive outlook makes a huge difference. Be it in academia, intrapersonal relationships, friendship, or extracurricular activities. A major reason why Lady Goschen Hospital turned out to be one of my favorite places during my entire UG journey and especially during internship under Unit A. For those who consider or speak of LGH in the light of what most regard it as, and for any upcoming juniors who get posted there, next time you walk down those corridors or take a case in a ward there, think again.

-Dr. Hussein Karim

**As I walked down the dimly lit corridors and pathways,
Learning to find my way around this musty hot maze.
Primed by the word of seniors about every detailed flaw,
in anticipation of which, my expectations lay very low.**

**Lo and behold, the sweat did trickle down my drenched back,
The workload at times made me appreciate hitting the sack.
Over and beyond the shrill voice of an authoritative entity's scream,
Everyone passing the blame parcel in an attempt to let off some steam.**

**A place where everything worked in unison despite being seemingly haywire,
Where hormones escalated with the rapidity of fire.
Where the Nandini canteen came as a saving grace,
Where dirt, sweat and the occasional amniotic fluid covered our face.**

**I saw the face of a lady who had just given birth,
The relief etched across her tired face as I checked the abdominal girth.
A man who was probably a wife beater, drunkard, or who even sells drugs,
Here he was a father, getting his wife fruits and juice and exchanging hugs.**

**I found an area where screams echoed and where blood and fluids earned no surprise,
I saw Mother Nature herself at work to issue to every deserving mother a deserving prize.
I watched my professor aid in bringing life into the world and watched nature take its course,
Gradual and sleek mechanisms where the principle revolved around avoiding any force.**

**I finally managed to see the reality of the place in its true awe and glory,
From the era of Lady Goschen herself, a home and birthplace to many a story.
Try seeing beyond all the cons that corrupt the mind and soul,
You may be surprised to find, even in that little corner of Hampankatta, your heart eventually
become whole.**

-Dr. Hussein Karim



Home Away from Home

Alicia Goh

Hate it or love it, India has become my present, later my past and forever my identity. It is a place where I have grown a great deal - not too much physically, but rather soulfully. My experience of India through a beautiful 4-year-long-and-still-counting-journey has been as incredible as it is marketed to be. I had always known of no regrets when I chose to step foot into the land of which I knew so little of except for its wise Gandhi, majestic Taj Mahal, and hunky Shah-Rukh Khan. All it took for me to settle in was to reciprocate the receptiveness, warmth, and adaptiveness of the Indian culture. Having lived a crucial phase of my life the desi way, here are some of my favourite thoughts and realizations about my charming home away from home - through a five feet, slit-eyed viewpoint.

1. India is huge

A mere fact that continues to expand my horizon, coming from a country in which the mere capital of India would already make up 70% of its total population. Being in the second most populated country in the world would mean observing and reflecting on some of the most jarring juxtapositions of the brilliant and the terrible, the best and the worst, and the beautiful and the ugly in life. This realization also helps me keep my head level during my drop-bys to the frequently crowded local KFC at the mall, where queue cutting inevitably happens. Competition for finger-licking goodness, like competition to survive amongst a billion-strong, is tough.



2. India feeds you more than curry.

I have been foolish, ignorant but mainly deceived by the college hostel in my freshman year. Beyond the mess hall's extravagant 50 shades of yellow-tinted meals (achieved through the kitchen's abuse of turmeric) lies a paradise of Indian culinary delight of which I slowly familiarized myself with over the years. I'm now quite apt at distinguishing between chapati, naan, and paratha and differentiating sambar, dhal, and rasam. Not a bad feat for a chopstick-wielding chick who still insists on tearing up her roti with a fork and spoon. Though it is a given that Malaysia stands as the bomb-diggity food capital of the universe, I must admit that sometimes the meaning of life can be a bowl of fragrant Hyderabad Chicken Biryani. That is, until the disastrous bite of the elaichi kicks in.

3. Grand Theft Auto-Rickshaw

The adrenaline rush when the rickshaw bhैया, a devoted fan of Rajinikanth performs a skilled drift, maneuvering his way through traffic in a way that puts the Batmobile to shame. The paranoia of riding on a crowded public bus and the nauseating overnight journey on the Volvo multi-axle semi-sleeper. The anxious waits at the storied railway stations, the awkwardness of sharing berths with strangers of the same bay in A/C three-tier and the unwillingness to face the horrors of train toilet. The royal feeling of riding pillion on a steady Enfield Bullet, heart racing to the signature thump of the engine, wind in the hair and carefree as a bird. The Indian experience is never complete without riding on the one or more modes of transportation in the country.



4. As masala as it gets.

Not referring to the Masala-flavoured anything and everything here (Thumbs Down for Masala Cola) but rather the true heterogeneity of the country and the richness of its culture. And sometimes, the vastness is a bit too overwhelming for even locals. I overheard college-mates who were proud Northerners, whining about the weather, the food, the language and just about everything else, clearly more culture-shocked than I was. We are all Jon Snows, knowing nothing beyond the confines of home, no matter from the same or different land. Very amusing.

5. The grass is as green as it is anywhere else.

"Why India? You could have chosen somewhere better to study abroad," said everyone back home. It is all about correcting perspective. The grass becomes greener on the other side.



The Medico-Syndrome

Shreya Singh Bhadauriya

THE MEDICO SYNDROME, also known as $46,XX_M$ and $46,XY_M$ (where 'M' denotes medico) is a set of symptoms that occur in a bunch of intellectuals who with their profound interest and hard work manage to enter a medical college. My sample size includes immensely talented, multilingual, multitasking students of Kasturba Medical College, Mangaluru. Often these symptoms may be subtle, and many people do not realize they're affected. The intensity of manifestation of these symptoms vary from person to person. This condition may or may not be inherited from parents to offspring.

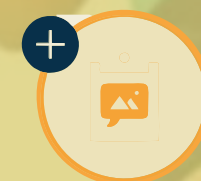
My study is to make your diagnosis easy. As noted and analyzed, here is a list of common signs and symptoms exhibited by the patients suffering from the syndrome. If you appear with a minimum of 4 of these symptoms, you're heading towards being a typical medical student.

001.



- ✗ When casual conversations become case presentations or patient stories.
- ✗ When partying really includes drinking (^water^) like a fish and passing out.

002.



- ✗ When you start having two moods:
Sleeping is for the weak
Sleeping for the week.
- ✗ When writing becomes a race between your hand and mind.

003.



- ✗ When you sleep through a day and into the next day after universities.
- ✗ When you start to describe things by lateral and medial more than right and left side.
- ✗ When conversations with friends pursuing different courses becomes a "who's more stressed and hardworking" battle.
- ✗ When lack of sleep makes you befuddled and act psyched.

004.



- ✗ When friends don't understand your verbal diarrhea while you're intoxicated because all the medical terms stutter out of your mouth.
- ✗ When family and friends call dibs on you for free treatment in the future.

About 70% of these cases are easily detectable by 1st year, further on, the intensity of manifestation of these symptoms may increase or decrease depending on the onset and duration of treatment. Although, there is no cure, but counselling and physical therapy helps.

A heart-to-heart advice to all the wonderful sufferers of THE MEDICO SYNDROME, don't be depressed or disheartened because

"if we go down, then we all go down together".



The Memoirs of A Final Year Student

Meghna Rai
Lady Representative
Student Council 2014 -15



It's hard not to look at them enviously and go back to how, not so long ago, we were in their place. How we came here in 2012, bright eyed and bushy tailed, away from home for the first time, learning the ropes. It was interesting how each person coped with this change. Some people went straight down to business and hit the books. Going as far as ACTUALLY reading the first 19 pages of Cunningham. Some went all out taking part in college events and getting to know their batchmates. Others took to slightly unconventional methods of loosening up- a passing phase for most, a habit that stuck for some (not recommended).



After stumbling and fumbling my way through four and a half years of med school I've finally made it to the other side with my name prefixed, and being the compulsive hoarder that I am, a head full of memories of my time here.

I'm now a part of the lowliest strata of the medical society- an Intern- doomed for a year to be at the receiving end of reproof from everyone around. But at the same time at a privileged position of having the license to make mistakes and learn from them. Interns are basically prehistoric creatures walking amidst the masses of scuttering undergrads. It's easy to spot the undergrads, just look for a group of kids, oblivious to their surroundings in their own happy little bubbles, a couple hundred decibels louder than required.



Holding the post of CR, becoming an entrant into the glorious KMC Lit Club, our oh-so-fabulous Rock 'n' Roll themed freshers, getting a taste of the yearly extravaganza that is Interclass, getting a hang of the basics of medicine, crying like a baby to my super supportive parents before exams, discovering and falling in love with this beautiful little coastal town so different from my bustling Bangalore, this is what my formative first year comprised of.

Second year brought with it clinics which made us feel like real hotshot doctors! We'd sport our steths and strut around wenlock without a clue but with such pride. We've been put in our place by Professors on countless occasions since, initially for missing pallor going on to missing a murmur. Always thrilling nevertheless, reinforcing our belief that we are in the right place doing what we love.

Inter-collegiate fests entailed general compartment journeys that went up to 42 hours with bursting bladders, sleeping on floors, spending days with "legendary" college seniors, monetising our epic dumb charades skills by winning events (who knew that'd be possible?!) and absolutely having the time of our lives!

This proved to be a valuable addition to the CVs we were building to prove ourselves worthy to be a part of the Students' Council. After giving it a lot of thought I went ahead and applied and the year that followed was nothing short of tumultuous. More differences arose than agreements but that's bound to happen when seven strongly opinionated people are asked to build common ground. What I thought would just be a pleasant change turned out to be more of an insight into what different people do with the positions of power handed to them, how the unlikeliest of people rise to the occasion and prove to be invaluable and most importantly, how to stick to your principles and remain unfazed by the attention and arguments.

Before we knew it, our super chill third year had whizzed by and we were catapulted into the grim final year. The year our posting mates became our best friends, the coffee shop outside CL became our hang-out spot, clinics became our priority and academics our lives. And we enjoyed every second of it!

A large part of what defines this experience is the people who enter our lives along the way. The person we became best friends with on day one and stuck through. The roommates who practically became family. The lovely seniors who become mentors for life and lovelier juniors who're there at our beck and call. The friend who is good for an evening chat or a dance at a party but nothing more. The adjacent-roll number friends who've seen us through every exam and viva. The toxic bullies who come disguised as friends but teach you a good lesson of whom to avoid. The people who become so precious to us that even on the worst of days we feel grateful knowing we have them in our lives.

To the years that have brought with it this variety of people. To the years that have given us the opportunity to learn from some of the greats in the profession. To the years that have seen me experiencing intense exam time anxiety and overcoming it. To the years of having had some of the best and worst of experiences. As clichèd as this might sound- I'll carry this with me forever and as Bob Marley said, "Though the road's been rocky, it sure feels good to me"!



Free dinner at any restaurant for one week or no morning class for one week?

I can bunk and make up my attendance later but can't earn a week's meals right now.

Food > sleep!

Does freedom of expression also include the freedom to offend? What about the freedom to get offended?

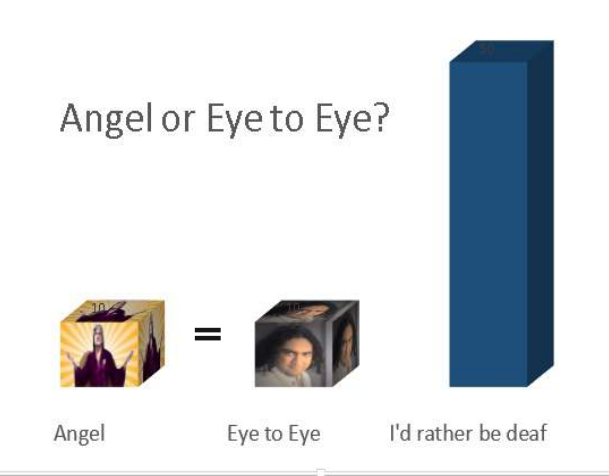
Without freedom to offend , freedom of expression ceases to

KMSPEAKS

BASED ON THE RESULTS FROM THE POLL TAKEN ON A SAMPLE SIZE OF 50-60 STUDENTS. WE DOCUMENTED THE BEST CAMPUS INTERVIEW ANSWERS WE CAME ACROSS.

Why are Indian parents so reluctant to have "the talk" with their kids? How would you go about it?

Because we still consider sex to be a taboo or most of them think it will corrupt their childrens' innocent minds.



In a nation where the majority of the population lives in rural areas that are devoid of connectivity, availability and feasibility has the electronic revolution come too fast?

Yes. Too fast too soon. To make digital India possible, we need to educate the rural community. They need better access to education, to health care facilities. For them, even calling from a basic phone can be a hassle, due to their lack of knowledge. They need to trained adequately. Google has the

Robotics are increasingly being used for surgeries and the likes.

How far do you believe that mechanisation is the future of health care?

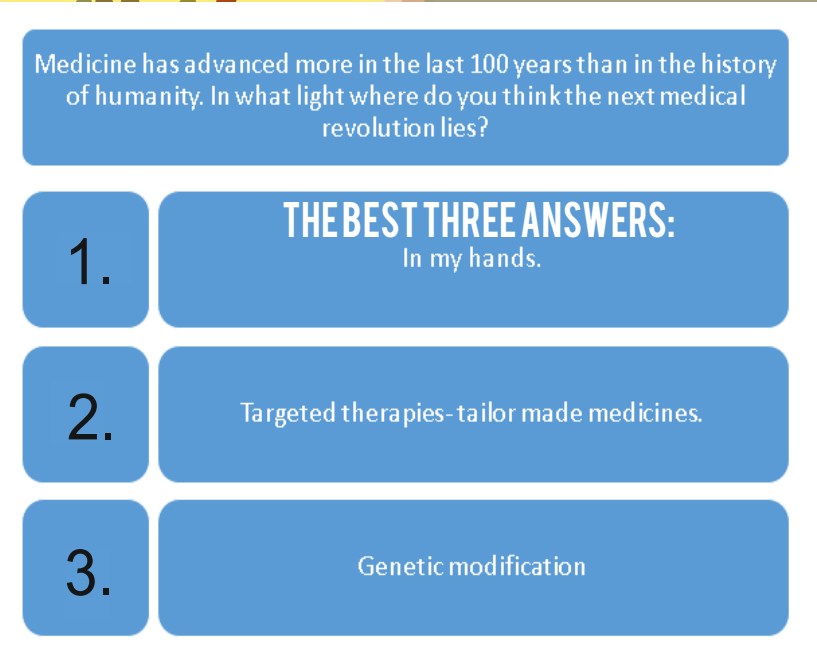
Mechanisation is a technological wonder. However, the combination of mechanics and medicine is still a race against time. Everything has both pain and gain, I hope the minds work

What's the maximum number of proxies you have ever given?

They introduced biometrics because of me.

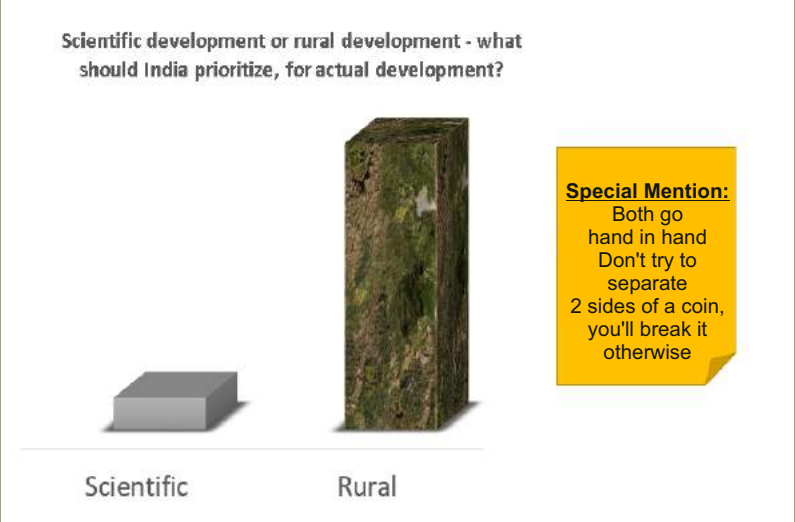
Do you think that robotics is the future of Medicare?

The combination of mechanics and medicine is still a race against time. Everything has both pain and gain, I hope the minds work together to create more gain.



Should the term "feminism" be scrapped, and replaced with a more gender neutral term? After all, it's supposed to be for the benefit of all "Mankind", right?

I don't think so. It doesn't matter what you call it. It will still mean the same. Only a biased person will see feminism and mankind separately.



That carefree life now long gone by
 A hassled future, with its cares lies nigh
 To imagine industry, in times meant for play
 The pressures go up with each passing day
 Ignorance was bliss, I ruefully wish it's return
 But that was the only time, it was okay to be dumb
 Seeing the world, it's wonders, the first time round
 Seemingly a great adventure, eagerness was abound
 Crying for trifles, we'd get what we'd want
 Our mindless laughs, our babbles weren't fitting any font
 But then as we grew, and so did our mind
 The world wasn't easy, or so we would find
 Seeds wouldn't grow into trees in our tummies
 Easter eggs would be from the store not bunnies
 Surprises in the newness of each new day
 Were taken over by this monotony present today
 Responsible for our futures, we'd be forced to push
 Haplessly doubting our worth, we'd forget to doubt the rush
 But fret not you, who thinks they have grown old
 The joyous reliefs are still under the fold
 Over apparent drab environs, which need only a change
 Love that we deserve, all admiration is in range
 Work all that we can, we will make time for play
 No pressures will stop us from enjoying our day
 Newfound feelings, now that we adult
 Smarter that we've become, it'll all be less difficult
 With each bruise borne, we learned how to walk
 These troubles now too, will turn to small talk
 Resilience in our blood, we'll learn to live
 Come at us life, with all you can give!

Relisations of Growing up Danish Ali Sayed

Vasu
 Rajpal

Dastan E Zindagi

Zindagi ke panno par hazaro kisse chappe hai
 Kuch purani yaadein aur kuch naye likhe hai
 Iss sab ke beech is jeevan ka jeevan hai
 Hazaro asliyaton ke beech chand mere sapne hai
 Chalte sabke saath magar phir bhi kahin akele hai
 Zindagi ki iss daur mein andekhe rahe kuch mele hai
 Kya paya aur kya nhn, iska apna ek hisaab hai
 Abhi toh kahin pahuche hee nhn janaab, door abhi khitaab hai
 Dekhta hoon aaj peeche mudkar toh kuch chehre nazar aate hai
 Aankhon se gaalo tak ki raah ko bheega sa chorr jaate hai
 Samay kisi ke liye nhn rukta yeh aaj samajh aaya hai
 Log toh nhn rehte, magar reh jaati unki baatein hai
 Aayine mein khud ko aaj ek naya sa kuch paata hoon
 Bahut kuch paa lia aur abhi bhi bahut kuch chahta hoon
 Apno ke liye kuch kia jaaye toh kya hee zindagi ka swaad ho
 Main duniya ki nahin magar apni nazon mein aasmaan choona chahta hoon

IRRATIONAL
 DEMOGRAPHIC

KMC UNCUT UNTAMED

#candidkmc

A UNIQUE AND INTIMATE GLIMPSE
 INTO THE SECRET LIVES OF THE KMC
 COMMUNITY'S INDIGENOUS WILDLIFE.

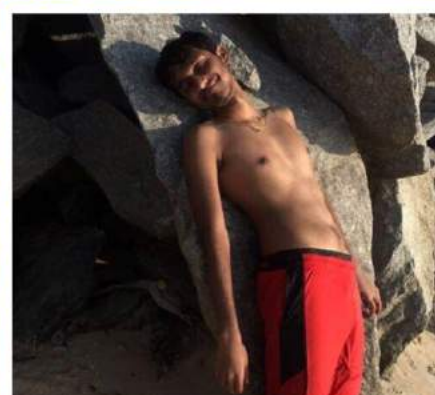
JUNGLE FEVER
 DESERT SAFARI
 UNDERWATER ADVENTURE
 MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINS
 POLAR EXPEDITION
 MUNDANE PLAINS

COMPILED BY
 AHAMEDUNISSA S.
 SIDDHARTH SHANKAR
 NAVIN MALLYA
 ANTON PAULSON

DISCLAIMER : No gorillas were harmed during this shooting



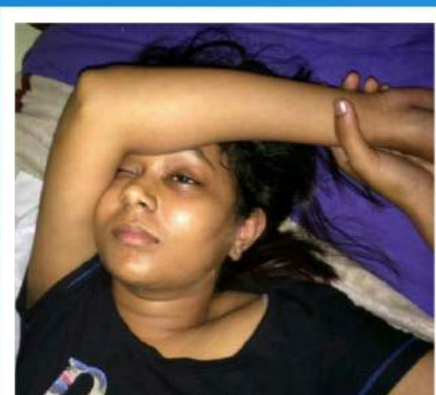
2 mins into netflix and chill and he gives you the look



After you return from the haweli



I don't need anybody to lean on



After Wednesday night at Mojo's



Getting ready for Prince Charming

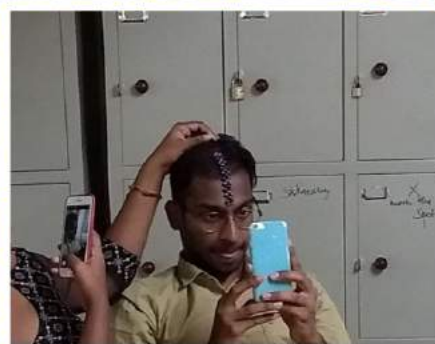


Gluteus so fine, please be mine.



Checking out the 'chick'en on the next table

EXHIBIT 1: "JUNGLEFEVER!!"
THE SAME THEME WE USED FOR
1. SYNERGY
2. DEDICATION PAGE
3. CANDID KMC
4. PLUS WE SWITCHED OVER TO e-MAGS
ONE WOULD THINK OUR BATCH HAS AN ADDICTION TO FORESTS AND NATURE



Ek chutki sindoor ki kimat tum kya jaano



All that basketball, but I couldn't court you

EXHIBIT 2:
DESERT SAFARI

THIS PAGE WOULD PROBABLY MAKE THE EDITOR HOMESICK

#JUSTGELFTHINGS



Mujhko bhi toh lift karadey



Kaveri yaardu?



Kuch toh chakkar hai, Daya?



No dig jokes here



Join the dark side



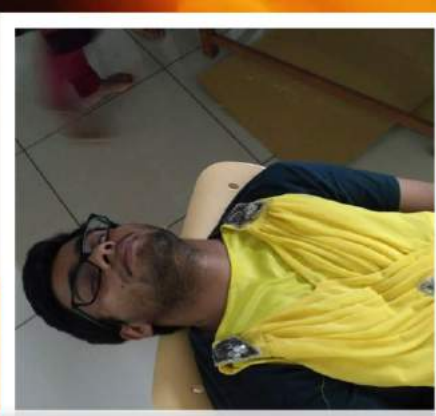
Bade miyaan, chote miyaan



I have the shaka laka give me the boom boom



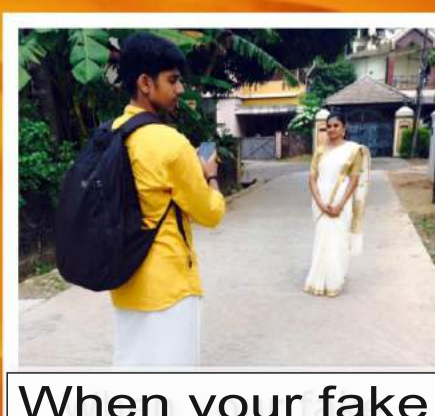
And that's how I met your Mother



When you're beauty and also the beast



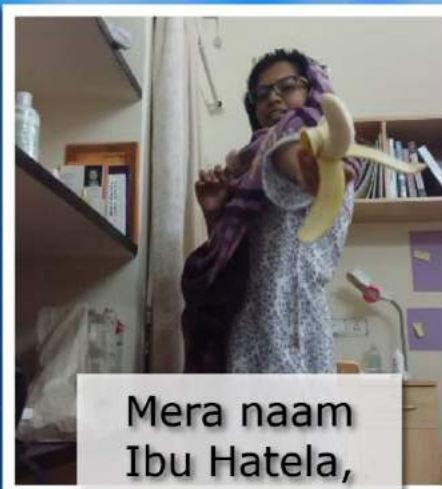
When you wish he too had a moustache



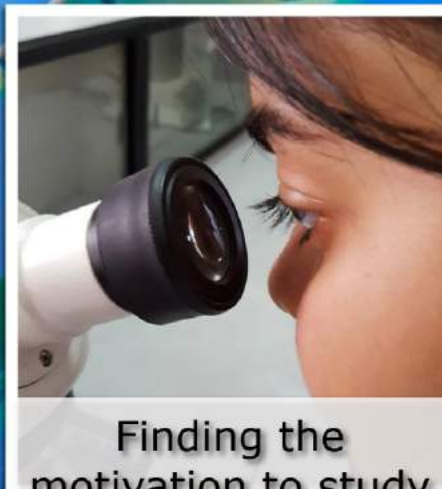
When your fake smile is hurting but he won't click



Isme mera koi haath nahi hai



Mera naam Ibu Hatela, khaayega kela



Finding the motivation to study



Brushing up on Biochem



Pulled the zip up too quickly



The cakes are better in Dubai



What (Who) I did in my gym class

EXHIBIT 3:
UNDERWATER
ADVENTURE::
REMEMBER THE
UPSIDE-DOWN SHARK
THAT FEATURED ON
STAGE FOR
INTERCLASS
BOLLYWOOD GROUP
DANCE?

#THATMISTAKEWASTOTALLYPLANNED



Paneer samajh ke khaa jaa



When you bite into elaichi in biryani

EXHIBIT 4:
MAGNIFICENT
MOUNTAINS

FROM HIMALAYAS
TO HERALAYAS
AND EVERYTHING
IN "THE SPECTRUM"

#WESHOULDPROBABLYLEAVE



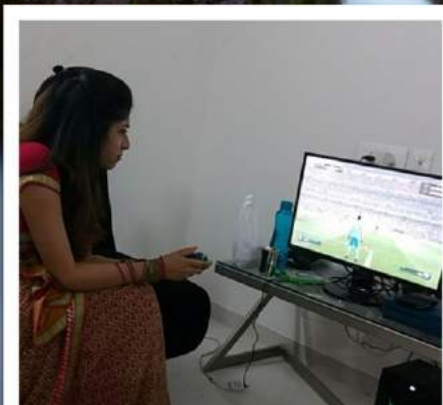
Moral police on Valentine's Day



When you miss 8 am class for 4 days straight



You used to call me on my cellphone



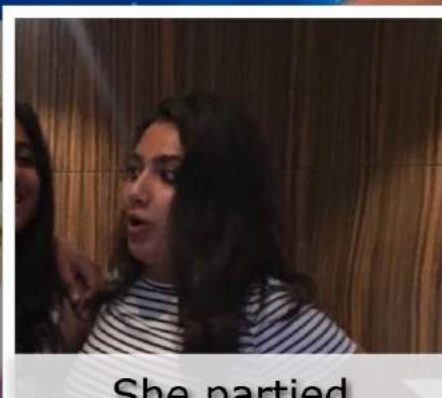
Taking a break from being a housewife



Sab topi pehena ke chale gaye



When you get dinner after karva chauth



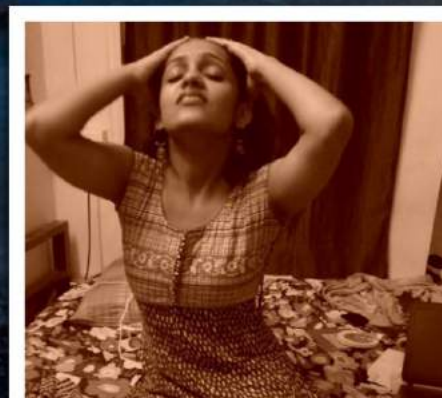
She partied everyday and still got distinction?!



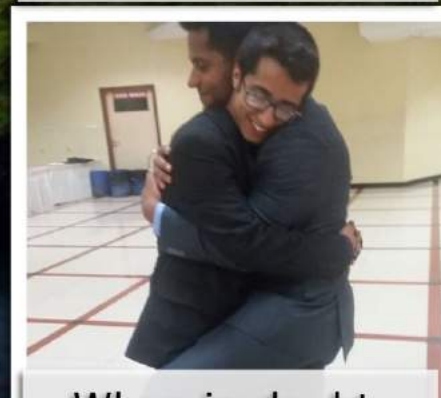
Mine is bigger



Single guys on hostel day



When your alarm tone is tip tip barsa



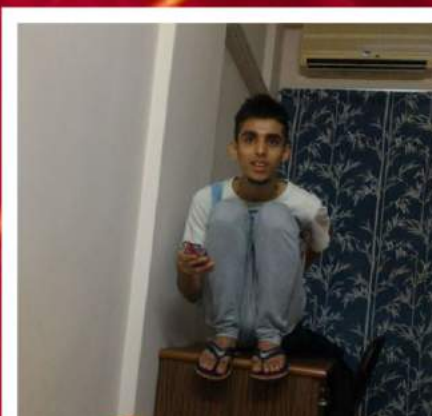
When in doubt, hug it out



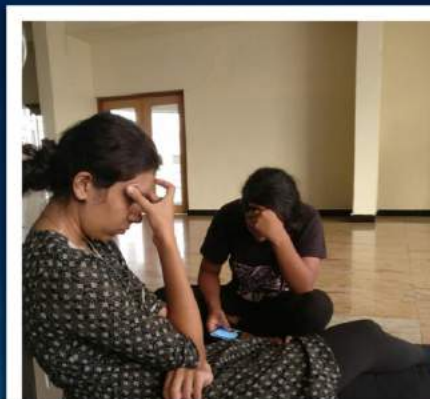
Tu cheese badi hai mast mast



When you realise it wasn't the popcorn you were smelling



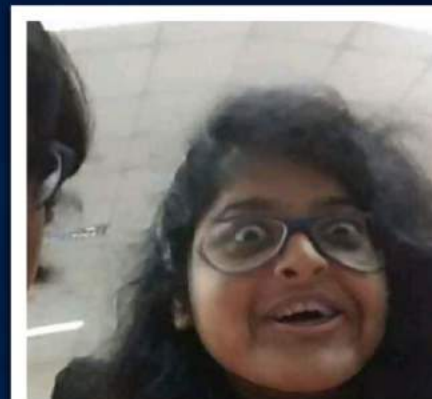
When there's a cockroach on the floor!



When the only thing positive is your pregnancy test



Wait, where does the catheter go?!



When you like what you see



Zara zara touch me

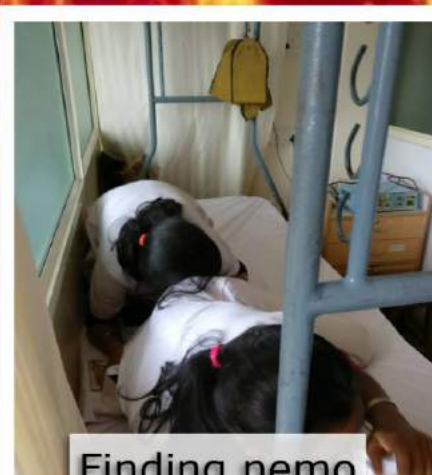
EXHIBIT 5: VOLCANIC FAUNA



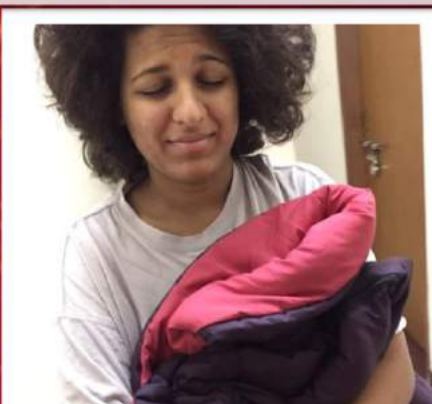
When your thug life has to wait for classes to end



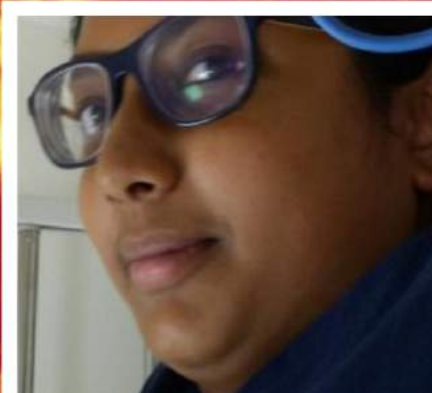
When you take ENT posting too seriously



Finding nemo



When you see ma-linga in the morning



Cash me ousside, How bout dah



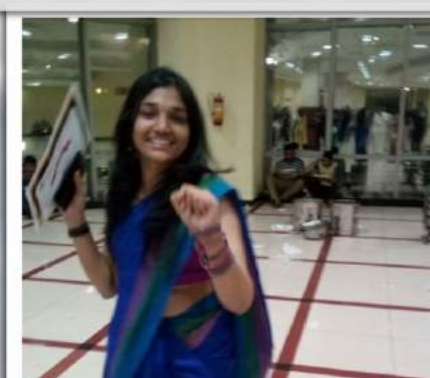
Nuff said



When Unit- A OBG lets you go at 10 am

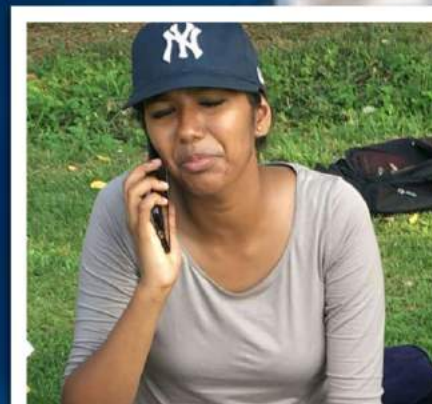


When they accuse you of farting and you know it's true



When you realise Navin is the next president

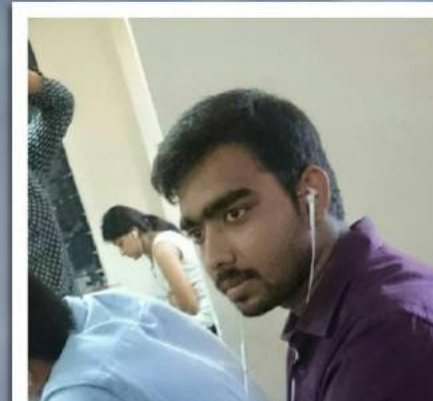
EXHIBIT 6: AVIARY SPECIES



When you get a call for autopsy on sunday



When you find Anna's hair in your daal



When you hear yourself singing



2 Girls
1 Crutch



When he's more of a
clayboy than a playboy



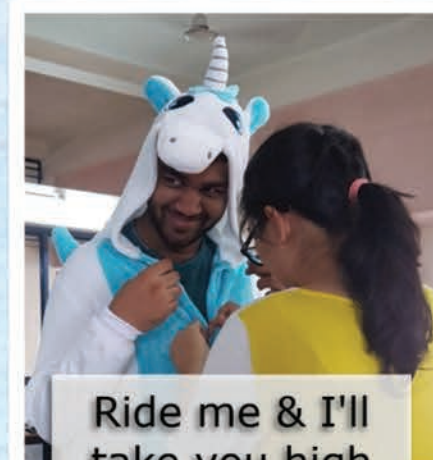
Roses are red, violets
are blue.. Bed udhar
hai aati kya tu



When bae's moving
on, but you don't
wanna move



Is she still there?



Ride me & I'll
take you high



When the couple
next to you starts
doing PDA in class



Forever a-kela

EXHIBIT 7: BEACH ANDPLAIN DWELLERS

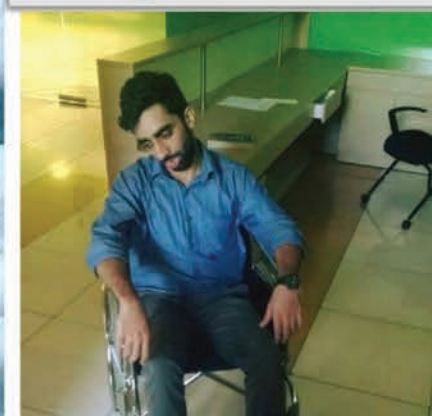


When the beach
makes you wet

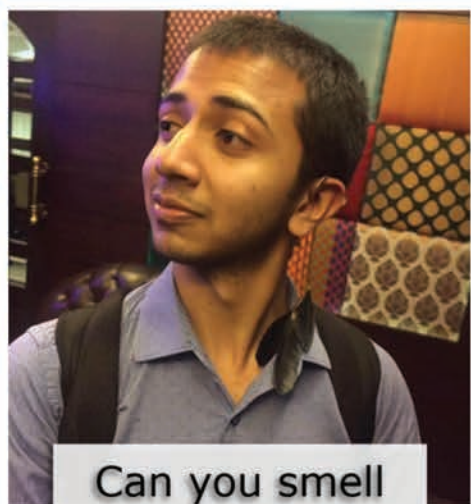


When he's 6 ft tall and
that's all you want

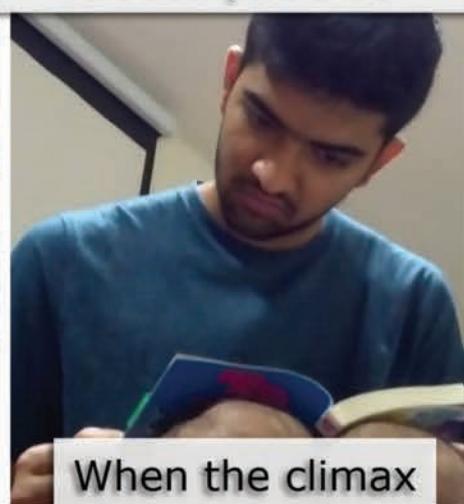
EXHIBIT 8: FROZEN YET FULL OF LIFE



Now do I get to be as
smart as Hawking?



Can you smell
my fart?



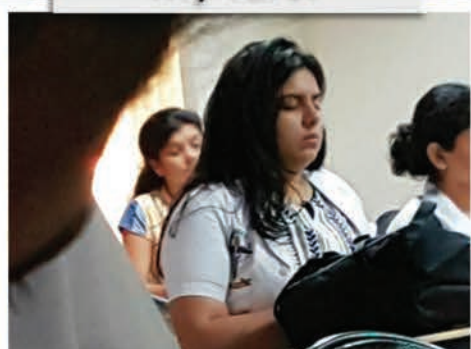
When the climax
disappoints you



What do you mean only
girls can wear it?



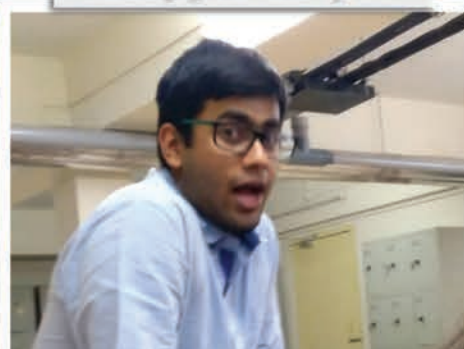
When she's lovin it



When class is going on
and Baba Ramdev's
teaching kicks in



Two extremes when
a hot girl walks by



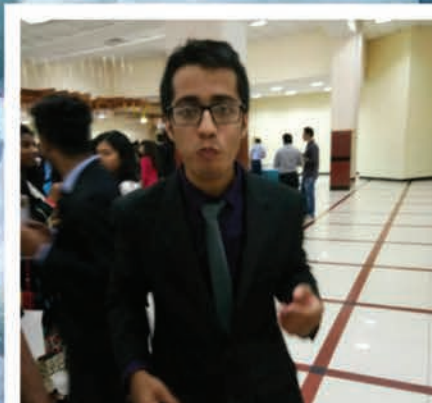
So that's what a girl
looks like!



When 'swordfight'
didn't mean what
they thought



Surface mark
me, baby



candidkmc is my power.
What's yours?

FACE TO FACE WITH NOBEL LAUREATES

#themoreyouknow

On 27 November 1895, Alfred Nobel signed his last will and testament, giving the largest share of his fortune to a series of prizes in Physics, Chemistry, Physiology or Medicine, Literature and Peace - the Nobel Prizes.

I used this golden opportunity to speak to numerous Noble Laureates about socially relevant questions.

1). How do you see INDIA & it's vibrant scientific community?

To which **Venkatraman Ramakrishnan (Nobel Prize in Chemistry 2009)** replied that Indian biomedical researchers have a great opportunity to research on India-specific issues. He urged that with 25 million new students entering the educational ecosystem in India annually, India needs to invest heavily in building educational infrastructure. He also said that microbial pathogenesis, genome, vaccine development are areas India should focus on as there is a lot of scope for meaningful research here.

2). Keeping the current laboratory facilities in INDIA in mind, what all areas of research would you think are feasible in Indian Labs?

India has the potential to become a leader in large science projects globally, given its economic growth rate and strong leadership but it needs heavy investments in Science & Technology.

3).How difficult do you think it is for a researcher from a 3rd world country let's say India to win the Nobel Prize?

Dr. Ada Yonath - Nobel Prize winner in Chemistry 2009 for her discovery of structure of ribosome

"I am an old women from Israel who just had a humble start ,You can't get a better example than me."

I was very lucky to have a one-on-one interaction with both of them for quite a long time, amidst the high security, regarding my idea, as well as their approach of handling team members as a resource in coordinating research projects efficiently. I also had an opportunity to personally interact with **Dr. Goran K. Hanson, Head of Nobel Foundation and Secretary of Nobel Committee for Physiology or Medicine** who happened to chair one of the sessions of Nobel Dialogue where I got to know in his speech that he too is working on "serum biomarkers for atherosclerosis".

Checking my mails at 3 am after a whole night struggle with virues before the 2nd year university came as an adrenaline rush, Much to my surprise, I had received an email from the Dept. of Science & Technology ,Government of India stating that I was selected among top 100 students across INDIA in a nationwide

IDEATHON contest, for my idea on potential early biomarker replacing lipid profile investigation in cardiovascular diseases" under full sponsorship. Skipping the University Practical's, I landed in Gujarat on 9/01/2017 ~ to attend the Nobel Exhibition at Science City, Ahmedabad, where exhibits used by Nobel laureates in their studies from the Nobel Museum, Sweden, were put on display & the best part of the program was getting addressed by none other than PM Narendra Modi saying "Today we are making history by having a galaxy of Nobel laureates in Gujarat.

Our government is committed in improving laboratory infrastructure of the country to tap the research potential of our young citizens & the scientific community , so that not just they improve lives of people globally but also make us proud by bringing home the Next Nobel Prize in coming few years"

Next day was way more exciting "The Nobel Dialogue" at Mahatma Mandir Auditorium,Gandhinagar with panel of 9 Nobel Laureates who discussed and shared their thoughts on 'Basic or Applied Research – Fostering an innovative environment' and 'Local research, global impact: Addressing global challenges'



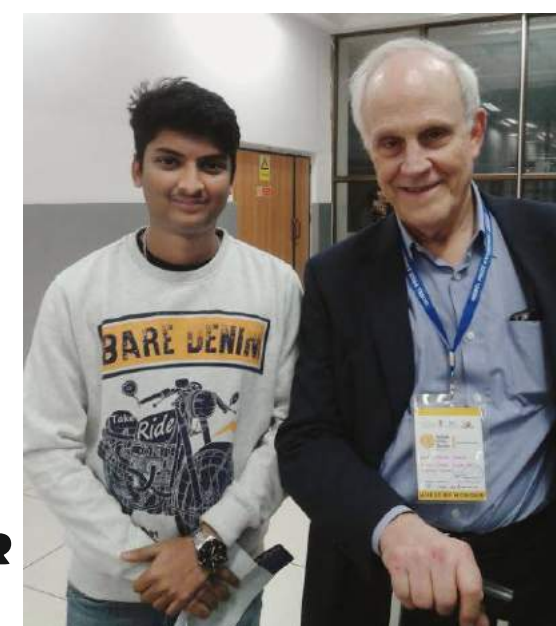
Dr. Ada Yonath - Nobel Prize winner in Chemistry 2009 for her discovery of structure of ribosome



"Currently I am also in a process to create "Global Nobel Series Alumni network" comprising of all the young delegates & mentors from premier Laboratory institutions to make a platform for continuous exchange of ideas, scientific updates & giving wings to our young research ideas."

Dr. Goran K. Hanson, Head of Nobel Foundation and Secretary of Nobel Committee for Physiology or Medicine

- Subham Sarthak



The Chicago Chronicle

Sadhika Sood

It was a cold and windy minus ten degrees outside. He was constantly staring at me, while I stared back at him. I knew what this meant. I took my eyes off him and looked outside the window instead.

Here I was, in a land unknown to me; a land where the Sun hardly came up, where the skies often coughed snow, where people pride themselves on their hardiness and willingness to wear puffy coats from January to April. This was it. This was Sinatra's Chicago, the Land of Lincoln.

I looked back at him – that large anaplastic cell, gazing right at me. The silence of the multi-headed microscope room was broken when the breast pathologist made the final diagnosis, Anaplastic Large Cell Lymphoma.

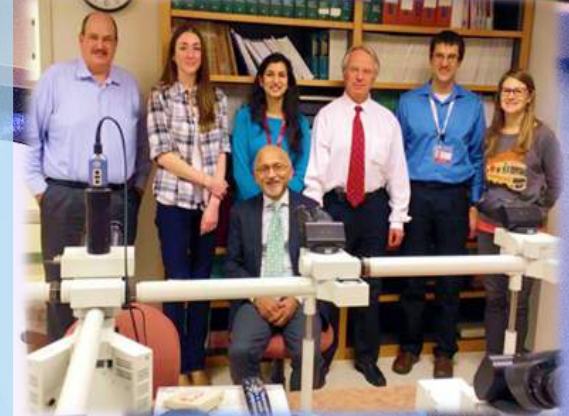
While I walked through the hallways of the University of Chicago Medical Centre, on my way to learn the religion of Cytologists, I still could not believe it. A week back I was in Mangalore, spending my nights reading Robbins – Pathologic Basis of Disease and today I was in the birthplace of that very book.

I spent my time rotating in surgical and clinical pathology seeing various cases, both common and rare; witnessing autopsies, brain cutting sessions, case discussions, grossing, previewing microscopic slides, and attending sign-outs sessions. But my favourite always remained the tumor board meetings where I interacted with clinicians and surgeons while we discussed the most challenging cases of the week. The tumor board meetings gave me a new perspective for approaching cases and showed me the holistic picture of patient care & treatment.

My weekends were mostly spent ticking off things on my bucket list such as attending live theatre performances, visiting the Art Institute of Chicago which celebrates medieval age art to modern art under one roof, and attending the concerto by Chicago Symphony Orchestra. While my body slowly got accustomed to the chilly winds coming from the Upper Peninsula beyond Lake Michigan, the city known to average over 40 inches of snow per winter decided to spare me of its famous yet brutal winter, and underwent a snow drought allowing me to witness only tolerable snowfall.

It truly was an experience of a lifetime, where not only did I learn a holistic approach towards diagnosis and the role of pathology in it but also polished my attitude towards the practice of medicine.

Soaking in the essence of diversity, growth, and knowledge at the University of Chicago, I could taste the elixir of KMC itself which represents the ethos of Manipal University very strongly and exposes us to areas & lands unknown.



Neoplasia

Arjun Tandon

Fine Arts Secretary

Students' Council 2015 - 16

I had just finished my first year,
and there was only one thing I could hear,
to reach the final passing crease,
you'll have to know the Pathologic Basis of Disease

The department of Pathology on the first floor,
welcomed me to the Lighthouse shore,
It's easy to reach and easier to pass,
consider yourself lucky, if you recognize that cancerous mass

After the first lecture, pathology created a sensation,
as I started learning the basics of inflammation,
that time when instead of love, knowledge was in the air,
and I was enlightened about the process of wound repair

All slides looked alike under that microscope,
as I struggled in the lab with the supreme hope,
that one day there will surely come an instant,
when I'll be able to differentiate benign from malignant

Then came the night before the 3rd sem exam,
when I finally realized Robbin's is a scam,
when the index tells you've 500 pages to read,
short-cut guide book is the only thing you need

On seeing the question paper, I recollected my sins,
as my eyes wandered around searching for my kins,
and then the notice board became a molester,
as my rollercoaster ride reached the 4th semester

It was just when I discovered how blood becomes static,
Pathology took its turn, general became systematic,

I finally mugged up the definition of edema,
when the professor asked me the types of emphysema

I promised myself, I'll master the respiratory diseases,
but soon comes a time, when your focus ceases,

By the time I got accustomed to rhinitis,
the lectures were revolving around ulcerative colitis

Before I could realize Goodpasture is not a mexican singer
jumping around came the 4th sem exams ringer
1000 pages to read, Robbin's the toughest quest,
I decided to send Dr. Harsh Mohan a friend request

Next day in the examination hall, the invigilator gave me a smile,
the question paper appeared to be longer than the Nile,
the afternoon hours had already got me in a state of hypnosis,
and I had no clue about the definition of cirrhosis

5th semester has now begun and I've made a resolution,
Pathology is a solvent, Robbin's the only solution,
I hope till the universities I finally get a clue,
not everything I've read before again appears new

To Drought or Not

Vinayak Saran

Sun, rain, the beach and sweat. Long ago the four elements lived together in harmony. But everything changed when the sun attacked. Only a proper weather pattern, harmonizing all four elements could stop it. But when Mangalore needed it the most, it vanished. A hundred memories have passed and my colleagues and I have rediscovered a new hope, a skill named "making do". And although it's 'awakening' skills are great, it had a lot to spread before it is ready to save anyone. But I believe, that we can save the city.

That's a decent way to start, don't you think? Something nostalgic... With a little twist to suit the topic at hand. A lot of 'good' orators do that; so I thought, why not? Well, since this is the first time I've written an article (as you will probably realize in the next few lines), I intend to write about something that affects us right here, right now. Yeah, it's the entire hostel community drowning in worry over the flood of problems arising due to no potable water around this time last year, resulting in a wave of complaints and an ocean of disappointment, complicated by a shower of factors, like improper water storage. Add to that the steady stream of bad news regarding nearby water sources drying up, and you have the perfect recipe for disaster. At least in the most basic way. Memory makes no mistake while recounting the troubled times of then, the last few days in here. Kapprigudda had never been so dry before, in both senses. The mess began to sell bottled water, stopped supplying water to even the mess sink, and guess what; no more steel jugs full of water. Juice lovers did not have a great time either, and finally our loyal Marena was the first one to get pulled out. The central library managed a few days, before we saw the life of it ebb away. Watching ancient monuments like City Center and Forum fiza run out of the holy transparency was no fun either. Hopefully the hospitals were getting enough. Historians report an unrelated rise in sales of deodorants, too. Wonder where those went.

Okay, so what really happens is simple, right? We've been taught this fact since fourth grade. A coastal place like Mangalore, which is also closer to the equator will have a hotter and a more humid climate. (Not a fact - our body adapts well to limited changing environments and climates. Also, it's not much of a debate when even the locals complain of the humidity!) But also, being near the coast, it has one of the most luscious monsoons. Ask the locals; they tell stories from an era forgotten. Four days of continuous rain, not even a ten minute break? People having to shift their homegrown plants inside the house due to the excess rains? Entire schools and coaching centres pausing for those days due to this minor display of nature's power? Only in Mangalore. But none of this leads to water logging, befuddling traffic, or a city wide standstill. And yet mere absence of this very trivial onslaught brings the city to its knees. Because Mangalore prepared well for the annual cloudburst, but not for the occasional dry-up. But can you blame them? Few people apart from conspiracy theorists ever predicted this. Even when they did, most data and statistics went against their gut instincts. That leads to no real work being done in that field.

But the one thing that we students are really concerned about, and this is the brutal truth, are the drought vacations. Sure, the farmer might be suffering, the hospital might be desperate, the private water supplier might be head over heels; the only thing that bothers the average hostelite is the duration of the vacation. And this is where the controversy begins, because everyone wants the vacations; we want to come back to the same normal schedule we had. And we want to be told way in advance about all of it. Reality smacks us right in the face by stepping on all of these hopes one by one. And that is why the drought holidays are great, but not so at the same time. All this talk about the vacations and why they might not be great. Why they might not be as satisfying as we expect. And yet, we need them. Because come on. Give us one guilt-free trip back home, if only to meet Ma.

ഒരു പ്രകൃതന്റെ ചിന്തകൾ

Shreya Shenoy

വിജനവീഥികളിൽ വലയുംപോൾ
വ്യാജമായ മനസ്സിൽ കടന്നു വരുന്ന
ചിന്തകൾ.

അസ്തമിക്കുന്ന സൂര്യനെ
കൺകുളിർകെ കാണുമ്പോഴും
കഥപറയുന്ന ആകാശവീഥികളെ
തുലാസുകൊണ്ട് അളക്കുമ്പോഴും
പച്ചപ്പു നിറഞ്ഞ പുഴയോരങ്ങളിലൂടെ
സഞ്ചരിക്കുമ്പോഴും
മനസ്സിൽ നിറയുന്ന
ചിന്തകൾ.

ഇക്കാലത്ത്
ആലോചിക്കാൻ കഴിയുന്നതിൽ പരം
മാറ്റങ്ങളെ കാണുമ്പോൾ
ശല്യം ചെയ്യുന്ന
ചിന്തകൾ.

പുകുതി
ശാന്തതയിൽ നിന്ന് ഭീകരതയിലേക്ക്
മാറുമ്പോഴും
ഹരിത ഭൂമിയുടെ നിറം
മങ്ങുമ്പോഴും
ആകാശം കരയാൻ
മറക്കുമ്പോഴും
എന്റെ മനസ്സിനെ തൊട്ടു നീങ്ങുന്ന
ചോദ്യങ്ങൾ.

ഉത്തരം മുട്ടി നിൽക്കുന്ന കുട്ടികളെ
പോലെ
നോക്കി നിൽക്കുന്ന
മനുഷ്യനും.
ഇതിനെല്ലാം കാരണങ്ങൾ
എന്ത്?

ഉത്തരവാദികൾ
ആര്?
പരിഹാരം എവിടെ?
ഓരോ ചോദ്യം ചെവികളിൽ
മുഴങ്ങുമ്പോഴും
ഓരോ ദൃശ്യം കണ്ണുകളിൽ
പതയുമ്പോഴും
പല കഥകൾ
കേൾക്കുമ്പോഴും
കുത്തുന്ന വേദനകൾ.
ഇവയെല്ലാം സമാധാനിപ്പിക്കാൻ
വാക്കുകൾ ഇല്ലാത്ത
ഈ ഞാനും.

പുരോഗമനം എന്നും
നവീകരണം എന്നും
ആധുനികരണം എന്നും
വിളിച്ച് മാനവൻ വിളിച്ച് വരുത്തുന്ന
ദുരന്തം.

സമാധാനം കണ്ടെത്താൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്നവരെ
ദ്രോഹികളാക്കുന്ന ഈ സമാജം
എന്ന് അറിയും?
അമ്മയുടെ സ്നേഹം തരുന്ന
പുകുതിയുടെ രൂപം
എന്ന് കാണും?
കാലത്തിന്റെ പോക്കിനെ
എന്ന് തടയും?

ചോദ്യചിഹ്നത്തിന്റെ മുൻപിൽ
തലകുനിക്കുന്ന പ്രാണികളും.
ആശാകിരണങ്ങളെ കാത്ത്
കരയരികിൽ നിൽക്കെ
നിഴലുകളെ പോലെ
കൂടെ വരുന്ന
എന്റെ ചിന്തകൾ
അർത്ഥവത്തല്ലേ?
ഈ ആവിശ്യം
അറിയുന്നില്ലേ?

ഇന്നും ഹരിതപുരിതയായ
മഴമേഘങ്ങളുടെ വാഹിനിയാ
മനോഹരിതയുടെ ദേവിയായ
ശാന്തിയും സമാധാനവും
പകരുന്ന
ഒരു പ്രകൃതിയെ സ്വപ്നം കണ്ടു
ഞാൻ പ്രവർത്തിക്കുന്നു.
നിങ്ങൾ കൂടെയുണ്ടോ?

#translated

A malayalam poem that paints two parallel storylines, first with the disintegration of the nature around us, and second, the death of our childhood and happiness in life, as we step into adulthood, both following the same pattern.

Temple of Thought

Shataadru Seth

Magazine Editor,
Student Council 2015 - 16

Standing before a barred gate, at the crack of dawn,
The sentries there glare at you, their compassion, completely gone.
All this pomp and show coupled with hard work's fair share,
All for the man of the house, who I'm afraid, isn't there.

You've booked an appointment with him, days in advance,
Not your eagerness, but your resources have bought you a chance.
But little do you know that the deal you've made isn't remotely fair,
Because they who've booked your meet with him don't know that he isn't there.

The gates screech open and you scuttle in, shoving through the crowd,
Your toes get trampled by grimy feet but your head stands high and proud,
You peep, peak, look and search inside the owner's lair,
You ignore the possibility, that probably, he isn't there.

The sea of human heads knows no patience as it storms ahead,
Painting a circus with saffron hues out of the owner's homestead,
His caretaker ushers you in, and spreads out his lucrative ware,
Distracted by the glitter, you do not realise that he isn't there.

You proudly march on your way home, full of complacence,
Proud of the vermilion on your head and your hands that smell of incense,
You have experienced a meeting which is open to a fortunate few,
As you leave, from a distance with sorry eyes he watches you.

He watches you from the beggar's heart who you ignored at the gate,
From the limping dog on the street who was left to its own fate,
From the porter's eyes to whom you denied a reasonable fare,
He watches you from places you'd least expect him to be there.

He watches you from the conscience of an emotionally tortured child,
From the teary eyes of a wounded tiger that you shot in the wild,
From the hearts of aged people who are helpless without your care,
But you're busy invoking him within walls where he isn't there.

All men have some innate good buried deep inside,
Coated with layers of materialism, conceit, ego and pride,
While you sit cross legged before his 'house', patronising ritualistic art,
God is struggling to find the good in you, to thrive inside your heart.

Pause

Rohit Bavihalli

Someone once hit "Play".
And ever since, we all kept going,
Not knowing where. No idea why.
We just kept going.

The incessant action had set in friction.
Friction that destroyed a lot.
First the innocence, and then the childhood.
Imagination, freedom and humanity followed.
Meanwhile, we all kept going and reached adulthood.

Success was set as the goal and death the due date.
Deadlines and incentives were the driving forces.
Now with an apparent vision we started going faster.
Emotions and sentiments now became hurdles.
Mediocracy was now a crime.
Meanwhile, we all kept going. Reached old age.

Now, the due date was near.
A lot of deadlines had been met and a lot of incentives received.
A few more steps and we would be successful.
Few more steps later, we were successful.
We had done it, reached the goal.
The ones behind, looked up to us, the ones around, adored us.
Meanwhile, we kept going.

No deadlines to meet. No incentives to offer.
It is no more a competition.
Aimless and tired, we pause for a while.
We look around and we know that we have lost our way.
It's evident that success is not the "right goal".
It is not about the success we say to each other.

A child comes around and asks "What is it about?".
We have no clue.
We decide to let the child explore.
We hit the play with a piece of advice.
Once in a while "Hit the pause" we say.



Winner of the online poetry
competition
"The Weekly Poet" Issue #3

Background Photo taken from
'Deviate' by J.A. Apurva

ON ACCOUNT OF WORLD HEALTH DAY : DEPRESSION, ON 7TH APRIL 2017
WE AS THE EDITORIAL BOARD 2016-17 DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME FOR US TO SIT DOWN AND TALK.
WE CLEARLY KNOW THAT THIS ARTICLE IS HUGE, LOOKS BORING AND MAKES YOU WANT TO SKIP TO THE NEXT PAGE.
BUT WE HIGHLY RECOMMEND YOU TO PATIENTLY READ IT BEFORE YOU MOVE FORWARD.

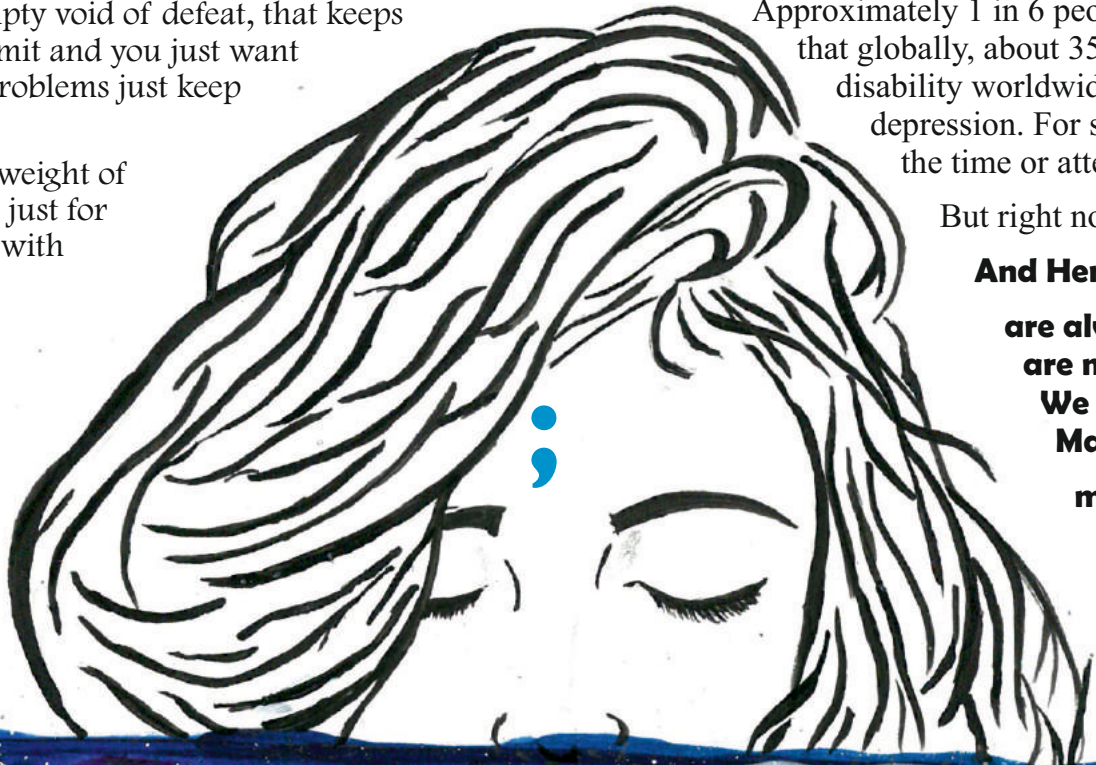
13 REASONS WHY...

“Cheer up, man!”, “It's all in your head”. “Just, get over it!”. Did you ever say any of these phrases to anyone? Did you think twice before saying it out loud? Either way, I want you to read this article. Try and understand this demon lurking amongst us, its' potential, and what it can do to a person.

Depression isn't just "Monday morning blues" that extends for a few days. Depression, feels like emptiness. Exhaustion. You feel tired at trying so hard to solve life's many tragic obstacles with no visible result, that you lose hope for happiness. You feel no emotion, not happy, not sad. Just an empty void of defeat, that keeps growing inside you. You reach a point where you've reached your mind's limit and you just want everything to just STOP! But it doesn't. The world keeps going on, and the problems just keep getting worse.

Depression makes you feel like you're crumbling to pieces, under the sheer weight of your own existence. It makes you want to apologise to everyone around you just for the very space you occupy. Depression is being stuck in a dark empty room with no escape, and the only sounds you can hear are the echoes of your own thoughts. Sometimes it's a continuous cascade of overwhelming emotions, you wish that your brain would stop thinking and feeling so much. And the other times? You're just empty. You don't move, you don't feel. It's as if you're not good enough for anything, even the things you know you're the best at. You believe that you can never be happy again, never be loved, even when you know that it's not true.

This is not something rare, this is real and this might happen to anyone around you. And they're probably hesitating to tell you, because it's hard for them to open up and tell you that they feel broken without feeling judged, and needy. They feel like nobody really cares anyways and are faking empathy. So they keep to themselves.



It is also important to highlight that being sad for some time is not equal to being "depressed". Maybe your mood has been down for the past two days because you didn't perform well in a recent test or because your favourite character from a TV show died (McDreamy Alert!). This is feeling "sad". Not depressed. Depression is NOT something you can diagnose yourself with. Medicine textbooks state that, Upto 6 weeks is subclinical sadness, while more than 6 weeks is depression.

Approximately 1 in 6 people experience depression at some point in their lives. It is estimated that globally, about 350 million people suffer from depression. It is the leading cause of disability worldwide, and about 50% of the suicides are committed by people who have depression. For something as widespread and devastating as this, we barely give it the time or attention it deserves.

But right now it's time to talk. To understand. To be there.

And Hence, We as the Editorial Board 2016 - 17
are always here to talk out any problems that you are facing , we
are more than willing to help you with studies.
We will guide you to the respective help-lines that KMC,
Mangaluru provide, to ensure that you take healthy steps in
maintaining proper Mental well-being.

Feel free to talk to any one of the members from the Editorial Board 2016 - 17 for any help in any way possible

- VARSHA CHINTA

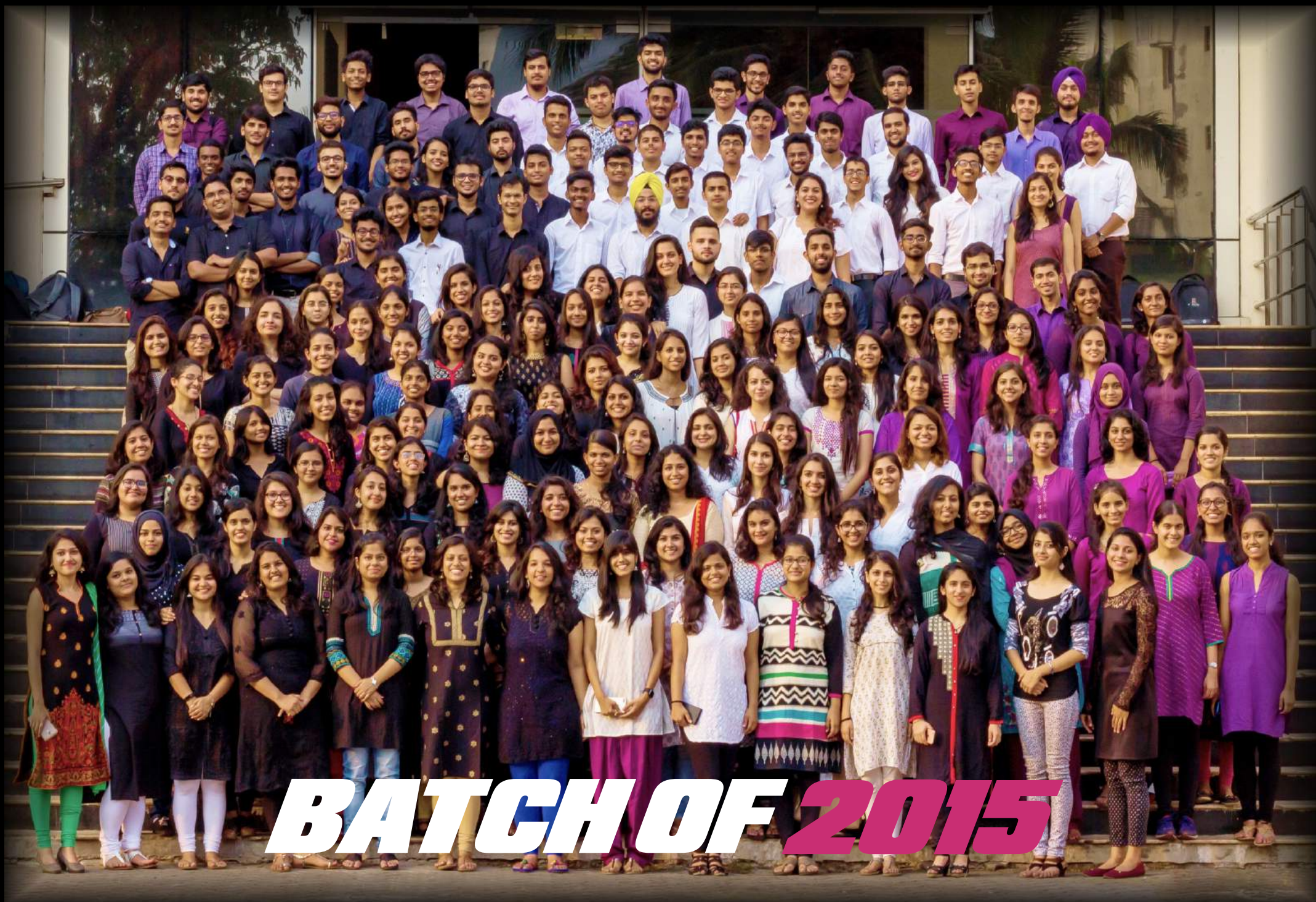
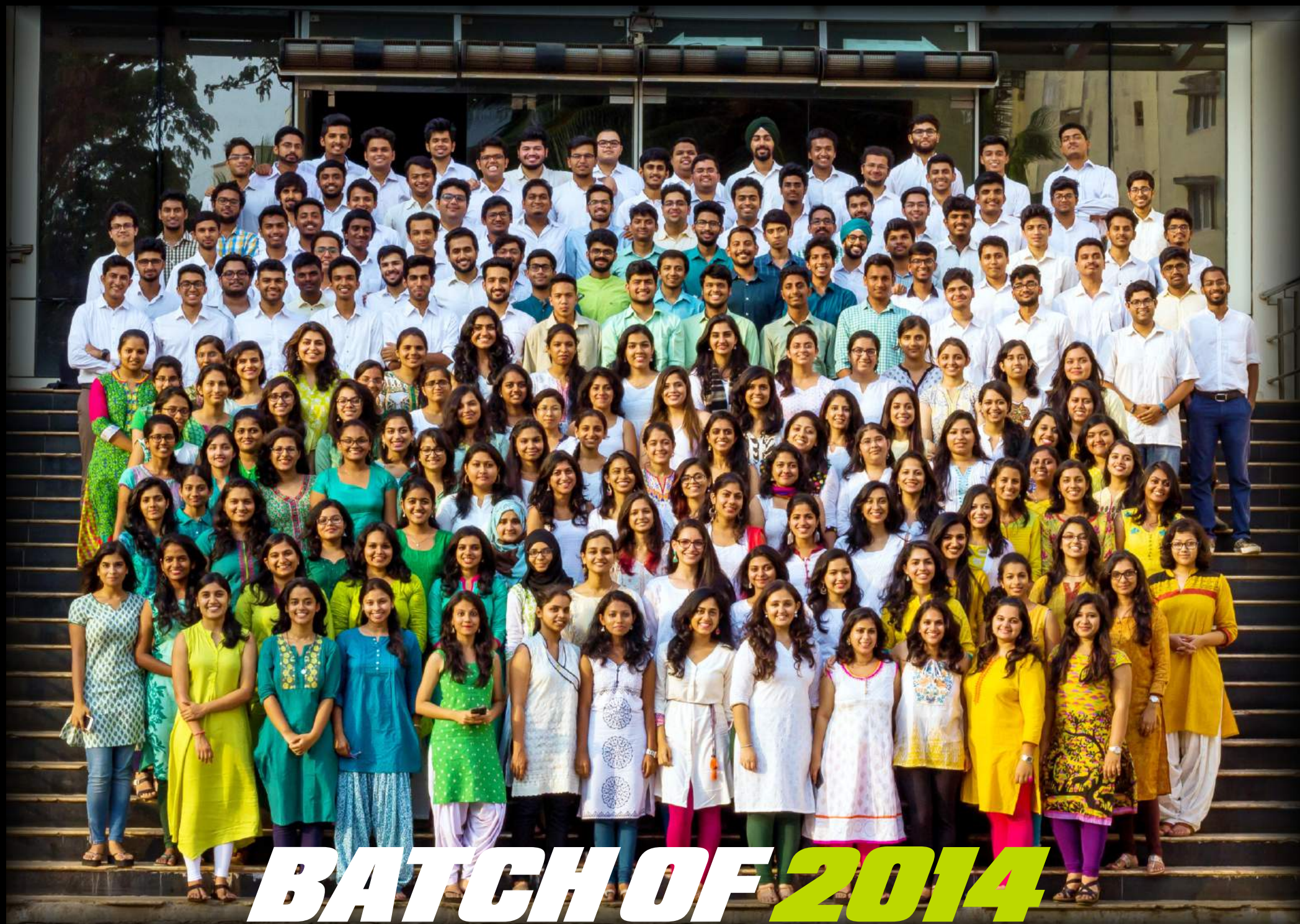
- 1) Understand that there is always more than what meets the eye. You think you get what they're going through but trust me, you don't. Not unless you have experienced it firsthand.
- 2) When someone who loves you, tells you that they're going through something like this, they are sitting in front of you, cold, naked, and vulnerable. Acknowledge them. They aren't seeking attention, they're doing this because they trust you enough to let you know. Don't hear them out just to give advice. LISTEN to them. Because they would've mustered a lot of courage to show you the scars they dread the most. Try to understand. Try.
- 3) If you see someone getting worse, help them get professional assistance. Be with them.
- 4) Assure and re-assure them that it is not a sign of weakness, that it is not a character flaw.
- 5) Rationally, they know you love them, even with their anxiety and depression. But anxiety and depression are not rational. Little acts of reassurance that show them that you love them, and are not getting sick of them, will make sure they don't build up the anger and insecurity inside of themselves.
- 6) Be patient. On some days it may seem like they've forgotten all the things you've previously told them, and that all the progress you've made over time means nothing now, like you're back to square one. Don't lose it at times like this. Understand that it is probably a bad day. Be calm and repeat yourself.
- 7) Don't hold their condition responsible for everything they say or do.

- 8) No matter how deep the pit is, you CAN get out of it. But first, you have to start. Take that first step, acknowledge your issue. Don't brush it aside. Don't say “I'm fine. People have it worse than I do.” Face your problem – that's half the solution.
- 9) You don't have to do this alone. It's OK to ask for help. TALK to someone- your best friend, your mother, your brother. Tell them how you feel. You think they might not get you, but most of the times, they will. And even if they don't, they will try their best to help you. Opening up for the first time is definitely the hardest, but once you do it, you will thank yourself for it.
- 10) Try to be rational. If you think you're getting worse, seek professional help. Do not self-diagnose. You think therapy might not work for you, but they are trained professionals and will help you come to terms with your condition. Over time, it won't be as hard.
- 11) Remind yourself that it's NOT your fault. I know there will be times when all you can see is how everything is your fault, how everyone is messed up because of you, what a huge failure you are. At those times remind yourself that it's not you. It's your anxiety that's talking. Track your thoughts. Ask yourself - would you say the same things to your best friend? If your answer is no, then don't say it to yourself either.
- 12) There will be bad days, when this demon in your head will make you feel like there's no point of existence. Moments when you will just want to give everything up and just be done with it. Remember that these suicidal thoughts are just momentary. No matter how bad you think things are, NOTHING is worth ending it all. Distract yourself. Go out for a jog. Call someone. Just stop thinking about it. The moment will pass. You will be fine.
- 13) Eat properly. Don't starve yourself out, or binge eat one whole ice-cream tub (it's tempting, I know, but still), it will only make things worse.

MENTORS OF **KMC** MANGALURU



BATCH OF 2013





BATCH OF 2016



BATCH OF A.H.S.

RENEGADE

AHANABOSE

Some cause happiness wherever they go ;others whenever they go.

Questions are never indiscreet, answers sometimes are.

Scandal is gossip made tedious by morality.

Whenever man does a thoroughly stupid thing,it is always from the noblest motives.

There is no sin except stupidity.

Every saint has a past and every sinner has a future.

We are all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars..."

The final buzzer of the day echoed through the corridors of Hexton county prison and the lights went out. The hue and cry for the day settled to a hum and gradually waned to silent sobs or content snores. I stealthily crossed to sit in the patch of moonlight straying in through a hole in the pitch darkness of the dungeon. I had managed to evade this question all day, but I was trapped in my own thoughts now, "How did a legitimate journalist like me land up in prison?" I slowly started running the sequence of events from a fortnight ago.

"But Mr.Polavo, I witnessed every single detail I've documented in this article. This piece of paper holds nothing but the truth going on in that asylum. Isn't that why you sent me anyway? To review the place?"

"A good review, not dirt! Becky, you've gone too far this time. FEIGNING INSANITY! Christ! I'd bet you're actually crazy."

"The validation of my sanity may well be dependent on labeling the other insane. It's a whole corrupted system running there. Right from the psychiatrist at the Mercy Hospital who's receiving a commission for sending patients to their Psychiatric Institution to the Health commission inspector who has consistently given an excellent review despite the appalling state of affairs. Don't even get me started on the kind of abuse the patients are facing. How can we turn a blind eye to all this now that we have proof?"

"WE? PROOF? PUH! My delusional little girl, let me make one thing very clear. This piece of information in your hand will never make its way to my paper. Mr. Mercy is a very big sponsor for "EXPOSED" and I wouldn't print anything to mar his reputation. So forget any of this happened and I don't want you loitering outside my office with any of this or I'll be forced to take strict..." "Say no more. I quit." I had stormed out of the office convulsing with rage.

The gory secrets of Mercy. How ironical! I looked at the picture of the hospital. What went on inside was well concealed by masked nurses capped in white, as well as bolts and bars from the scrutiny of the public. No one would believe a schizophrenic with tactile hallucinations if they said there were rats, lizards, cockroaches and spiders infesting every dingy room.

The pretty girl with amnesia cried with pain and bleeding from her uterus every other morning not being able to recall what happened the night before. The security guard outside her cell remained unmoved only to commit the same heinous crime again. The nurses would have a good laugh in turns to mess with the woman in the corner room who had landed in the asylum because she fancied all other men but her husband and had obsessive compulsive tendencies towards them. They advised her to make passes at the good looking doctor who came on Wednesdays. After a certain point even I'd chosen to ignore the shrieks and cries from the paediatric wing where the children were thrashed ruthlessly when they defied orders. Sometimes when anaesthetics weren't available the nurses would inject high doses of morphine. There was a man who kept begging all night for a drop of water after the injection but no one gave any heed. In the one week that I was in the asylum, I remember being sprayed water through the bars of the cell like a vehicle in a car wash as an option for bathing. The apples, raisins and grapes which the attendants flaunted & stuffed in their mouths never managed to reach our tables. I had to let the world know, even if it meant publishing anonymously. Mr. Mercy filed a sedition case against me the day the rival press "Hexton Times" published my article.

None other than Mr.Polavo had actively contributed to exposing my identity. The police arrest, the journey, and the procedures to my final containment in this dungeon were only a blur after that.

My hearing was due tomorrow and I needed to be fresh and alert. My lawyer seemed pretty confident and I knew I could prove my innocence. With hope and courage in my heart, I decided to call it a night. Little did I know the horrors that were awaiting the next morning.

I shall spare you the details of the tedious court trial because I'm afraid I might end up in tears. I am on my way back from court now not to return to the comforts of home but to dwell in the terrors of Mercy Psychiatric Hospital. Mr.Polavo and Mr.Mercy cunningly manipulated my records in the hospital to convince the judge that I was truly insane. Mr.Polavo admitted to getting me out from there but he described our confrontation as violent and aggressive behavior. None like he'd ever seen before.

My family history of bipolar only made matters more suspicious. After a coerced evaluation, I was labelled as mentally unstable and doomed to live in the asylum. I had spoken for those who couldn't defend themselves so they tried to suppress my voice. Such is the power of political abuse of psychiatry. "But what is done, cannot be undone." My voice had reached places beyond their circle of influence.

Journalists from all over protested and urged the need for an independent committee to run an unbiased investigation into the Institution and demanded a fair trial. After a year of abuse, torture, apathy and disdain I was released a free soul, all the more determined to fight for the cause. The 8 million fine slapped on the hospital, handover in administration, Mr Mercy's hair turning grey with worry and the corrupt health officials getting sacked were only icing to the cake.

I am free but my fellow mates in the hospital are trapped and deceived by their own mind. They do not understand the intricacies of day to day interaction but they have beautiful minds. Their active imagination flows with the melody of music, poetry and lores. They ache to return home to their loved ones promising to never be a bad son, daughter, husband or wife again. Do you know what a sensation it is when a letter is delivered at the premises? Your sympathy might do no good, but your silence and indifference devours their spirit as much as their disease. So let's shatter the stigma , mend the mind. Label jars, not people.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION

WINNERS FOR
RENEGADE '17



SECOND PLACE IN
RENEGADE '17 PHOTOGRAPHY
COMPETITION

J. A. APURVA



AMRIT DAS

FIRST PLACE IN
RENEGADE '17
PHOTOGRAPHY
COMPETITION

THIRD PLACE IN
RENEGADE '17 PHOTOGRAPHY
COMPETITION

ALOK JINDAL





Winner of the 'Picturesque Photography Competition'

Amrit Das



Rizana Riyaz



Alexe Rajan



J.A. Apurva



Jigyasa Sharma



Navjot Singh Dhillon



Ria Mukherjee



Koyel Paul



Ajay Vishnu



As the sun blazed on the Surgery Dept. in GWH, the only thing shining brighter was the smile on Dr. B. M. Nayak's ever jolly visage. We sat down for a tete-a-tete with KMC's very own Mo Farrah to find out what makes him tick.

1. Sir, how come you took up running at the age of 56?

At the age of 55 years and 6 months, I went to the gym to lose the central tire (of fat). I worked out for one year. My gym trainer then told me to start running. I was 56 and a half years when I saw Mangala stadium for the first time in my life. I saw the stadium, and I ran 10 laps on the very first day. When I told my trainer this, he thought I was pulling a fast one, and said: "Okay, run 10 laps again tomorrow". So I did. He said "Run more!", so I ran 15 the next day. Some bodybuilders at the stadium were amazed at

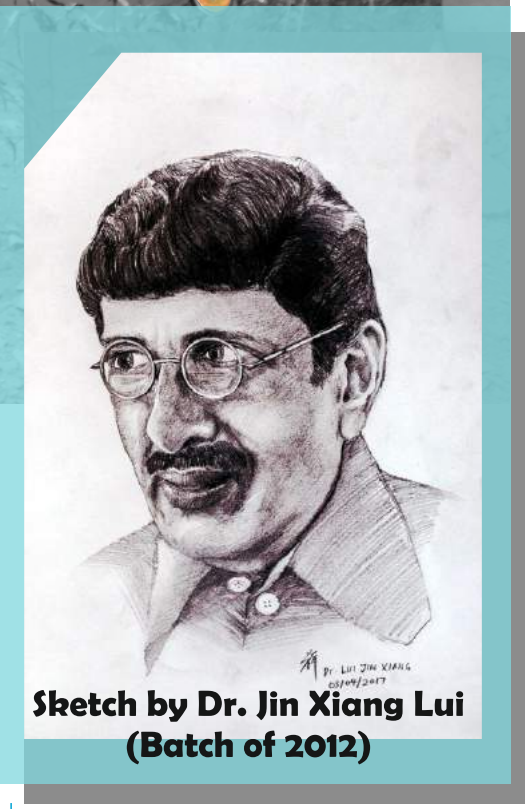


the sight of an old man continuously running, and told the gym trainer "Doctor bhayangara odidare!". Only then did he finally believe me. Shortly afterwards, I ran my first half marathon.

2. From the very first day of your training in Mangala stadium, you, as an elderly doctor were running an incredible number of laps. Surely you've always had a high fitness level. What was your training regimen like before you started running?

None. Nothing. First training of any sort that I ever had was at the gym at the age of 55. The reason why I could probably do it was because I'm a walker. I walk wherever I have to go. I never use a vehicle unless it's absolutely necessary. Even in the hospital, if the patient is on the 5th or 6th floor, I always take the stairs, never the lift. Maybe the daily activities helped.

Dr BM Nayak's collection of 38 medals



Sketch by Dr. Jin Xiang Lui (Batch of 2012)

3. So it is said that when one starts running, you run into a "wall". A state where your body wants to just give up. How did you cross the wall? TRUE. They say the runners hit the "wall" at the 20th mile. 32 kilometres. If you cross the 20th-mile barrier, you're almost through. It is exactly like running into a concrete wall. You stop. You just stop. The exhaustion, dehydration, cramps, hypoglycemia, just makes you stop. The secret to crossing the wall is endurance. The bedrock of running is endurance. Whether it be 3kms, 5kms, 10kms or 42kms, you require that endurance to complete that particular segment of the race. Uske baad, all your speed and stamina add up. And it all comes with practice.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN HAPPINESS, I BELIEVE IN JOY. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, YOU ASK? HAPPINESS IS TRANSIENT, IT IS DEPENDENT ON EXTERNAL THINGS. JOY EMANATES FROM WITHIN."

4. Along with the endurance and stamina, one of the biggest driving forces during a race is the other competitors pushing you to do better. Any stories/inspirations here, sir?

There's a saying by a legendary Ethiopian runner, Haile Gebrselassie "I don't run against the clock, I don't run against my competitors, I run against the distance". There's another anonymous statement "The first 32km is full of hope. The last 10-12km is reality." This holds true for any runner - Ethiopian, Kenyan, American, Indian, after 32km, sab khatam. I can sing and run 30 km. Beyond that, it is only the tenacity of the mind that takes the soma, the body to the finish line.

5. Sir, you've been running for so many years now, do you have a destination in mind, or is this endless journey you're embarking on?

100 marathons. That's the goal. And at the age of 69, I have completed 38 marathons. I plan on running around 7-8 marathons per year and reach 100 before I turn 80.

6. A lot of runners want to "run around the world" by running in all 7 continents. Do you have that dream as well, Sir?

I had thought about it initially, but I realised running in Antarctica or hypothermic marathons (at -20 degrees), for that matter isn't my cup of tea. I too run against the distance.

7. Of all the marathons you have run, which one is your favourite, and Why?

If I had to pick one, I'd say New York. It's a very vibrant city. The sides are always lined with people, cheering and shouting. It's really inspiring.

8. How as a runner do you feel that you have an advantage as a surgeon? How about vice versa?

Being in the operation theatre also requires endurance. For a man of my age, I don't have any backache, nothing. I always feel fit! Do you know what being fit means? Having a disease free body PLUS vitality and vigour to live at any given age. That is true fitness. Main zindagi ka saath nibhata chala gaya.

9. What philosophy do you live by?

I don't believe in happiness, I believe in Joy. What's the difference, you ask? Happiness is transient, it is connected to external things. Joy emanates from within. Honestly speaking, I'm a very joyful person. I am in the same spirit for 69 years now. Zindagi ne jo diya usi ko muqaddar samajh liya.

10. How would you inspire younger generations to follow your trail, on the road, and in the OT?

I would be very happy if even one person gets inspired by me and starts running after hearing my story. To start, you need a push to do the work. A motivation of sorts, which must turn into a habit. But motivation isn't present all 365 days a year. That's where discipline and determination enter.

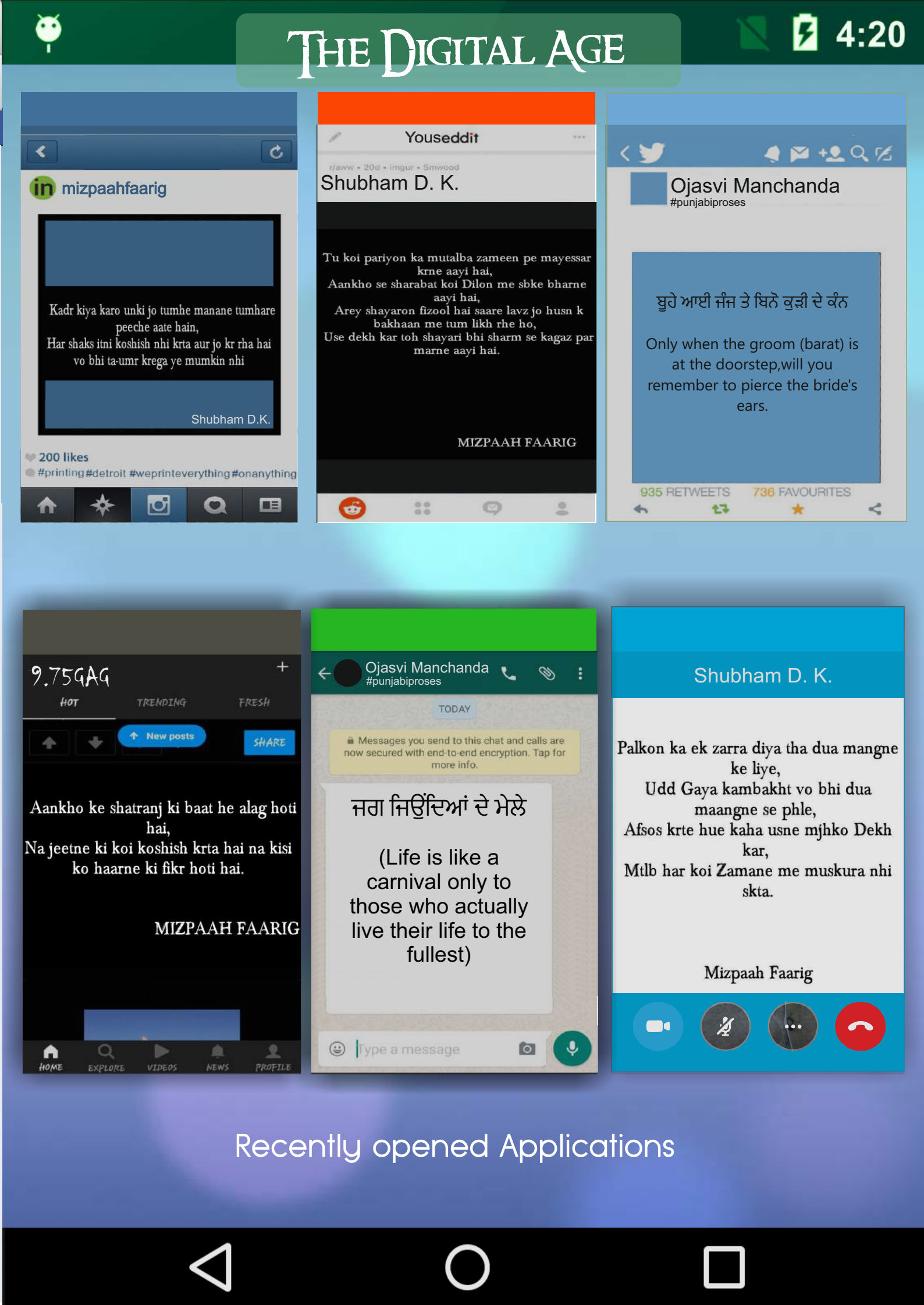
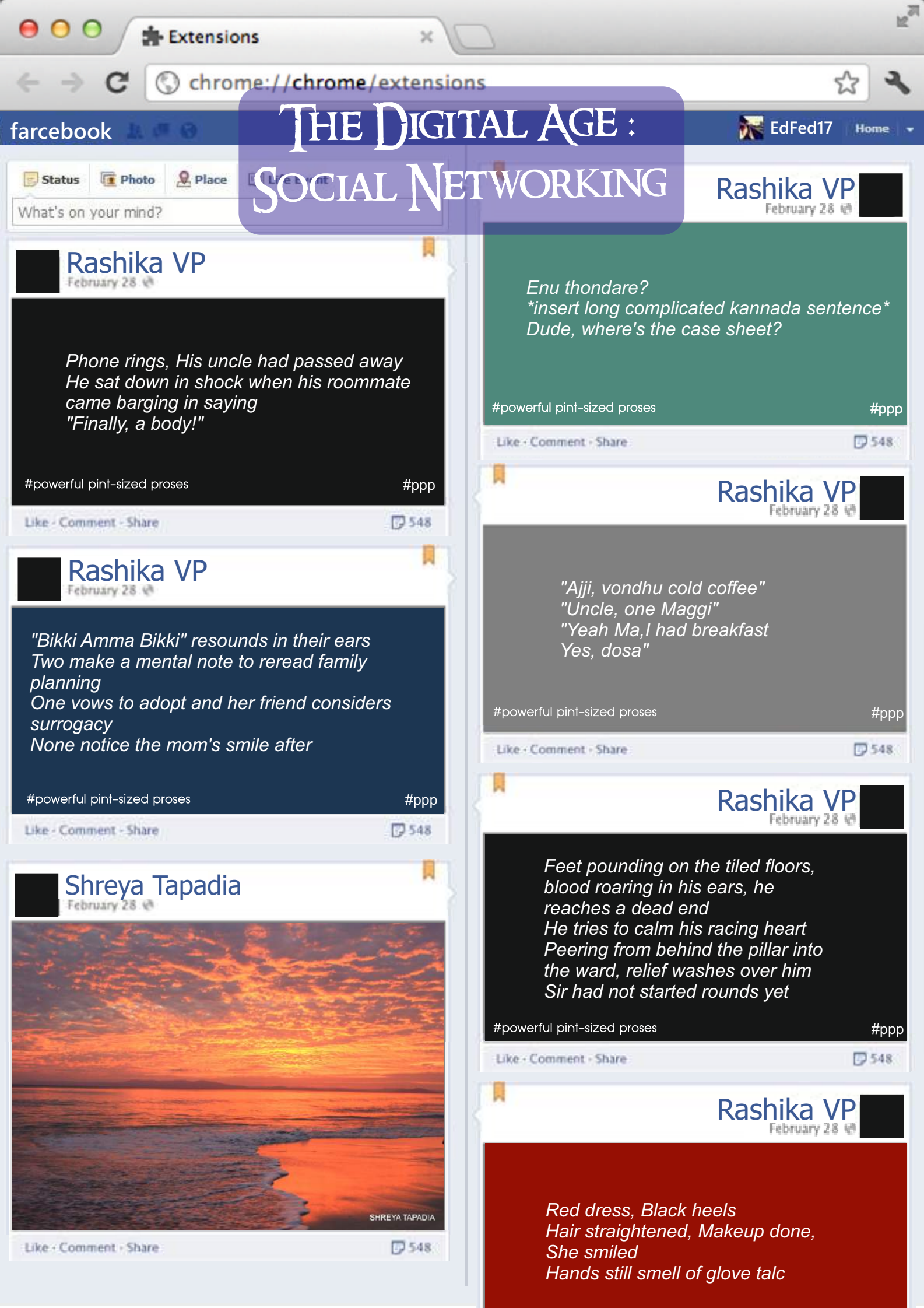


Slowly and steadily, it converts into a passion. Once you reach that stage, you'll never give up. Personally, I went one step beyond, and I made my passion into an obsession. "Paagal hai", they say. "He's a crazy man!". They may be right but the way I'm going, by the time I'm 79 years old, I'd have finished 100 marathons.

"The secret to crossing the wall is endurance. The bedrock of running is Endurance. Whether it be 3kms, 5kms, 10kms or 42kms, you require that endurance to complete that particular segment of the race."

Siddharth Shankar
Ashwin Kola
Anton Paulson
Sonal Chopra






Mangala G6

FREDDIE XXL

HONOURABLE MENTIONS
CHICKEN FREDDIE BURGER



PIZZA

VEG
1.EARTH
2.MARGARITA

NON-VEG
1.SEA GLOBAL
2.BRITISH PIZZA

RICEDISHES
CHICKEN POT RICE

DESSERTS
WHITE CHOCOLATE MOUSSE WITH CARAMEL
CHOCOLATE PIZZA

Trattoria

CHICKEN MOMOS



MANGALORE'S FINEST...

Compiled by :
Mnnat Gill
Joint Secretary
Students' Council 2016 -17

When it comes to being a Gourmet, unlike a Foodie, It's always "Quality over Quantity". Hence, here is a fully compiled list of the best dishes from almost every great eatery in Mangalore, to keep your taste-buds content, for the right price.
(We have left out Girimanja, mostly because all the seafood dishes there are nearly perfect)



Spin Drift

PESTO MUSHROOM PIZZA

CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE GANACHE




Bites

1.MINT LIME
2.CHICKEN MOMOS
3.MUTTON ROLL

SUBWAY

ITALIAN BMT

Pandhal

LAMINGTON CAKE

Barbeque Nation

MUTTON SEEKH KEBAB
MASALA CORNS

PAAN KULFI



Chutney

1.PANEER KAJU MAKHANI
2.ACHARI PANEER TIKKA

PALLKHI

1.CHICKEN IN HOT BLACK SPICY GARLIC SAUCE
2.CHICKEN IN OYSTER SAUCE

Baker's Treat

1. OREO FUDGE WITH ICE CREAM
2. APPLE CRUMBLE WITH ICE CREAM

Perreira

1. STUFFED CHICKEN WITH MASHED POTATOES
2. LEMON PORK

Sagar Ratna

BHARWANTIL PANEER TIKKA



Kudla

KADAI CHICKEN

London Street

WHITE CHICKEN PASTA
KADAI PANEER

Hao Ming

GARLIC CHICKEN
CHEF'S SPECIAL'S (RICE/NOODLE)

Smoke n Oven

CRAZY SANDWICH
NATURAL COOLERS

THE EPIC BELGIAN CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

PULLED PORK BURGER

ESPRESSO MARTINI

Cherry Square

1.CHICKEN SAUSAGE SANDWICH
2. CHILLY CHEESE GARLIC TOAST
3. CHOCOLATE WAR (HIGH CHOCOLATE LEVELS)
4. MY FAIR LADY (LYCHEE)
5. LADY IN RED






Coral

1.BHARWAN PANEER TIL TIKKA
2.DARSAN
3.MISSISIPI MUD PIE

Anmol's Dosa Camp

MYSORE MASALA DOSA

2. HONEY DEW WAFFLES

the chocolate room

1. KIT KAT SHAKE







Crave
Desserts & Bakes

BANOFFEE PIE
FRENCH MOCHA PIE

CHOCO LAVA CAKE

CHOCOLATE CARAMELISED SHORT CRUST CAKE

CHOCOLATE MARQUISE

ROCKY ROAD PANCAKES

WHISKEY SHRIMPS

KEEMA GOTHALA

ESPRESSO AFFOGATTO

Diesel Cafe

MUST HAVES:
BLUEBERRY CHEESE CAKE
CITRUS PAPRICA CHICKEN






Liquid Lounge

1. CHICKEN PASTA LASAGNE
2. CHILLY GARLIC SAUSAGES

Moti Mahal

HONEY CHILLY CHICKEN

Froth on Top

CHILLY GARLIC SAUSAGES

CHICKEN PASTA LASAGNE



Kobe's Sizzlers

MUST HAVE:
ALFREDO PASTA
STRAWBERRY TOFFEE PUDDING

COLD COFFEE




Ebooks and Hardbounds

Shashank Manda

Exactly two hundred and seventy days back I received an Amazon package, delivered at my door step by a pretty girl in her twenties. It was all gaudy and colourful with lots of ribbons and ink. On the box was a card. It said.

“Happy b'day doc”

Mind blown. I opened the box to get into my possession a little black tablet, which read, Amazon Kindle Lite Plus. I was out of words.

Being an avid book reader it was natural for my parents to pamper me with literature related memorabilia. First editions, hard backs and standing in queues to get the first copy of newly released books are akin to breathing in my life.

But a tablet. A library in a digitalised six inch amalgamation of pure technology and brilliance came as a shock to me. How very thoughtful of them. Looking at my bookshelf, which houses close to five hundred paperbacks from various genres, I could sense their eyes burning into me.

“How could you Shashank, how could you?”

This, my dear friends, was the start of my struggle, my inner jihad, a strife that makes me think twice before going to a book store, a conflict that prevents me from clicking the 'buy' button on my kindle store. My personal

World War III.

“A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies, the man who never reads lives only one”

- George RR Martin

As a kid, I always loved the smell of new paperbacks. That aura of those fresh crisp pages flaunting all their intellectual know-how on my innocent mind, I adored it. I used to spend hours each day flipping pages and absorbing the aroma of deforested trees. It was a different kind of fun.

With the advent of technology, handheld devices and I-Pads, the youth, to avoid withdrawal symptoms prefer another handheld device to satisfy their reading needs. Long gone are the days when people used to wait for Sundays just to cycle to the bookshop and crash the place looking for fresh fodder to feast on.

Long gone are the days when we used lie on our comfortable bean bags turning pages faster than time, finishing humongous magnitude of writing in herculean time. Only the 90s kids would understand the pain.

Kindle: Hey PB, can you do this? **Launches google**

PB: No.

Kindle: Hey PB, can you do this? **Switches on the backlight**

PB: No.

Kindle: Hey PB, can yo... **Switches off power**

PB: Yes I can, now shut it!

Kindle is like this geek kid who studies everything before a class and flaunts his intellect every time the teacher pops a question.

The feel of the physical pages, their smell, aroma, dog eared, stained with minuscule fingerprints, the earthly sound of paper turning and those bookmarks, especially the bookmarks, made from anything and everything available at home from neem leaves to insects getting caught in the crossfire incite a tapestry of emotions in the reader, emotions which can never be reciprocated by any machine made by man. The joy of holding an object which has a beginning and an end is simply satisfying at the least. A digital book cannot be infused with smells, cannot press flowers in between its pages, cannot contain spilt tears or coffee stains, no, only a real book can. Only a real book will.

Libraries, once great storehouses of knowledge, nostalgia and memories are now reduced to structures of dusty unread books, being shut down because of lack of readership. A pity.

Dear readers, let us all retrospect on our true grassroots and stick to paper for reading and not get overwhelmingly run over by machines which intend to burn down centuries of paper book heritage.

Let us all be strong.

P.S: My Kindle now lies dusty and unused at the dark end of my cupboard. Please don't let my parents know.

“A true book is one which never runs out of batteries”

Time Travel

Sumeet Narang

How far behind?

How far ahead?

Where in the exciting unknown

May we be led?

There's nothing to be done

We need no tools

All we need, we have

But you and I, we've also been fools.

To not have realized

That all along, we've been flowing

Between the yesterdays and tomorrows

In the seas of seconds, have we have
been, we are, rowing.

You have travelled.

When your grandmother said she
studied under a tree.

When you first saw a bird.

Or had your first sip of coffee.

When you read that book.

When you went back to that park.

Lit that joint.

And gazed at the stars in the dark.

You will travel.

The next time you wear an old sweater.

When you have to write another exam.

When you receive another letter.

From here, the seconds in the present.

When you hear a new song.

When you meet a new friend.

When you try to analyze a new feeling.

When you see your kids follow a new trend.

But what you should know is that ~

You are travelling.

This very moment.

There's something new unravelling.

To travel in time,

Is to be here.

And look around and within.

There's nothing to fear.

Another terror attack, or

Another melting ice cream

Another milestone on earth, or

Another slumber with a forgotten dream.

To get hungry or sleepy,

To get tired or annoyed

To get indecisive or angry

To get dejected or overjoyed.

To be anything

Even lost

To do everything

But regret at no cost.

A squirrel or a roaring lion;

Or another human sitting with his eyes
closed.

The time traveler is but every being

Chaotically composed.

Isn't the moving moon, before its full,

A smiling crescent?

We're all heading somewhere in time

From here, the seconds, the present.

**Winner of the online
poetry competition
"The Weekly Poet" Issue #4**

Background Photo by Koyel Paul

Parallel Universes

Pankhuri Garg

If you're big on TV shows, movies, books or if you're friends with the cool nerdy kid, it's highly probable that you've come across the concept of parallel universes. The beguiling metaphysical idea that a universe, identical to ours in every aspect barring one, born from a single quantum transition is bound to tickle your curiosity neurons.

The question here is- How far is the parallel universes theory away from reality? Since time immemorial Sci-Fi has used this particular theory to entertain us with some of the most brilliant stories ever told by humankind. It's time we see this theory from the raconteur's perspective that is our universe itself.

Our whole universe was in a hot dense state then nearly 14 billion years ago expansion started wait.. okay enough with the references. It's true though that our universe began as an infinitesimally tiny point and then expanded incredibly fast in a super-heated fireball of sorts. Within a fraction of a second it exponentially expanded 100,000 times. This burst is called Inflation. In 1983, inflation was shown to be eternal leading to a multiverse in which space is broken up into patches whose properties differ from each other spanning all physical possibilities. Each patch represents a parallel universe with its own set of physical laws.

Our universe is infinite (virtually so anyway) therefore the rules of probability imply that there should definitely be another planets identical to ours. Some of them will also host events similar to the ones happening to us, paving way for yet another theory for existence of parallel universes.

Albert Einstein's Theory of General Relativity states time as a fourth dimension similar to the three dimensions of space. Together they are woven in a fabric referred to as space-time, which matter distorts to produce gravity. String theory's more recent version, M-theory mentions that there might actually be up to seven hidden dimensions. Extended version of these hidden, miniscule, curled up dimensions are called branes. A brane can be a perfectly adequate hiding place for an entire universe.

To understand it better, let's take a sandwich as an example in which the two slices of bread represents two branes and the filling between is the space-time which is separating the two breads from coming in contact. If we press the two bread slices we can make them come together. In a similar fashion if we could produce energy on a massive scale, it could force the two branes to come into contact and result in an explosion nothing short of a big bang. Such energy can be derived from a black hole. The only disadvantage is the infinite density of a black hole from which even light can't escape. So our ideas of travelling to an altogether new universe should be put on hold for the time being.

Every action has more than one possible outcome but we only get to experience one, though the other exists too. This is known as the "many worlds interpretation" of quantum mechanics. If Everett's theory is true then for every action you take or even don't take for that matter, splits the universe into myriads of copies each with an alternate end result. Feel unsettled yet?

You can either believe in the existence of parallel universes or dismiss it as utter nonsense but it's rather difficult to avoid wondering about it. As Einstein rightly said, "The most incomprehensible thing about the universe is that it is comprehensible."

Astral Projection

Debleena Dey

Have you ever thought of walking on Earth without anyone seeing you? Some Potter heads might think of the invisibility cloak. But no, I am no J. K Rowling and this is not Pottermore. What I'm describing here is Astral projection.

When I was done with my entrance exams and lived on YouTube videos I came across this concept- a willful out of body experience, astralprojection. Some of the videos said that being a lucid dreamer, someone who can control her dreams, I had an added advantage to achieve this feat. So what did I have to do?

I fired away my chrome and sat one full day reading about all the pros and cons, how-to's etc related to astral projection. And as enticing as the concept of invisibility seemed, the fear of never being able to return to your own body, left me doubtful but intrigued. Nevertheless, I went ahead and decided to give it a shot.

Apparently, doing it early in the morning helps to keep the "bad spirits" away. So I woke up at 5 and started with the first step of relaxation. Unfortunately, my laziness got the better of me. I dozed off, only to wake up from the heat of my mother switching off the A.C.

Fast forward 2 weeks and I was still trying to trick my brain into escaping my bodily clutches. The last stage before apparently leaving your body is the stage of vibrations. Tremendous vibrations felt all over your body. And this was the stage that I reached. I felt short of breath and a tingling sensation ran across my body and it was becoming increasingly difficult to breathe. Now, you're advised to continue beyond this stage to come out of your body. But being breathless with a pounding heart to boot really isn't the best feeling in the world so I ended up breaking the process and promptly had a lot of water to quench my surprisingly sudden thirst. So the question is was I close to success or was it my brain tricking me? A placebo effect, maybe?H

Greetings from Science

Arshia Jolly
Shreyak Sehgal

Background Photograph
by J.A. Apurva

1. How it all began...

A mutation is defined as a change that occurs in our DNA sequence, either due to mistakes when the DNA is copied or as the result of many environmental factors. When we say that speciation is a consequence of mutation we are basically saying... it was all a mistake! Well, in latest news, scientists have been able to decipher the secrets behind the best mistake this universe ever made. It was found that an ancient molecule, GK-PID, is the reason single-celled organisms started to evolve into multicellular organisms approximately 800 million years ago. The molecule has been found to be like a molecular carabiner. A carabiner is a specialised type of shackle used to reversibly and quickly connect components able to pull chromosomes together to latch them onto the inner wall of a cell membrane when division occurs. This allows cells to copy properly and avoid becoming cancerous. The fascinating discovery indicates that the ancient version of GK-PID did not behave in the same way it does currently. The only reason it became capable of working like a genetic carabiner is due to a single mutation that copied itself, suggesting that multicellular life is the result of a single, identifiable mutation.

2. Nearly eternal data storage method

Oblivion is something we all fear. In a world where nothing lasts forever, the least we'd like is to leave some mark that could keep our legacy alive, eternally. Well the wait is over, thanks to the University of Southampton. Scientists have successfully used nano-structured glass to create a process for recording and retrieving data. The storage device is a small glass disk about the size of an American quarter that can hold 360TB of data and remain intact up to 1,000°C. This means that its average shelf life when held at room temperature would be approximately 13.8 billion years (Roughly the same amount of time the universe has existed). Data is written on the device using an ultrafast laser via short and intense light pulses. Each file is written in three layers of nanostructured dots that are only 5 micrometers apart. When read, the data is realized in five dimensions: the three dimensional position of the nanostructured dots as well as their size and orientation.

3. Working towards a carbon free world...

Carbon capture is an important part of maintaining the balance of CO₂ emissions on the planet. Whenever fuels are burned, all of the CO₂ that was stored within is released into the atmosphere. Humans have been causing this problem for a long time, and we are seeing the effects of global climate change. Scientists in Iceland may have found a way to permanently capture carbon emissions so that they do not go into the atmosphere further harming the greenhouse effect.

CO₂ was pumped into volcanic rock in Iceland, which sped up a natural process that turns basalt into carbonate minerals, which then become limestone. This process normally takes hundreds of thousands of years, but the scientists in Iceland were able to do it in only two years. The result is carbon capture into a rock that could be stored underground or even used as a building material so that the captured CO₂ never reenters the atmosphere.

4. Stem cells for the win!

A clinical trial held at Stanford University School of Medicine injected modified human stem cells directly into the brains of several chronic stroke patients. The procedures were all successful with no negative effects described from the injection and only mild headaches as a result of the procedure, which was performed on mildly anesthetized patients. All 18 showed significant healing long after any healing is expected following a stroke (a period of six months). This included increased mobility and actually allowed for patients who were previously limited to wheelchairs to walk again freely.

5. A new world?

Scientists have found a new solar system filled with planets that look like Earth and could support life, Nasa has announced.

At least three of the seven planets represent the "holy grail for planet-hunting astronomers", because they sit within the "temperate zone" and are the right temperature to allow alien life to flourish, the researchers have said. And they are capable of having oceans, again suggesting that life could flourish on them.

No other star system has ever been found to contain so many Earth-sized and rocky planets, of the kind thought to be necessary to contain aliens.

6. And chemistry continues to grow

Russian, American and Japanese scientists are behind the addition of four new elements to the periodic table, altering textbooks yet again. The seventh row in the table is now complete, making this the first addition since 2011, when two elements were added.

The discovery and addition were announced by the Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry on December 30, and relates to elements 113, 115, 117 and 118. The teams belonged to Russia's Joint Institute for Nuclear Research in Dubna, the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California and the Riken Institute in Japan.

The new elements are all synthetic, and were arrived at by smashing very light nuclei into each other and tracking the elements that potentially appear in the decay tails. The issue with elements at the end of the periodic table stems from their very faint stability. But the researchers say the continuing search for new elements has been reinvigorated, because we are beginning to scratch the surface of superheavy elements that are also stable.

The elements will all receive names in the coming months, 113 is set to become the first to be named in Asia.

Background Photograph
by J.A. Apurva

Disconnect

Mitalee Garg

We live in an era where we have to be better than the best. Nobody likes to wait. People may cheat, hide or modify things in a “diplomatic” way to satiate their desires.

The softer ones often found on the receiving end of this bizarreness, lose their wit, thinking what is actually the right way of getting things done. How far do morals take us? Is being naïve the same as being foolish? We get angry when things don't turn out the way we wanted or when people don't meet our expectations.

I say, DISCONNECT!

Disconnect from this habit of being judgmental, overthinking, ridiculing people and their actions. YOU DON'T KNOW THEIR STORY AND YOU DON'T ALWAYS HAVE TO!

I have a few mantras to offer which can make us the “lambi race ka ghoda!”

1) BE A BLACKBOARD

Ever noticed how the blackboard remains black even after having written countless words in white onto it? It teaches the masses, yet it clings to its originality. Likewise, welcome all sorts of people and experiences but stay true to your core. Listen to what they have to say, learn, share and grow. Imbibe this sense of confidence that there is nothing to lose and you can wipe off anything that troubles you. You get to decide what stays on board!

2) DON'T BE A LIMITED SUPPLY OF WATER LIKE THAT IN A BOTTLE!

Character is how you treat those who can do nothing for you. Let's stop fretting over how the other person should reciprocate our favors. Help, because you like to, expecting nothing in return. Why should we be scared of being taken advantage of? Are we a limited supply of our ideas, qualities and abilities? Don't let the hustle bustle around steal your zeal and optimism. You have so much more to you. Be a pond with no ripples on it. All cool, calm and content.

3) REMEMBER, THE PRESSURE COOKER HAS TO BE STRONG!

A man shows his true color in times of adversity. Don't allow the challenges, stakes and deadlines wear you down. You are designed to handle the problems that come to you. You are the pressure cooker which doesn't blast instead uses the pressure to cook faster and better.

It becomes easier, when we take responsibility of everything that happens in our life. After all, life has a different question paper for each one of us! Embrace the paper balls that it throws on you to write the unexpected. Make mistakes, laugh at them, learn and move on.

Fear of the Unknown Man

Vinayak Pareek

Evolution of man took about 15 million years, from the time great apes roam this earth to this present time when modern Man are with more holes than a Swiss cheese. From the stone tools which was the earliest the technically advanced tool made by man about 2.5 million years ago to this falling at this present time when man is the maker of its own man, that is, artificial intelligence!

The perks of A.I. is that

- ❑ It replicates decisions and actions of humans without human shortcomings, such as weariness, emotion and limited time.
- ❑ Machines driven by AI technology are able to perform consistent, repetitious actions without getting tired.
- ❑ They can be programmed to reach the whereabouts on the oceans, space and also to dig for fuels, for mining purposes. These machines can be of use in overcoming the limitations that humans have.
- ❑ Emotions that often intercept rational thinking of a human being are not a hindrance for artificial thinkers. Lacking the emotional side, robots can think logically and take the right decisions. Sentiments are associated with moods that affect human efficiency. This is not the case with machines with artificial intelligence. Therefore the errors will be nil.
- ❑ Gaming is among the most common examples of the advantages of artificial intelligence, when we play a computer game or operate a computer-controlled bot, we are in fact interacting with artificial intelligence. In a game where the computer plays as our opponent, it is with the help of AI that the machine plans the game moves in response to ours.
- ❑ The greatest advantage of artificial intelligence is that machines do not require sleep or breaks, and are able to function without stopping. They can continuously perform the same task without getting bored or tired. When employed to carry out dangerous tasks, the risk to human health and safety is reduced.

On the other, the graft of AI

- ❑ Will overlook the basic human values, ethics, moral, human behavior, emotion, kinship. Is it ethically correct to create replicas of human beings? Do our moral values allow us to recreate intelligence? Intelligence is a gift of nature. It improves with experience, learning from mistakes, heartbreaks, bone breaks, that makes us stronger, stable and better than we were before, we grow, they won't.
- ❑ They are not able to act any different from what they are programmed to do. Though this is mostly seen as an advantage, it may work the other way round, when a situation demands one to act in way different from the usual, any situation which demands to work on the probability less than 1 percent, a gut feeling, lateral thinking which will be absent in AI as they will do the things which they are programmed to do, a Machine may not be as efficient as humans in altering their responses depending on the changing situations.
- ❑ Concepts such as care, understanding, and togetherness cannot be understood by machines, which is why, how much ever intelligent they become, they will always lack the human touch.

Dr. K. M. Cherian

World famous Heart Surgeon

An EdFed Special

Organisers

Dr G. G. Laxman
Prabhu

Dr Santosh Rai
Student
Organisers

Ashwin Kola
Siddharth Shankar
Anton Paulson

Being a former honorary surgeon for the President on India is no mean feat, and "successful" would be a severe understatement to describe Dr. K. M. Cherian. A pioneer in Indian health care and a doyen in his own right, KMC Mangalore had a rare chance to welcome back one of its most decorated alumni. In an entertaining interactive session he reminisced with find nostalgia his yesteryears and discussed his visions for the future.

1. Sir, how do you think KMC has shaped you into the man you are today?

KMC, as an institute, laid the foundations of the man I was to become in the years to follow. Here I had the opportunity to cross paths with people from across the globe. From chaps from the big city to a former teacher who had come all the way from Sri Lanka.

3. What's one message you can take away from your college days?

One aspect I learned that's helped me to this day is how important it is to support one another. Your peers around you truly become your cornerstones during your MBBS days. You study together. You panic before the exams together. And, if things work out, you pass together with flying colors. They are testing times and through it all the bond you form your batchmates is invaluable. It's something that never fades. For example, back in '83 when I wanted to perform an arterial switch for a PDA, a dear friend of mine, Dr. Padma Rao, sent over 10,000 rupees to aid me. You wouldn't believe it but back then that was a huge amount! Similarly, many of my patients are so often referrals from old batchmates who have followed my work and trust in my ability. So much of our lives depends on the love and support of the people around us. It's something that we should never underestimate.



But what struck me is that each and every one of them had come here on the back of their own sweat and effort. They had struggled for years to raise the money to support their education and the drive they possessed was unparalleled. From them I learnt lessons of hard work, independence and the importance of standing on your own two feet.

2. What's your favorite college memory in all your years here?

My fondest memory would probably be the spotters section of my first year M.S examination. To be honest, I had absolutely no clue what any of the slides were, and it didn't take long for the examiner to figure that out either. I thought my luck had run out when one of my favorite professors interrupted to tell the examiner that I was color blind and that I could only make out the color red! And that was my lifeline! Because of a friendly rapport with a professor and lot of luck, I made it through my M.S examination.

4. Sir, if you had one message to all the doctors here today what would it be?

My message to any budding doctors would be to take every opportunity that comes your way. I believe that in life everyone gets their ample share of opportunities. But identifying these opportunities and the potential that lies in them is an art. Another very important thing to remember is to always work for your satisfaction. No more and no less. As a surgeon the joy of my work lies in tactile sensation, and without that I would feel a rather deep sense of loss. Above all, take pride in your own efforts and the dignity of your work.

5. Sir, now to move on to a few more specific questions. What is your opinion on the perceived difficulties in transporting organs and the problems crippling today's transplant scenario?

The biggest problem was the difficulty in timely transport of organs, yes. But with several public-private partnerships (P.P.P) having come up I feel that it's now a problem of the past.



Today there are entire companies dedicated to transporting organs. To name but one example, via the sponsorship of Shoba constructions we have successfully transported organs several times from Mangalore to Chennai in record time. Via a coalition with the Tamil Nadu traffic police department we have established "Green Corridors" to aid faster transport. From the airport to our hospital, a normal transit time of 90 minutes, has been cut to a mere 11. From Vellore to Chennai, a 170-odd kilometre journey that usually takes 3 hours can now be done in an hour and a half.

6. Having done your M.S in India and then having seen the medical system in various other nations, how does India match up?

To be completely honest, I would say that the condition in India is quite poor. Not due to the lack of knowledge but the manner of treatment. Doctors here are far too reliant on investigations as diagnostic tools without properly looking at the patient themselves, and this takes away from the human touch of clinical medicine. The sooner we transition to depend more on our clinical examinations as the key diagnostic tools the sooner the quality of healthcare will improve leaps and bounds.

7. Are there any other aspect where the Indian medical system is lacking?

I'd say that we could ultimately narrow it down to two areas. The proper utilisation of resources and the encouragement of path breaking research. I've seen several instances of money being pumped into projects that have ultimately yielded very little. And on the other end of the spectrum we have projects that could really make an impact being stalled by institutes. To give you some perspective, the current cost of a mitral valve 1.25 lakhs. But our institute has been working keenly on cardiac stem cells and studies have currently been approved for stage three clinical trials. If these valves could be produced at 50,000 rupees it would be an amazing thing for patients everywhere. Yet you're likely to be labelled a madman were you to propose that! And why? Because the importance of establishing a viable and quality healthcare system that's accessible to all people, especially to those of a lower socio-economic strata, hasn't been fully understood yet. Whether it be governments, financial institutes, banks, or so many others, it often falls on deaf ears. And that's a perception that must change if we are to move forward as a society.

8. You've often spoke in the past of the lack of rural facilities and the need to bridge the gap between the urban and rural setup. What's the most important pre-requisite in establishing a viable rural setup?

Well, I've had a lot of personal experience with rural setups so I'll let you in on my reflections in this regard. At the end of the day it all comes down to having the right people and investing to keep these people around. Few would voluntarily uproot themselves from a durable workplace but it's so often the case that honest, hard-working folks, game changers in any organization, are poached elsewhere on promises of extravagant incentives. You need to be willing to go that extra mile to make sure that your best people stay with you. When you have the right people at the right time and at the right place then great things tend to happen.

9. Sir, do you have any other hobbies outside of your stellar medical career?

Well, I've always been a huge gun enthusiast. I even used to make my own guns! (or at least I tried to). My friends and I back in college used to love going on hunting trips. Someshwar, Agumbe, Jog falls, Udupi. We knew every nook and corner of the forestry along the ghats. Funnily enough, I think it was the farmers who gained the most from our hunting exploits. They would gladly direct us to the packs of wild boar that would often run wild amongst their fields. So while we enjoyed our choice pick of boar they salvaged a few weeks of safety for their crops.

10. Any advice to us students regarding our studies, the competition, and our college life?

My advice would be to decide what you want and pursue it. Perhaps because of the nature of MBBS itself, or maybe just my own humble opinion, but it's easier to be a master of one than a jack of all trades. Build up your basics. Your foundations must always be very, very strong. Now coming to your college life. Well, in my class of 75 there were only 8 girls so I really can't claim a lot of experience there!



In 2015, the world was shocked when Dr. Sergio Canavero announced his plans to perform the first human head transplant in 2017. Cries of outrage and doubtful sentiments sprang up in every scientific and ethical media network. However, this was not merely a suggestion by Dr. Canavero, but rather a planned procedure, which he had published in 2013 as a paper in Surgical Neurology International.

By 2016, Dr. Canavero had recruited another famed neurosurgeon, Dr. Xiaoping Ren, to his cause. But what amazed the world was that a man, Vladimir Spiridinov, volunteered to be part of this project! Patient/Volunteer : Spiridinov was diagnosed with Werdnig-Hoffman Disease, and he rationalized that this was the only possible cure to his condition.

So what does Dr. Canavero plan to do?

FIRST

The bodies of the volunteer and donor will be cooled to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Two teams will be working together, one on each body.

SECOND

Deep incisions will be made into the necks of both bodies exposing the carotid and vertebral arteries, jugular veins, and the spine. The muscles would be cut and color coded for linkage. The trachea and esophagus would also be cut.

THIRD

The next part is the most important: cutting and fusing the spinal cords together. The spinal cord would be cut with a \$200,000 diamond blade designed by Farid Amirouche.



FOURTH

The volunteer's head must be connected to tubes connecting it to the donor's circulation and the spinal cords, trachea, esophagus, phrenic nerve, and vagi must be fused with chitosan-PEG glue. The dura will be sewn with wires and clamps, making it watertight.

FIFTH

Loose sutures will be applied to attach the head to the body to re-warm it. The muscles will be sutured according to the color-coding, and the skin will be sutured together by a plastic surgeon for better cosmetic appeal.

SIXTH

This procedure must be performed within one hour to ensure minimal brain damage. Afterwards, the patient will be kept in a coma for a specified amount of time and given immuno-suppressive drugs.

"SWITCHED!"

A BRIEF INSIGHT INTO THE NOTIONS OF HEAD TRANSPLANTATION AND IT'S SCOPE IN FUTURE MEDICINE

This is not the first time a head transplant has been performed, however it is the first time it will be performed on a human. In 1970, Dr. White of Case Western Reserve University managed to successfully transplant one monkey's head onto another. In 2002, a study was conducted in Japan on rats, which also concluded in successful head transplantations. However, no successfully fused spinal transection has ever been done, although a German study in 2014 confirmed the success of PEG and chitosan in recovering the motor functions of paraplegic rats whose spinal cords had been transected.

Criticism has been thrown at Dr. Canavero and his colleagues from all sides.

Bioethics committees have argued over whether to approve his experiment. What ethicists and scientists are concerned about is whether Spiridinov will retain his memories in this new body.

Scientific experiments in the past have shown that it is not just the brain that contains the memories of a human being but also the body. They are worried that Spiridinov will not be able to assimilate his new body with his brain, and that this could cause him significant mental trauma. But worst of all for Dr. Canavero is the fact that if the experiment proves to have a poor outcome and Spiridinov dies, then Dr. Canavero and his colleagues will face a lifetime sentence in jail for murder.

-MUHAMMED MUIZ

3D ORGAN BIOPRINTING

ANJANA SHENOY

Let's talk about the basic idea behind this technology.



The first industrial 3D printer was built in the 1980s. We have come a long way from printing a tiny cup to building a house! But, more than a decade ago the idea of printing an organ sprang up, was slowly worked upon and has seen great success in the past few years.



It's like an ordinary printer that prints 3D objects layer by layer, in the case of organs they're printed below upwards. The printer consists of three units, the supply, applicator, and support structure.

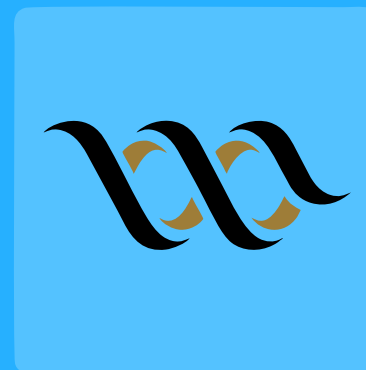
The biomaterial is chosen such that it can thrive and grow in the environment it is intended to. Further, something must hold the biomaterial together to shape it for its application, much like a support structure in traditional 3D printing. This is known as a scaffold.

These material are selected based on their compatibility with cell growth and function or because of their crosslinking or extrusion characteristics. Common materials include synthetic or natural polymers and decellularized extracellular matrix (ECM). Examples of naturally derived polymers include alginate, gelatin, collagen, chitosan, fibrin, and hyaluronic acid, often isolated from animal or human tissues.



The next step is to deliver this material onto the scaffold.

Also, these structures must get integrated into the body and live long enough, hence, the researchers addresses this issue by creating a hydrogel that holds the cells and a lattice structure of micro channels that allows nutrients and oxygen from the body to provide nutrients until the tissue regenerates its own system of blood vessels.



The researchers at Wake Forest Institute of Regenerative Medicine have developed a custom-designed 3D printer and have printed ear, bone, and muscle structures. You may recall Anthony Atalla, a surgeon whose lab at the Wake Forest Institute for Regenerative Medicine has engineered more than 30 tissues and whole organs including ear, bone, and muscle. In March 2011, at the TED conference, he demonstrated the printing of a miniature kidney. Using a similar technology he presented to us his young patient, Luke Massella, a patient of his, who received an engineered bladder nearly 10 years ago. In 2012, physicians at the University of Michigan successfully utilized 3D printing to construct a synthetic trachea for three-month old Kaiba Gionfriddo, who suffered from recurrent airway collapses.

This technology opens the doors for treatment of several conditions and end stage diseases that require an organ transplant. The major benefit of this method of organ transplantation is that, it can be customized for the patient, also, the patient will be able to receive his organ much earlier than the current trend. In India, 500,000 people die because of non-availability of organs and 150,000 people await a kidney transplant but only 5,000 get one. In the U.S every 10 minutes someone is being added to the transplant waiting list. As of now, approximately there are a total of 118071 candidates waiting for their lifesaving organ transplanting.



The current challenges include technical optimizations, such as vascularization, cell viability, and resolution of printing, although isolated cases have been proven to be successful. From a non-scientific perspective, several ethics related issues hinder the current speed of research in this field. They mainly focus on issues regarding intellectual property and quality assurance in the generation and use of 3D-printed tissues. But despite these challenges, this area of research seems to be the most promising, interesting and one of the fastest growing fields of regenerative medicine in today's world.

Everyday the world manages to turn what humans have imagined or dreamt about as the far future into the near future, into reality. Our understanding of the human body has progressed so far as to create new human body parts to replace damaged or diseased ones rather than assimilating technology to sustain the body. Though many might term this as "Dr. Frankenstein's work," it is, quite simply a scientific endeavor.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

PHOTOGRAPHY

**Alok Jindal
Koyel Paul
Ravjot Singh Bhatia
Navjot Singh Dhillon**

**Ishika Mahajan
Amrit Das
Ajay Vishnu
Vibhu Pratap Singh**

**Ashir Sharma
Gunjan Wadhwa
Amit Sattigeri
Prashant Kothari**

**Aishah Khan
Manpreet Malik
Varun Holla
Sayashi
Navin Mallya**

ARTISTS

PREVIOUS EDITORS'

**Preeti Gopal (2008)
Snigdha Bhatia (2010)
Prasanth G. Narahari (2011)
Snigdha Raja (2012)
Shatadru Seth (2013)**

For their Golden advices in dire times.

**Dr. Nikil Shetty
Dr. Vishwas Saralaya
Dr. Prathibha B. Naik**

**Varuni Rameshkumar
DSSV Yeshwant
Debleena Dey
Subham Sarthak**

**Special thanks to the
Students' Council 2017 - 18,
we wish you a prosperous tenure.**

HELPING HANDS



Human beings unsated with our mortal role,
Have been looking for intransient vessels for our
souls,
Our ephemeral words, on timeless scrolls inscribed
The fleeting vision of our eyes on canvas described.
The motion of pictures, music to our ears -
Transposed into film rolls, vinyl, for years.
When that elusive perfect moment captures it all,
We smile for a photograph to hang on the wall.
And should death cut short our earthly hours,
We may live on in bodies in need of ours.
Someday, the very essence of humanity -
consciousness
Will be uploaded as binary code in a database.
Thus, as we transcend, through unrelenting time,
A part of us in these pages is left behind.



